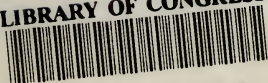


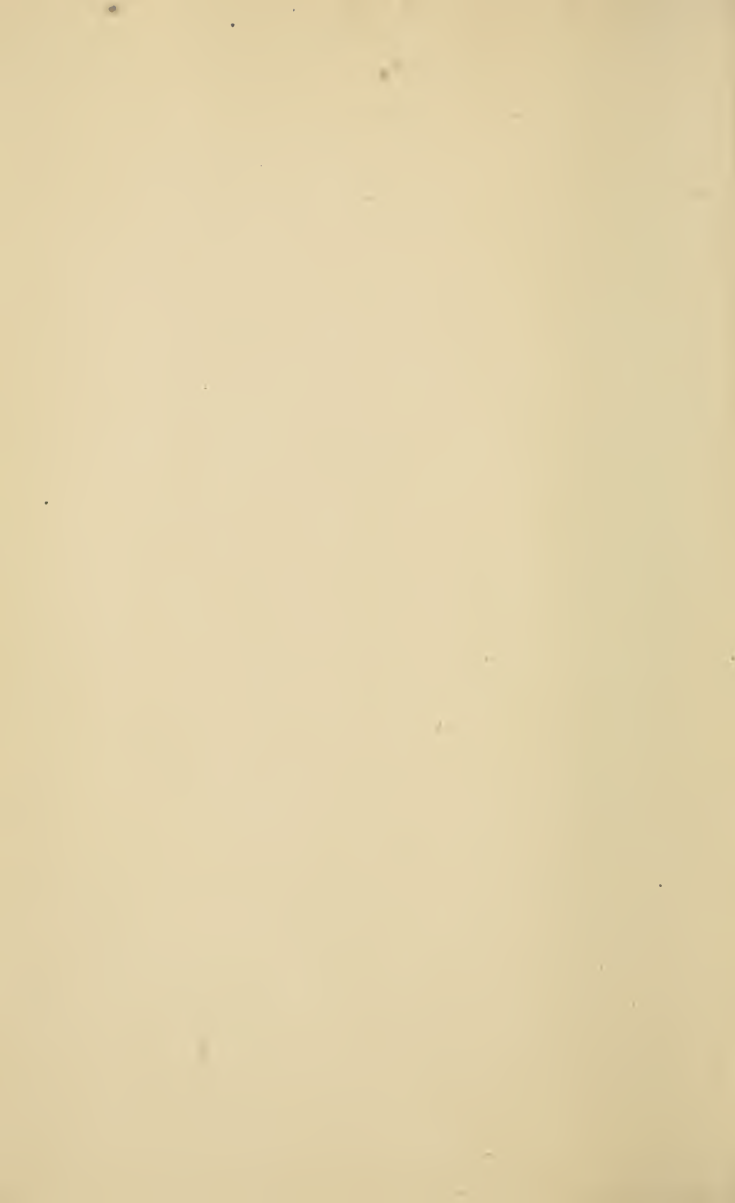
# THE AZTEC GOD AND OTHER DRAMAS

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# THE AZTEC GOD

AND

OTHER DRAMAS

BY

GEORGE LANSING RAYMOND

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# THE AZTEC GOD.

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## INTRODUCTION : PLACE AND TIME.

The scene of this drama is laid in Mexico near the opening of the Fifteenth Century, just when the Aztecs were beginning to overrun the country, and when, therefore, the peculiar forms of their religion may reasonably be supposed to have been comparatively unknown to the Tezcucans who, as will be shown presently, adhered, in the main, to the more mild religious observances of the ancient Toltecs.

The facts with reference to the Aztec human sacrifices, the selection for these of a captive without blemish, the allotment to him of certain maidens as wives, and the general luxury and adoration with which he was surrounded up to the time when, surrendering the flowers that crowned his head and the lyre that he carried, he ascended the pyramid to have his heart torn out of him while still alive,—all these facts are sufficiently well known to substantiate the delineations of the drama.

The exact religious conception which underlay these Aztec rites is not known. In the circumstances, it has been thought justifiable to surround them with a certain atmosphere of spiritual truth—though only in twilight—similar to that which is known to have formed the setting of the pagan worship of ancient Egypt and Greece. It has been recognized that doing this might not only enhance the poetic effectiveness of the presentation, but might also aid in imparting to it that contemporary import and application which, in every work of art, the intelligent reader ought to feel, even though

he may not be able, in any wholly satisfactory way, to analyze or interpret.

A few historical quotations may be needed to explain the disposition which Haijo and the King are represented as proposing to make of Waloon. In a note referring to the inmates of the Aztec religious houses, in Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," vol. I., p. 69, we read that "Tales of scandal . . . have been told of the Aztec virgins," etc., and in vol. I., pp. 110-112, of the same author's "Conquest of Peru," a country in which there prevailed a worship of the heavenly bodies very similar to that of the Aztecs, we are informed, with reference to the "Virgins of the Sun," as they were termed, that "they were young maidens, dedicated to the service of the deity, who . . . were taken from their homes and introduced into convents. . . . From the moment they entered the establishment, they were cut off from all connection with the world, even with their own family and friends. Yet . . . though Virgins of the Sun, they, were brides of the Inca (or king), and, at a marriageable age, the most beautiful among them were selected for the honors . . . of the royal seraglio . . . The full complement of this amounted in time not only to hundreds but to thousands, who found accommodations in his different palaces." An established custom like this among the Peruvians certainly seems sufficient to justify an illustration of the spirit underlying it among a people so much like them in other respects as were the Aztecs.

A few words may be needed too with reference to the range of thought and feeling attributed in the drama to Monaska and Kootha. Some may suppose the healthfully romantic chastity of the one and the philosophic cynicism of the other to be idealizations beyond the possibilities of the period.

With reference to the first of these suppositions it is only necessary to say that a very slight investigation of facts

would enable the reader to recognize that Monaska represents a type of character by no means uncommon among the Indians of our own country to-day, or among other semi-civilized people. The elaborated systems of ethics, to which the enlightened nations are apt to attribute their virtue, are themselves merely developments of natural and normal instincts of which men, especially young men, are everywhere conscious, and by which they are often controlled. If this were not so, the ethics of civilized life would be a result without a cause.

With reference to the philosophic and religious attitudes of mind of Kootha, and of Monaska, too, so far as he is represented as indulging in these, something more, perhaps, should be said. And first of all, let the reader be reminded that, had this drama been written by one who had lived among the Aztecs, it would have been impossible for him, however desirous of being faithful to facts, looking backward, as he would be obliged to do, through the vista of time, not to have his whole representation tinged with the results of his experiences in life, thought and expression through the four hundred years intervening. But, besides this, were he a poet, it would be impossible for him not to have them tinged specifically with the results of his own imagination, inasmuch as the value of the contribution of poetry, in all cases, is exactly proportioned to the light with which it illumines facts in connection with the process of transferring them to the region of fancy. It is admitted, therefore, that the characters of this drama are presented as they appear through an intervening space of four hundred years; and that, as a consequence, the expressions used, and in some cases the substance of what is expressed, are more or less modern. But just as a magnifying glass modifies all the points of interest in an object to which it is applied, so it seems permissible at times for imaginative art to do—in case, like the glass, it does not change the relative proportions of the parts to one another and to the whole. A

poet, like a painter, has a right to increase the interest and beauty of the life that furnishes his model by means of the medium—the modern medium too—through which he is supposed to contemplate it. Otherwise, the subject with which he deals could not be treated from a present and poetic view-point, and his works would not be worth the ink expended on them. All the consideration for truth which it seems reasonable to expect of the historic dramatist is that, in a medium, the component parts of which are necessarily made up of the language and methods of thought natural to his own time, he should represent, in their relative proportions, the particular motives and feelings as well as the general atmosphere of thought natural to the conditions existing at the time of the events forming the basis of his plot.

There still remains another supposition to be met. It has apparently been granted, thus far, that the range of thought and feeling attributed to Monaska and Kootha may be beyond the possibilities of the period. But barring the modern associations and suggestions, to which reference has already been made, it is by no means certain that this need be conceded. The fathers of the Spanish church, at the time when America was discovered, seeing in the distribution of bread and wine, confession, penance, monasticism and sacrificial ceremonies, as practiced by its aborigines, a resemblance to their own religious observances, could attribute this to nothing but contrivances of the devil to counterfeit the rites of Christianity. But we all know now, or ought to know, that the real explanation for resemblances of this kind is to be found in the fact that humanity, wherever it exists, is the same; and that a similar stage of its development always tends to forms of life, religious as well as civil, of the same general nature. This fact, indeed, is the chief warrant for supposing that this drama of the Aztecs can have any present interest, or suggest, by analogy, any present lesson. But this thought aside, the fact being as stated, all that is needed to justify the character-



istics and sentiments of Monaska and Kootha is to show that the civilization of the Tezcucans at this period was sufficiently highly developed to produce them. To do this is not difficult. Of one of the kings of Tezcucó, Nezahualcoyotl, who died about 1470 A. D., the same author already quoted says in the "Conquest of Mexico," vol. I., pp. 192-196, that "He built a temple in the usual pyramidal form, and on the summit a tower nine stories high, to represent the nine heavens; a tenth was surmounted by a roof painted black and profusely gilded with stars on the outside and incrustated with metals and precious stones within. He dedicated this to the unknown God, the Cause of causes. . . . No image was allowed in the edifice, as unsuited to the invisible God; and the people were expressly prohibited from profaning the altars with blood, or any other sacrifices than that of the perfume of flowers and sweet-scented gums." He is also represented to have said: "Idols of wood and gold can neither see, hear nor feel; much less could they make the heavens and the earth and man the lord of it. These must be the work of the all-powerful, unknown God, Creator of the universe, on whom alone I must rely for consolation and support;" and in one of his poems—for many nobles and princes of this people were poets—he says: "The great, the wise, the valiant, the beautiful—alas! where are they now? They are all mingled with the clod; and that which has befallen them shall happen to us, and to those that come after us. Yet let us take courage, illustrious nobles and chieftains, true friends and loyal subjects,—let us aspire to that heaven where all is eternal, and corruption cannot come." Men educated where opinions like these prevailed and were expressed, could certainly be capable of sentiments of the kind attributed in this drama to Monaska and Kootha.

*Each time you try to mold a spirit's life  
With fingers grappling from the fist of force,  
You clutch but at the air, at what is far  
Too fine for force to handle.*

*THE AZTEC GOD, IV, 1.*

*Oh something surely must be wrong,  
When that which rules without rules not within.*

*IDEM.*

## CHARACTERS.

- MONASKA. A young Mexican or Acolhuan warrior of noble blood, captured by the Aztecs from the Tezcucans, a people who, before succumbing to the Aztec invasion, were distinguished by their comparatively mild religion and manners.
- KOOTHA AND HIS COMPANION. Tezcucans of high rank and education, captured by the Aztecs years before the time when the drama is supposed to open, and now slaves of the priest, Haijo, and attendants at the temple.
- HAIJO. A chief priest of the Aztecs.
- WAPELLA. A Tezcucan warrior, captured by the Aztecs at the same time as Monaska.
- THE KING. Sovereign of the Aztecs.
- WALOON. A Tezcucan maiden of high rank, niece of Kootha, captured, when very young, by the Aztecs and adopted by Haijo the priest.
- |                          |   |          |   |  |
|--------------------------|---|----------|---|--|
| FIRST<br>SECOND<br>THIRD | } | MAIDENS. | { | Admirers of Monaska, and assigned to him as wives, according to the customs of the Aztecs. |
|--------------------------|---|----------|---|--|

WOMEN, MAIDENS, OFFICERS, WARRIORS, PRIESTS, PRIEST-  
ESSES, PAGES, ATTENDANTS, ETC.

## PROPERTIES.

- MONASKA. In Act First, Bow, Arrows, and Club. In Act Second, Club. In Acts Third and Fourth, Flower-wreathed Head-dress and Lyre.
- KOOTH  
AND HIS  
COMPANION. In Acts First and Fifth, a Spear.
- HAIJO. In Act First, a Spear.
- WAPELLA. In Acts First and Fifth, Bow, Arrows, and Club. In Act Second, a Club.
- KING. In all the Acts, Belt and Hand Weapons appropriate for a king. In Acts Second and Fourth, some sort of a Crown.
- WALON  
AND HER  
MAID. In Act First, a Spear. In Act Second, a Wreath of Flowers.
- MAIDENS. In Second Act, Wreaths of Flowers about their heads, shoulders, etc., and also carried in their hands.
- WARRIORS with Bows, Arrows, Spears, etc. and all on the stage in the costumes of the place and period.

## THE AZTEC GOD.

---

### ACT FIRST.

SCENE:—*A forest. Backing, a tree with a moss-covered elevation or bench at its Right. Many Entrances at the Right and Left through the trees. The darkness of a storm by day, with occasional thunder and lightning. Contending bands of warriors in flight and pursuit cross the stage from Left to Right.*

*Enter—Left—KOOTHA attended by his COMPANION.*

<sup>1</sup>[KOOTHA (*to his* COMPANION).]

Oh, what a whirlwind's wave-lashed sea is  
war!

Then hate breaks loose to over-flood the world,  
Hurling all love-built order upside down  
Till weal is drowned in darkness of the deep,  
And wreckage rides the crest.—They might  
have known

<sup>1</sup>These brackets—[ and ]—are placed before and after passages which, in reading or presentation, may be omitted without interfering with the unfolding of the plot.

They would be tricked. War's tactics all are  
acts

Of treachery—the one sole sphere where he  
Who does the worst thing does the best, here  
faith

Falls crushed beneath the trampling foot of  
force;

And fair means trip, trailed mireward after  
foul.]

*Enter—Right—OFFICER.*

OFFICER. What, Kootha, you here?

KOOTHA. Ay.

OFFICER. What for?

KOOTHA. To see

The tragedy.

OFFICER. Is over now.

KOOTHA. The fight?—

I mean not that; but you have captives.

OFFICER. Crowds.

KOOTHA. And then I came to see.

OFFICER. Yes, you are he

That waits on them till sacrificed.

KOOTHA. I do.

OFFICER. And you take pleasure in it?

KOOTHA. So they say.—

Why?—You would not?

OFFICER. In part of it I might.—

For you, too, like an angel, bring to each

The maiden he is free to love and wed.

KOOTHHA. And I, too, ride the nightmare, sped  
him when

His love o'erflows in dreams of Paradise.

I come to tell him just the way to reach it,  
Describe the scene awaiting on the morrow—  
His own stripped, cringing form—and, over  
there,

Each man, maid, child in town agog to see him;  
Then how the priests will throttle, throw him  
down,

And, while yet living, writhing, yelling, sane,  
Gouge their blunt nails between his reeking  
ribs,

And, by the roots, tear out his dripping heart.

[OFFICER. Ugh!—I would rather be a soldier.

KOOTHHA. What?—

And miss a spectacle so rare?—that play  
Of fright and agony, in white and shade  
Breaking in contrast o'er your victim's brow?  
Why, what is life without variety?

OFFICER. You see too much of it.

KOOTHHA. Oh no!—no more  
Than all men do—perhaps concentrated more  
Than hell vouchsafes to others! That is all.]

OFFICER (*pointing toward the Left*).

See there—the maids are coming now.

KOOTHHA. Of course,  
To snare the captive that your spears have  
spared.

They know the first with whom they fall in  
love

Will be the first one whom the priest will call  
The chosen of the gods, and send to—heaven.

What cares a maid, be he her victim too?

OFFICER. You mean her lover.

KOOTH A. Victim.

[OFFICER. Humph! I see:

A soldier's life seems lovelier, then?

KOOTH A. Why not?—

A man-foe is a brute, a shark that whacks  
The spirit's prow and whirls it from its course.

A maid may be a devil, seizing on

The spirit's helm to turn it where she will.

Her victim though—he thinks her will is his.

You never knew a man to dodge the touch

Of love-like fingers feeling for his heart.

That heart held once within a grip so gained,

Will take each wrench that wrings its life-  
blood out

To be its own pulsation.]

OFFICER. I, at least,

Am not their victim yet, and so I leave.

*Exit—Right—*OFFICER.

KOOTH A (*to his* COMPANION).

No, not their victim; but his captives are;

And they are our own kin, whom we, forsooth,

Must fool and lure to slaughter. How I

longed



For their success! Yet why?—Am well off  
here;

And they might not have deem'd us of their  
tribe,—

So young we were when captured, now so like  
The native. Yet could I but save Waloon,—  
My brother's child, king's daughter too! but  
here

This Haijo, he who maimed me—made me  
slave,

Haijo, he trains her like a flowering weed  
To clip and fling up to the royal couch,  
When comes the time her beauty blooms in  
full.

Poor duped Waloon!—Oh, I can bear my fate!  
But she—to see her grow what Haijo wills,  
Deem nothing true or right in earth or air  
Except what he enjoins!—be so much his  
That even I, who ought, I do not dare  
To let her know the foe we just have fought  
Are our own kinsmen! What can curse one  
worse

Than force that jails expression, whether  
walled

In masonry or flesh!—Though it may be  
Fit training for a life whose brightest end  
Is death. If all men die alone, may be  
They ought to learn, ere death, to live alone.

*Enter—Left—Several WOMEN.*

FIRST WOMAN. Aha, you think so, do you,  
Kootha?

KOOTHA. You  
Have come to make a lonely lot seem bliss?  
What business brings you here?

(*gesturing to make them retire.*)

SECOND WOMAN (*advancing in a supplicating way*). We came to pray——

KOOTHA. Oh, yes, I know, you always come to  
*prey.*

So do the buzzards, but we drive them back.

SECOND WOMAN. We seek——

KOOTHA. Why say not lose?—You hope to lose  
Your hearts in this place.

FIRST WOMAN (*sarcastically*).

Not in this place, Kootha.

It must be further on. (*She tries to pass him.*)

KOOTHA (*preventing her*). No, no, stay back.

FIRST WOMAN. Stay back?—Stay back your-  
self. Are you the one

Commanding here—a slave of priests like  
you?

What use have priests upon a battle-field?

KOOTHA. To save souls from perdition—am  
between

The men and you.

FIRST WOMAN. The fight is over.

KOOTHA. Then

Do let the warriors have a little rest.

Why break their peace, before you get them home?

[FIRST WOMAN. No fear for your peace! You may stay alone!

There are those, though, who want us.

KOOTHHA. There are men  
Who lose their senses. I have heard of those  
With ears too dull to hear a bat when squeal-  
ing.

And flesh too tough to feel a flea when sting-  
ing.

SECOND WOMAN (*to* FIRST WOMAN).

Why stand and talk? We have a right to see  
The captives. Kootha knows it too.

(*To* KOOTHHA). Stand back!

(*To* FIRST WOMAN).

Go forward!

KOOTHHA. Nay, leave forwardness to men.  
Have backwardness. It best becomes a  
woman.]

(*An arrow, coming from the right, falls upon the stage. KOOTHHA picks it up.*)

See there—an arrow! They are fighting still.  
You may get more of these through your own  
hearts

Than even you could dream to send through  
others'.

WOMEN. Oh! oh!

*Exeunt—Left—the WOMEN in fright.*

KOOTHA (*looking after them, and then toward the right*). The fight and flight not over?—  
Humph!

*Exit—Left—KOOTHA and his COMPANION.*

*(After a little, amid thunder and lightning),*

*Enter—Right Rear—WAPELLA.*

*Enter—Right Front—MONASKA.*

WAPELLA. That you, Monaska?

MONASKA. Yes, and you?

WAPELLA. Wapella.

MONASKA. What man can fight both earth and  
heaven?

WAPELLA. Some fiend  
Is raining down these fiery storm-bolts.

MONASKA. Yes,  
We meet the foe, and in their track, as if  
Out-cowarding the just-caught cuttle-fish,  
This gloom exudes upon the flooding light.

WAPELLA. We might have scaled their hill,  
but not these heavens.

MONASKA. We just had drawn our bows, each  
arrow aimed

To wedge eternal stillness in between  
Unhinging joints of some affrighted heart,  
When down upon us burst that thunder-  
flash.

The shock, so sudden, glanced the arrows up  
As if to shoot them in the face of gods  
Asail the clouds in yon black gulf. It gave

Their men their chance. With one wild yell  
and bound

They closed like smoke about the lightning's  
fire;

And, all with darts whirled on like sparks  
before

A flame that followed, they came roaring on  
To fill the gaps their shots had made. [Oh,  
hell!

Not one of us but saw, mount fiercely up  
The dying body of some fallen friend,  
What seemed wild fiends.

WAPELLA. How know you but they were?—  
Grim phantom-spirits of the earth and air—  
The same that now pursue us?—And from  
them

You fled?

MONASKA. Fled?—Never! No, with them I  
fought,

Till all I fought for but myself were not.

WAPELLA. Hush! They will find us.

MONASKA. Ay, they will—too soon.

Each fearful time this lid of heaven is lifted,  
The rays pour in and focus here on us.

They axle here the foes' near wheeling lines,  
Ay, draw them like a whirlpool to its vortex.

WAPELLA. This tree will shield us.

*(The two move toward a tree at the Back Centre  
with a moss-covered bench at the Right of it.)*

MONASKA.                                There is not a tree  
Or leaf, or trunk, but what, to point us out,  
These fiery fingers of the storm would dash  
Aside to ashes—fume—thin air.]

WAPPELLA (*leading MONASKA toward the moss-covered bench, and sitting down, then rising*). We here  
Are hid as could be hoped for.

MONASKA. I hope not  
For anything. Sweet hope is a bird of light,  
The pulsing touch of whose aspiring wing  
Thrills to new life the very air one breathes.  
In gloom like ours the trembling heart but  
leaps  
To dodge the whirl of some blind bat of fear.

WAPPELLA (*looking toward the Left*).  
Hark! There seems human rhythm in this  
hell.

What hot pursuit is it comes burning through  
These crackling branches?

(Vivid lightning.)

MONASKA (*pointing toward the Left*).

Did you see it?

WAPPELLA. No.

But when I do——(*drawing his bow.*)

MONASKA (*placing his hand on the bow*).

Hold!—Could one ever see

An angel, hers would be a form like that.

WAPPELLA. An angel?—fiend!

MONASKA. Right! Only fools have faith  
 In forms they have not wit to find unfrocked.  
 Not sages even see the spirit through them.  
 We flee.

WAPELLA (*placing his hand on his hip, and sinking down*). I cannot.

MONASKA. What?—Are wounded?

WAPELLA. Yes.

MONASKA (*sitting on the moss-covered seat beside him*). Then I stay too.

WAPELLA. Nay, go.

MONASKA (*lying down on the moss-covered elevation*). Not I.—No man

Can wish us ill, the while our bodies bow  
 To do his wishes. Let us yield our wills  
 To save our lives, and feign that we are dead.

*Enter—Left—WALOON and a MAID.*

WAPELLA. Sh—sh——

WALOON (*to the MAID*).

The foe are fled. Our homes are safe;  
 (*Lightning. She sees MONASKA and WAPELLA.*)

Why, who are they?—How beautiful! What  
 flowers

To bloom amid the desert of the storm!

What glow of vigor in their fair, round limbs,  
 Ay, how their colors warm this cold-hued air!—  
 Can they be wounded?—dead?—Oh, cruel  
 man,

When spirits of the sunlight guise in flesh

And fringe the halo of the sunshine round  
them,

Have we so much to cheer us on the earth,  
We can afford destruction to the frames  
That form fit settings of a light so dear?—  
Nay, I——

*(She approaches, bends, and studies them.)*

They both are breathing still!—But look——  
*(Lightning.)*

This garb?—Why, they will kill us yet un-  
less——

*(She lifts a spear that she holds in her hand, then  
drops it.)*

[Who made me heaven's avenging messenger?  
Or bade me cull for those high gardeners there  
What grow in nights of earth to greet their  
dawn?

I should not know them foes but for their  
guise.

And what is all their alien flesh but guise  
A little nearer to their souls? It gone,  
What would they be but spirits, freed from  
space,—

From all the need of trampling others down  
To find a place to stand in for themselves?—  
The two here must be wounded.—Say, good  
friends—]

*(They start up. She draws back.)*

*Exit—Left—the MAID as if frightened.*



Wait, wait!—A maid like me would do no harm.—

*(As they sit still and look at her.)*

You—you are wounded?

MONASKA. Not to death.—And you?—

Why do you stand there, and not hurl the dart?

It would be sweet, if when one came to die,  
His last sigh could breathe forth toward one  
like you.

WALOON. I kill you?—What?

MONASKA. And why, pray, should you not?

WALOON. I am a woman!

*(The storm ceases; and from this time on the forest  
grows gradually brighter.)*

MONASKA. And a woman's aim  
Knows how to reach the heart. We should  
escape

The bungling work of men.

*(opening his breast.)*

My heart—take aim—  
Is open to you. Oh, how it will thrill  
To feel it gets what you would give!

WALOON. No, no;

You seem too strong and fair for earth to lose.  
Some one, with you, would find it full of light.

MONASKA. But we are foes.

WALOON. To me you seem like friends.

MONASKA. But to your brothers?

WALOON.                                There are those they spare.

MONASKA.    At your wish?

WALOON.                                I can plead.

MONASKA.                                From such lips pleas,  
Like fragrance from the flowers upon a shrine,  
Might bring an answer. I will trust in you.

(MONASKA and WAPELLA begin to rise.)

Enter—Left—HAIJO and KOOTHA with his COM-  
PANION.

WALOON.    Nay, nay, lie still. Wait, till I  
speak to them.

(referring to HAIJO and KOOTHA, and moving  
toward them and addressing them.)

Here lie some wounded warriors.

KOOTHA.                                        Foes?

WALOON.                                        They are.

KOOTHA.    I hope then you have cured them of  
their wounds!

WALOON.    How so?

KOOTHA (*lifting his spear*).

How so?—There is but one sure cure.—

Ope wide the casket that the world has bruised  
And let the unbruised soul fly out of it.

(*makes as if he would move toward MONASKA.*)

WALOON (*lifting her hands, and moving forward  
as if to shield MONASKA*).

No, no; not that; no!—They are beautiful.

KOOTHA.    Then send them upward while they  
are so. Why

Outlive the happy moment for one's death!

A body maimed may mold a spirit maimed.

WALOON. Their wounds are not so bad as that.

KOOTHA. Or good.

(WALOON *looks at him in a puzzled way.*)

I mean it—good. I mean it. Let me see them.

(WALOON *gestures toward them and looks toward HAIJO.*)

[HAIJO (*to WALOON, as he looks toward the prisoners.*)

You call them beautiful? When you have seen

As much of men as I, you will think more  
Of greater spirits with their lives enshrined  
In mountain, valley, forest, bush, and flower  
Than of these little spirits framed in flesh.

WALOON. A great priest, you, and I a little maid.

HAIJO. And for our little maidens men like these

Are sent at times on little missions to us.]

KOOTHA (*waving his spear.*)

Sire, pin them down where they shall kneel  
before us

And keep on kneeling till their life is through.

HAIJO. No, no!—but I wait here, and you go back

And tell them at the temple why I do so.

KOOTHA (*to his COMPANION as he moves toward the left*).

Oh, heaven, I thought to help them!—but  
too late!

*Exit—Left—KOOTHA and his COMPANION.*

HAIJO (*to WALOON*).

You wish to save them, eh?—One way is——  
WALOON (*eagerly*). What?

HAIJO. Why, make the king adopt them.

This, you know,

Is often done. Then they will be our own;  
As much so as if born here. Can you think  
Of anything he would not do for you?—

The trouble is, I hear, that there are things  
You would not do for him, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Oh, no offense! You know you are my  
ward.

For one, I ward you from his majesty.

Suppose you go, and tell your tale to him—  
The beauty of the prisoners, and your wish.

I think that he would grant it.

WALOON. Free them wholly?

HAIJO. Why, you can ask and learn. Should  
he refuse,

They would be no more sure to die than now.

(HAIJO *waves his hand*.)

*Enter—from both Right and Left—GUARDS with  
spears, and stand watching MONASKA and  
WAPELLA.*

WALOON. First I will tell them why I go away—  
And you will guard them here?

HAIJO. As if the king  
Himself had ordered it.

(*to a Chief of the Guards as WALOON walks toward MONASKA and WAPELLA who rise to receive her*) The girl is right.

She knows what beauty is—just what we need!  
And not another fair-formed captive left us!

The king will save them, not a doubt of  
that.

We never found a pair of fairer gods.

WALOON (*to MONASKA*.)

I go to ask our king here to adopt you.

(*pointing to HAIJO*)

This guardian of all our sacred things  
Will guard you sacredly till I return.

HAIJO (*to MONASKA and WAPELLA*.)

Unless you mean to fly. Try that; no more  
Could you escape our warriors' darts, than  
dodge

The shadows of the trees through which you  
flew.

*Exit—Left—WALOON.*

MONASKA (*to HAIJO*.)

You seem a prophet, sire?

HAIJO. They hold me such.

MONASKA (*holding out his hand*.)

And you could read my fate?

HAIJO.

Not difficult.

*(plucking a twig from a tree)*

The tree's full growth is here, could one unfold  
it.

Your future is the fruit of present dreams,  
The lure that leads the deepest wish within  
you,

The goal that lights the farthest path of hope.  
*(taking MONASKA by the hand, then dropping it)*

A touch that feels the start can point the  
finish.

MONASKA. You think so?

HAIJO. There is nothing stops the flow  
Of thought betwixt my fingers and my brain,  
Betwixt your fingers and your brain; not  
so?—

*(taking him by the hand again)*

Now join these—what cuts off your brain  
from mine?

MONASKA. Our wills.

HAIJO. Yet if I yield my will to yours——

MONASKA. But can you?

HAIJO. And if not, what boots the priest  
His years of fasting and of discipline?—  
Besides, all lives are much alike.

MONASKA. They are?—  
[How so?

HAIJO. All thorns or roses, if you please,  
Grown on the self-same bush.

MONASKA. Do all lives grow

Both thorns and roses?

HAIJO. Yes; we show the thorns

To those who try to pluck us for themselves;

The roses to the ones that let us be.

MONASKA. And so you think all lives alike?

HAIJO. Allied.]

All lives are summers, veiled at either end  
In shadows of the spring and autumn storms.  
We pass from tears of birth to burial;  
And in the brief, bright interval between  
There comes anon the fevered flush of life,  
Then paleness, then the fevered flush of  
death.

Men leap and laugh, and then lie back and  
cough.

Both but hysterical, betwixt the two,  
Warring for power that more of war must  
keep,

Pushing for place that prisons those who seize  
it,

Kneeling for love to tramp on when they  
get it,

Their little rest is large-brought weariness,  
And what they wish for most is mainly  
death.

MONASKA. A cheerful view!

HAIJO. It was not volunteered.

[MONASKA. My fate seems dark then?

HAIJO. Brilliant.

MONASKA. Brilliant?

HAIJO. Yes,—

MONASKA. A fire is brilliant, yet it burns  
us up.

HAIJO. In time.

MONASKA. Yet all life is a thing of time.

HAIJO. You hunger for excitement, man. You  
hail

The trump of war, the tramp of onset, all  
That sweeps you on where drafts of life and  
love

Fan up the flames that flicker in the breast  
And set the whole form's trembling veins  
aglow.

MONASKA. You read me well.

HAIJO. Suppose this heart a toy  
Wound up to run through just so many  
ticks—

MONASKA. I see, you mean a fast life is a short  
life.

HAIJO. The fleetest foot is first beside the goal.

MONASKA. But if the goal be high as well as  
far—

HAIJO. The bird of fleetest wing may fly the  
highest.

MONASKA. It may!—A chance that I could  
risk!—If not,



More blest the short-lived moths that fly to  
flame

Straight through a pathway lit by coming  
light

Than long-lived worms that crawl through  
endless mire.

HAIJO. Yours will be lit by coming light.

MONASKA. And I,]

I shall not lose my life?

HAIJO. In every life,

The first and final acts are tragedy.

MONASKA. But ere the final act?—

HAIJO. The whole you wish

Will come.

MONASKA. All?

HAIJO. All.

MONASKA. But I am not unselfish.

HAIJO. You need not be—where all will rush  
to serve you.

MONASKA. And I am vain.

HAIJO. None will be clothed more richly.

MONASKA. And I have tastes.

HAIJO. Each meal will be a feast.

MONASKA. I would not slave it to these lower  
aims.

I have ambition.

HAIJO. None will rank above you.

MONASKA. None?

HAIJO. I have said it—none.

MONASKA. That cannot be.  
My birth——

HAIJO. Who knows the place that he was born  
To fill?

MONASKA. High aspirations thrill my soul.

HAIJO. Have higher still. You will be like a  
god.

*(aside, to the Chief of the Guards.)*

Now will I see if he divine my meaning.

MONASKA. It may be when I die.

HAIJO *(aside to the Chief again)*.

Is not divined;

Or, if it be, in but a slight degree.

*(to MONASKA.)*

No; you mistook my thought. I spoke of  
earth.

MONASKA. Of earth?—You know, sire, I can  
tell it you—

You know about the weaknesses of youth?

HAIJO. Yes, you can tell me all.

MONASKA. I am not one  
Has lived or worked with other men. My soul  
Has dwelt alone, and sails the waves of life  
Like some stray oil-drop lost upon the sea,  
Refusing still, however wildly tossing,  
To lose or fuse itself in things about it.  
I have so craved a mate! but, whoso came,  
The spirit that is in me would deny  
My clasping to a heart that might not beat

In time to pulses of another's purpose.  
So what I would caress, I dared not touch,  
For fear the rhythm throbbing in my veins  
Would prove discordant and reveal us foes.

HAIJO. Ah! love you wish?

MONASKA. Ay, sire, I would be loved.

HAIJO. You think that strange at your age,  
strange?

MONASKA. Not strange the wish—but could it  
be fulfilled——

HAIJO. I said it should be. You shall be so  
loved

That you will yearn for rivals more than see  
them.

[MONASKA. Will yearn—but how can this be  
true? You jest.

HAIJO. Is it my face or robe you deem a jester's?

MONASKA. You mean it?

HAIJO. It is in your hand, your face.

I told you I had had experience.

Why do you doubt?

MONASKA. Because life never brought

Aught like it.

HAIJO. Life brings day as well as night,  
When day, the wise will use the sunshine.]

MONASKA (*looking at WAPELLA, who has been  
watching them eagerly, and now rises*).

Come

And tell his fortune too.

WAPELLA.

Yes, mine.

*Enter—Left—WALOON and the KING.*

HAIJO.

The King.

*(All bow. The KING speaks aside to HAIJO.)*

The King desires that you retire, you three.

*(motioning to MONASKA, WAPELLA, and WALOON.)*

*Exeunt—Right—MONASKA, WAPELLA, and WALOON, accompanied by some of the Guards.*

KING *(to HAIJO.)* What think you?

HAIJO. Just what she has told you, sire.

No doubt, about the beauty of the men.

KING. Nor of her love?

HAIJO.

It seems to augur well.

KING. I feel not sure about your method.

HAIJO.

No?—

In lands like ours, a land controlled by law,

Illegal force will rouse the people's wrath.

But let her love the one we make a god,

And wed his ghost, and dwell within the temple;

There he who is the head of our religion

Can rightly represent the god,—not so?

KING. I see—a portion of the heaven of which

The priesthood holds the key, is on the earth.

HAIJO *(suddenly turning the subject).*

Sire, we must have some foe to sacrifice.

For this year——

KING.

You will furnish one insured

To break this maiden's heart.

HAIJO. A colt once broke

Drives easily.

KING. Let me not doubt again

What power incarnates Providence on earth.

Lead out this coming god.

HAIJO (*looking toward the Right*).

Waloan, the King

Desires to see the prisoners.

*Enter—Right—*WALOON, MONASKA, WAPELLA,  
and GUARDS.

KING (*to HAIJO, as he looks at MONASKA*).

Yes, yes,

He is a fine one, no mistake! Poor girl!—

But what were life without its discipline?

And what are kings and priests for but to give it?

No fêtes are feasts with every course alike;

And all fare better who begin with bitters.

(*to MONASKA and WAPELLA.*)

Young men, your warriors came a long, hard  
way

To fight with us. They should have stayed  
at home.

MONASKA. Our king, sire, sent them forth.

KING. Good! We shall keep

Their flesh to fertilize our fields, and see

That he has less to send the next time. Ha!

(*The GUARDS, at a sign from the KING, draw  
their bows on MONASKA and WAPELLA.*)

Waloan, stand back, there, from the prisoners.

WALOON (*to the KING*).

Ah, but you will not kill them, will you, sire?

KING. Why not?—They would kill us. We  
only do

What they would do.

MONASKA (*aiming his bow*).

Perhaps, when this has gone

Through you, and through your pals too——

WALOON (*hurrying between the KING and MON-  
ASKA, and speaking to MONASKA*). Wait.

MONASKA (*bowing to WALOON*). For you.

WALOON (*to the KING*).

Ah, sire, was it for this I urged them not

To fly from here?—You surely will adopt  
them?

KING. And you would save my life and save  
his too? (*To MONASKA*.)

We both owe something to her love, you see.

MONASKA (*to the KING*).

I read my pardon in your own face now.

KING. I feel no pity, and no love for you.

If you are saved here, she alone has done it.

Thank her.

MONASKA (*kneeling to her*).

I will, as I would thank an angel.

KING (*to HAIJO, aside*).

You see—we made no promises. Keep watch  
And never let them be alone together.

CURTAIN.

## ACT SECOND.

SCENE:—*A walled open space within an Aztec fort. Backing at the Right is a closed gate guarded by SPEARMEN, and at the Left a pyramid-shaped structure such as formed an Aztec shrine. On the lower steps of this structure, forming a sort of throne for the KING, are rugs, etc. On the Right Side of the Space are trees, on its Left Side, near the rear are curtains before a building evidently of the nature of a temple. Entrances: several at the Right through the trees; at the Right Center through the Gateway; at the Left Front to one side of the Temple; at the Left farther back, through curtains into the Temple; at the Left Rear between the Temple and the Pyramid. The Curtain rises on the gray light of dawn. Guards are at the gates, prisoners grouped about the space. MONASKA and WAPELLA are near the Left Front.*

WAPELLA. I do not understand this.

MONASKA. No; but half

The interest of life is in its puzzles.

WAPELLA. I thought they set us free.

MONASKA. I often think  
Some one is just about to set me free.  
I never found him yet.

WAPELLA. We fare no better  
Than these, our fellow-prisoners.

MONASKA. That seems  
A lesson to our self-conceit. The wise  
Are grateful to their teachers.

WAPELLA. You are sanguine.

MONASKA. Some men are born with light,  
aspiring blood  
That, bounding brainward, keeps the whole  
frame glowing.

WAPELLA (*pointing to the other prisoners*).

These men expect us to be put to death.

MONASKA. And some are born with heavy,  
sluggish blood,

That will not leave the heart but keeps it  
weighted.

WAPELLA. They say they know the customs  
of the place.

MONASKA. We know its characters—the maid,  
priest, king——

WAPELLA. They say that captives here are  
sacrificed.

MONASKA. Not those the king himself has  
once adopted.

WAPELLA. Then say why we are prisoned in a  
temple.



MONASKA. Humph! your conundrum! Have  
not thought of it.

WAPELLA. No; nor of anything outside the  
maid

You have enshrined there in your heart.

MONASKA. With reason!

WAPELLA. Would reason drop the curtain of  
the eye,

And dwell in darkness, and be proud of it?

Monaska, you are dreaming. You must wake

And join us in our effort to escape.

MONASKA. You make it for yourselves. Why  
wait for me?

WAPELLA. Why?—You outrank us.

MONASKA. There are no ranks here.

WAPELLA. A leader, if he lead not, shames his  
birthright.

Besides, we two have weapons left with us.

You keep your club; I mine. The rest have  
none.

Perhaps they merely overlooked our arms,

And, when the morning comes, will take them  
from us.

Before that, when the other guards withdraw,  
As they do always, when the signal sounds,

*(pointing toward the gate)*

We can attack the two they leave behind,

Each kill his man, and, while the rest break  
down

The gate behind, can all of us rush out,  
O'ertake our friends and fly with them for  
home.

MONASKA. The home in which the spider traps  
the fly!

WAPELLA. No soldiers watch that side the gate.

MONASKA. And we,  
To show our gratitude for being saved,  
Will leave two prostrate, murdered forms  
behind

To do obeisance for us!

[WAPELLA. Rather than  
Harm them, we all here should be murdered,  
eh?

MONASKA. If there were fear of that, the maid  
would never  
Have pleaded for us.]

WAPELLA. They are all our foes.  
Can you a moment balance them against  
Your time-tried friends?

*Exeunt—Left—all the GUARDS but two,  
who stand each side the gate.*

Look! Now the guards have left.

Monaska, come—I said you would.—They  
wait (*pointing to other PRISONERS*).

MONASKA. You seem suspicious.

WAPELLA (*excitedly*). Dare you tackle them?

MONASKA (*angrily*).

Talk not of daring! I will tackle you.

WAPELLA (*excited, but trying to control himself*).

Forgive me—Why, you know I am your friend.

We all are friends. Monaska, will you join us?

MONASKA. Turn traitor to the ones that saved us?—No.

WAPELLA. But to your own land and your landsmen, yes.

MONASKA (*drawing his club, and springing toward WAPELLA*).

That you must prove, or——

(WAPELLA *draws his club and defends himself*.)

GUARD (*at the gate*). Hold!

*Enter—Left—other GUARDS and OFFICER.*

*They separate, with spears, MONASKA and WAPELLA.*

WAPELLA (*to MONASKA*).

Now you have proved it.

OFFICER (*to MONASKA and WAPELLA*).

Your clubs.

MONASKA. We were adopted. We are free.

OFFICER (*as he motions to the GUARDS to take the clubs away from the two prisoners*).

You will not need these, then, to guard yourselves.

(*The GUARDS take the clubs.*)

*Enter—through the curtains at the Left—*

HAIJO, KOOTHA and his COMPANION.

(HAIJO ascends the steps of the pyramid near the rugs. In his hand is a parchment.)

OFFICER (*to MONASKA, WAPELLA and other prisoners*).

Stand back, and hear the royal proclamation.

HAIJO (*reading*).

Know, all ye captives, who have proved your  
worth

By warding off when in the brunt of war  
The stroke aimed well to fell you, know to-day  
This temple celebrates its yearly fête;  
And hither wend the maidens of the realm.  
Commend yourselves to them, and woman's  
love,

Like that which gave our land its natural sons,  
Will make you sons of its adoption, sons  
And lovers, fit to claim their heart's devotion.  
For why should brave springs flow to waste,  
and not

Augment the channels of the nation's life?—  
Go seek your cells, make ready, and come  
forth,

And know the highest honors wait for him  
Whose charms prove greatest for the greatest  
number.

MONASKA (*to WAPELLA*).

There, there. I told you so.

WAPELLA.

Well, we shall see——

MONASKA. That I shall wed the woman of my choice.

*Exeunt—Right—all the PRISONERS except WAP-  
ELLA.*

KOOTHA (*to his COMPANION and looking toward MONASKA*).

What fools we are when we would read ourselves.

He thinks he craves the honors promised him  
Whose charms prove greatest for the greatest number.

Alas, the one thing that his nature craves,  
Is not a number.

*Exeunt—Right—WAPELLA, followed by some of  
the GUARDS.*

(KOOTHA continues to talk to his COMPANION.)

Ah! That proclamation

Was worthy of the priest that penned it.

COMPANION.

Why?

KOOTHA. Must be received with faith to seem  
a blessing;

And holds a promise that, whatever come,  
Will stand.

COMPANION. And be fulfilled.

KOOTHA.

Oh, yes—in form!

But nothing like a priest's grip on a form  
To squeeze the spirit out of it.

*Enter—Left—WALOON.*

COMPANION.

In that

The promise pairs \_ with life; for nothing  
earthly

Fulfills a promise just as it was given.

KOOTHÄ. Ay, while the eyes of hope are look-  
ing up,

The devil trips the feet. But why should gods  
Make priests play devil?

[COMPANION (*noticing HAIJO advancing*).

Hold; you may play die,

And go to him.

KOOTHÄ (*looking at HAIJO*).

Oh, no, no! After death

I think I shall be freed from following him.]

(*The day grows gradually brighter.*)

*Exit—Left—through the curtains—KOOTHÄ and  
his COMPANION.*

WALOON (*to HAIJO*).

Can it be true?

HAIJO                      What true?

WALOON.                      Why, that the king

Will put Monaska to the maidens' test?

HAIJO. Of course.

WALOON.                      Of course?

HAIJO.                      Why not?

WALOON.                      Because the king

Adopted him.

HAIJO.                      But you would not deprive

The captive of his rights?

WALOON.                      His rights?

HAIJO. What right

Can any man have grander than to be

A god?

[WALOON. A few-weeks' god?

HAIJO. Why, yes. You know

The joy of life is in its quality,

Not quantity. A heaven on earth—what is it

But having what one wishes?

WALOON. This is cruel.

HAIJO. There are a score or more of prisoners.

We need a man whose bearing can supply

Attractions that will draw the souls of all

Toward him and toward the god he represents.

The surest way of choosing such a man

Is this one which the royal will decrees.

WALOON. You know his beauty. They would  
all choose him.

HAIJO. Oh, no no; only some!—and if they all  
did,

Would it be just in us to fail for this

To let him be the chosen of the gods?

WALOON. No,—of the maidens.

HAIJO. Of the maidens' love.

And what than woman's love is more like  
gods'?

WALOON. Oh, this is fearful, fearful! Think of  
me.

HAIJO. Of you?]

WALOON. I love him.

HAIJO.                                Then, if he should be  
The chosen of the gods, this would confirm  
Your choice, and thus exalt both him and you.  
[WALOON. But then he would belong—oh, not  
to me!



Great sire, they plan to do a great wrong here.

KING. How so? It shall be righted.

HAIJO (*to the KING*). She would keep

Monaska from the test that makes him god.

KING. Oh—but—he has a right to it.

WALOON. Yet, sire,

A right that wrongs your kindly pardoning  
him.

KING. Why no, no! all our captives have that  
right.

WALOON. But, sire, he, he would be the choice  
of all.

KING. So much more reason he should have his  
chance.

WALOON. But I—I—love him.

HAIJO. If you loved him truly,

You scarce would dare to stand between him,  
then,

And that which lifts him to the gods.

[WALOON. You know

I pleaded for his life.

(*turning toward the KING.*)

You gave it him.

Now all of you seem plotting for his death.

HAIJO. Monaska had his choice.

WALOON. His choice?

HAIJO. Why, yes.

WALOON. When was it?

HAIJO. In the woods. "More blest," he cried,

“More blest the short-lived moths that fly to  
flame  
Straight through a pathway lit by coming  
light  
Than long-lived worms that crawl through  
endless mire.”]

(*The KING nods approvingly, and moves on with  
ATTENDANTS toward the pyramid.*)

WALOON (*to HAIJO*).

You told him all?

HAIJO. Oh, no, not all. Why should I?

WALOON. Then I will tell him.

HAIJO. When the priests enjoin it.  
Till then, the only lips that can reveal  
One temple-secret speak from realms of  
death.

And if as yet they have not entered these,  
It will become our duty to transfer them.

WALOON (*surprised*).

I cannot speak to him?

HAIJO. Speak all you wish.

But if he learn too much, he cannot hide it.

WALOON. Oh, cruel! I may speak—show all  
I wish—

Except what fills the fount from which it  
springs.

Alas, what pain—what pain alone—can keep  
The ever-swelling, surging, flood within?—  
Go bid the lake sleep on unheard, unseen,

Whose tribute-streams are dashed from cata-  
racts,  
Or waves are whirled by winds up toward the  
clouds——

HAIJO. Ah, has it gone so far?

WALOON. Oh, sire, too oft,  
A mood but half expressed is all distressed.  
What now is left my soul!

HAIJO. One course is left.  
The surest way to keep from feeling things  
Is not to touch them.

WALOON. What were best for me,  
Is not the question. I would ward from him  
The fatal blight that follows woman's love,  
Accurséd love, that makes the brightest eye  
A sunglass through which heaven would wilt  
the soul,  
And by the very pleasure beauty gives  
Meter out the measure of impending doom.

HAIJO. What will you do then?

WALOON. Save him if I can.  
*(Blast of trumpets, followed by music. The  
KING and ATTENDANTS arrange them-  
selves on the rugs at the base of the pyra-  
mid. The gate backing at the Right  
Center is thrown open.)*

*Exit—Right—very hastily, WALOON.*

HAIJO *(to the KING)*.

Poor fool! She does not know the surest way

To guard her lover from the love of all  
Is letting him alone. About the lips  
Found sweet by merely one, all swarm like  
bees.

But let that one forsake him all forsake him.

*Enter—through the Gate backing at the  
Right Center—Procession of MAIDENS  
and others, bearing banners and wreaths  
and decorated with flowers. All sing  
the following:*

Where dwell the gods?

Where dwell the gods?

Oh, dwell they in the sky?

Or come they near in gloom or gleam  
Of earth or air or wood or stream?—

Oh, yes, the gods are all on high;

But, robed in all that teem or seem

Where eye can spy or fancy fly,

The gods are always nigh.

How speak the gods?

How speak the gods?

In thunder from the sky?

In storms that o'er the cloud-banks pour,  
Or dash in waves along the shore?—

Oh, yes, the gods are all on high;

But not alone in rush and roar,

Wherever breeze or breath can sigh

The gods are always nigh.

How touch the gods?

How touch the gods?

Oh, reach they from the sky

Wherever airy fingers brush  
 The leaves that throb, the cheeks that flush?—  
 Oh, yes, the gods are all on high;  
 But in the thrills that fill the hush  
 When naught without is passing by,  
 The gods are always nigh.

Where look the gods?  
 Where look the gods?  
 In glances from the sky  
 Down through the lightning's death-dealt blaze,  
 Or thrilling through the starry rays?—  
 Oh, yes, the gods are all on high;  
 But in the looks that on us gaze  
 From out the love-lit human eye  
 The gods are always nigh.

*(While singing, the MAIDENS arrange themselves in line from Front to Rear at the Left.)*

KING *(looking toward the Right)*.

And now bring forth the prisoners.

OFFICER *(standing near the Right)*. They come.

KING *(gesturing with his right hand)*.

Arrange them there in line.

*Enter—Right—CAPTIVES, and are marched and formed in a line at the Right between the gateway and the Front of the stage. MONASKA enters last, and stands nearest the Right Front.*

*Enter—at the Right Front—WALOOON, and stands at the Right of MONASKA.*

KING. Now shall the eyes  
Of gods above look through the brightest eyes  
Whose glances light the earth; and whom  
those eyes

Adore the most, him too shall all adore.

*(The KING, looking at the CAPTIVES, converses  
with his ATTENDANTS.)*

*(The MAIDENS look at the CAPTIVES, especially  
at those nearest the gateway, and converse together.)*

WALOON *(to MONASKA, in a half whisper, and not  
observed by others except him).*

Monaska.

MONASKA. What?

WALOON. Look this way.

MONASKA. Could I else?—  
*(gesturing and looking toward the MAIDENS.)*

Yet must I seek the favor of these maids.

WALOON. Is not the favor of one maid enough?

MONASKA. Enough and more—yet here——

WALOON. Confide in me.

MONASKA. Yes, wholly.

WALOON. Then be wholly what I wish.

MONASKA. Be what?

WALOON. One who will not attract attention.

MONASKA. Why, then——

WALOON. You might seem wholly mine.

MONASKA *(looking toward the other MAIDENS).*

I see—

O brightest hour of all my life!—I see

You love—and love, if shorn of jealousy,  
Drops half its charms, like maids whose locks  
are clipped,

And better might be boys, or bald-head-babes.

WALOON (*taking him by the sleeve*).

Monaska.

MONASKA (*continuing to look at the others*).

Doubt me!—But I know, at times,  
Deceit that spices daintily with doubt  
The plain-served truth more seasons it to  
taste.

WALOON (*touching him again, and moving toward  
the Right Front Entrance*).

Here—something this way I would have you  
see!

MONASKA (*looking at her, then at the others*).

I must not lose my chances with the maids.  
And yet—a moment—then I can return.

(*turns toward WALOON and bows.*)

The highest honors wait for him alone  
Whose charms prove greatest for the greatest  
number.

*Exit—Right—WALOON.*

*Exit—Right—MONASKA.*

KING (*to the MAIDENS*).

Now to select your mates.

(*to the CAPTIVES.*)

Come forward, men.

(*to HAIJO, looking toward the Right Front.*)

Saw you those two depart?—She plans to tell him.

(MAIDENS and CAPTIVES *mingle and talk.*)

HAIJO (*to the KING*).

She will not; no. She will not dare.

KING.

What then?

HAIJO. They will return.

KING.

But if they love?

HAIJO.

Then she

Will play the woman, try to fascinate

His eye, spell-bound till blind to charms of others.

KING. And he?

HAIJO. He is a man. What man will barter  
Self-love for woman's love?

KING.

He may.

HAIJO.

If so,

Some other will be chosen.

KING.

He must be it.

HAIJO. Safe statement, sire! Small danger any  
man

Will waive his chances for the highest  
honor

To please a heart whose love is won already.

KING. You may be right.

HAIJO.

It might be well to send

A message to remind him of his chances.

(*to a MESSENGER, and pointing toward the Right  
Front Entrance.*)



Saw you those two retiring to the right?—  
Remind them of the royal proclamation.

*Exit—Right Front—*MESSENGER.

*(Music and dance in which CAPTIVES and  
MAIDENS join. As the dancing ends,)*

*Enter—Right Front—*MONASKA and WALOON.

MONASKA. You will not dance with me,  
Waloon?

WALOON.

No, no;

[Not here.

MONASKA. Then I shall have to dance alone

WALOON. Why should you dance at all?

MONASKA. Why?—Ask the leaves

The reason why they vibrate in the breeze,  
Or ask the trees when swaying in the storm;  
Ask of the spray-drop leaping from the rill,  
Or up and down amid the waves at sea;  
Ask of the circling smoke, tornado's cloud,  
The sun and moon revolving round the  
world,

But when the throb of music beats the air  
And sets the currents of the breast in motion,  
Sweeping the bounding rills to rhythmic waves  
That dash like breakers through the heart and  
pulse,

Ask not why every vein begins to glow,  
Each nerve to tremble, all the frame to heave,  
And to and fro to march, to leap, to dance,—  
Enough—if natural!—When checking nature,

You lay your human hands upon the work  
Heaven meant for what it is; you are profane.

*(he makes motions of dancing.)*

FIRST MAIDEN *(pointing toward MONASKA and  
speaking to SECOND MAIDEN).*

There comes another.

SECOND M.                               Where?

FIRST M.                               There with Waloon.

THIRD M.   Oh, see!

FIRST M.                               We go to him.

SECOND M.                               No, no; not yet.

Look there at that one.

*(pointing toward WAPELLA, who is near the Right  
Rear Entrance.)*

THIRD M.                               Which one?

SECOND M.                               That one there.

*(All three MAIDS move toward the Right Rear  
Entrance.)]*

WALOON *(trying to draw MONASKA toward the  
Right Front Entrance).*

Monaska, do come this way—do—I fear——

MONASKA.   You must not fear for me.

WALOON.                               You do not know——

MONASKA *(taking her hand).*

You tremble.

WALOON.                               Oh, love, do have faith in  
me!

MONASKA.   And have I none? You tremble  
like a bird

That once I caught. Poor thing, I could not  
harm it,

So beautiful, so soft, with chirp so sweet!

WALOON. But if you look that way, you do not  
love me.

MONASKA. And am I everything to you that  
you

Should fancy you are everything to me?

WALOON. And am I not then?

MONASKA. What a fire divine  
Must blaze within a woman's heart, who  
deems

That her one form all glowing where it kindles,  
Must cinder all things else!

WALOON. Do men love less?

MONASKA. Nay, but have eyes for things they  
do not love.

And I, you know, am young, have seen not  
much, (*looking toward the MAIDENS  
again.*)

And nothing of these rites you know so well.

WALOON. That whets my fear. I know them  
all too well.

MONASKA. My nerves are sensitive to form  
and hue.

A little flitting of the two but serves

To irritate and make me itch for more.

But let me once be free to bound and whirl

And scratch my gaze upon them in the dance,

What cures me will not scar below the surface.  
Yes; I have better avenues through which  
These outer visions reach the heart. Besides,  
That now is wholly filled. No room is left  
For more than one. Believe me, I speak  
truth.

WALOON. I know—I do not doubt you, but——  
MONASKA (*laughing*). You do.

Come, come, confess now. You are jealous of  
me.

WALOON. Not so! No, you mistake me.  
Would the gods

Would tell you why, or let me tell you why!

MONASKA. You dare not tell me?

WALOON. Nay, I—Come.

MONASKA. I will.

(*then, as WALOON moves toward the Right Front  
Entrance*)

You mean some untold penalty awaits

The one who fails to win the maidens' favor?

(*turns to follow WALOON, just as HAIJO reaches  
him, coming from the rear.*)

HAIJO (*to MONASKA*).

What, man, you fear not you are losing time?

MONASKA (*to HAIJO*).

When gaining something better?

HAIJO. What is better?

MONASKA. The worth of time is measured  
like a gem's

Not by its bulk but by its brilliancy.

HAIJO. Just what I told Waloon you thought.

(to WALOON *who is listening*.) Not so?

(to MONASKA.)

But you—you heard the royal proclamation?

MONASKA. I did.

HAIJO. And you would waive the  
highest honor?

MONASKA. For something else, could I not  
have them both.

HAIJO. And wherefore not have both?—

(to WALOON.) You know, Waloon,

He can.

MONASKA (to WALOON). I can, Waloon?

WALOON. Have I not said?—

Will you believe?—

HAIJO. This maiden, or the king?—

MONASKA. This maiden.

HAIJO. Treason!

MONASKA. And the king.

HAIJO. Prove that

By joining in the dance.—Come,—both to-  
gether.

WALOON. Not I!

MONASKA (*aside to WALOON*).

Waloon, you need not fear for me,

For if I venture in the dance at all,

I dance to win.

WALOON (*anxiously*). No, no; I meant——

(MAIDENS *gather around* MONASKA *and* WALOON.)

FIRST MAIDEN (*to* MONASKA.) Come, come.

And dance with us if not with her.

SECOND M. Come on.

THIRD M. Yes, come.

FIRST M. You must.

THIRD M. No backing out!

SECOND M. (*taking his hand*). With me.

(*They drag him with them into the dance.*)

WALOON (*to* HAIJO, *as she watches* MONASKA.)

Why did he not believe me? He is lost!

(*All the MAIDENS and CAPTIVES dance.*)

*Exit—Right—WALOON.*

KING. Now, silence! Let the maids declare  
their choice,

Their chief choice, gathering round his figure  
whom

The god of love that looks through love-lit  
eyes,

The spirit that inspires love-throbbing  
hearts,

Finds dowered with dignity and manly grace  
And beauty, and all heart-inspiring charms  
That fitly can incarnate love's ideal.

MUSIC.

(*The Captives stand in a line at the Right of  
the stage; MONASKA not far from its  
front. The MAIDENS march along  
the line of the CAPTIVES, and drop*

*flowers or wreaths in front of MONASKA. Some drop them in front of others, but, seeing that MONASKA will surely be chosen, they take the flowers from others and cast them before him, and gather around him. )*

KING (*descending from his seat on the pyramid and taking MONASKA by the hand, pointing with his free hand toward the seat he has just left, at the same time bowing to MONASKA*).

Chosen of love, now bow we to your worth.

We yield to you, and lead you to your place.  
(*All except the KING prostrate themselves before MONASKA.*)

MONASKA. You do me too much honor.

(*The KING bows, and shakes his head, while he begins to lead MONASKA toward the seat at the base of the pyramid. Just as they reach it,*

*Enter—at the Right Front—throwing up her hands in grief, WALOON.*)

WALOON. Chosen? Lost!

*The PEOPLE chant:*

Where look the gods?

Where look the gods?

In glances from the sky

Down through the lightning's death-dealt blaze,

Or thrilling through the starry rays?—

Oh, yes, the gods are all on high;  
But in the looks that on us gaze  
From out the love-lit human eye,  
The gods are always nigh.

CURTAIN.



### ACT THIRD.

SCENE:—*Same as in Act Second. The Gate backing at the Right Center is open. Guards beside it.*

*Enter—Left—KOOTHA and his COMPANION.*

KOOTHA (*to his COMPANION*).

[If what the priesthood teach us be the truth,  
Ay, if the gods do everything, themselves,  
Why should they smut our mortal souls to  
stoke

The fuel of their smoking fires on earth?  
If they see everything, what need that we  
Play spy here to Monaska and Waloon?—  
Trail like a reptile's tail to prove them brutes,  
Where'er the love goes, which but proves them  
human?

The power that makes a man who would stand  
straight

Prostrate and prostitute his nobler nature,  
Sneak, dodge, crawl, shadow spirits bright as  
theirs

May come from gods, but, if so, they have lent  
This part of their dominion to a devil.

Perhaps they have—who knows?—The priest-  
hood say,

When earth is dark, by contrast heaven is  
bright—

How could a mortal ever guess the greed  
Of gods for being glorified, unless  
What made mankind had damned the most of  
them

To show how good it could be saving others?—  
How good!—Ah, strange how much would not  
be thought

Were it not taught! A plague on their  
presumption

Who first began to teach, and teach religion!  
As if, forsooth, the heaven would be all dark  
Without our great lights of the temple here  
To thrust their smoking torches toward it!—  
bah!—

Well, well, who knows?—One thing, at least,  
I know:

They sin who shove a man and maid together;  
And make it sin for them to touch each other.]

*Enter—through the Gate at the Right Center—*

MAIDENS, *talking loudly.*

Hello! these belles of ours proclaim their  
presence

As ever by their tongues. Oh, for a pipe  
To pitch them to my tune; ay, ay, a pipe  
To blow them up with, make them flip, flap,  
flop

And whirl for me, and stir the dust for me,

And make them all my puppets. I will  
try it.

Waloos might dodge away from them alive;  
But from Monaska, be there none to check  
The love she bears him, she will have no  
chance.

FIRST MAIDEN. Oh, he is lovely!

SECOND M. An ideal god!

FIRST M. His form so graceful!

SECOND M. Yes, and so well built!

THIRD M. His touch so gentle!

FIRST M. Such a godlike flush

On all his flesh!

THIRD M. And flowering in his cheeks!

[FIRST M. He seems a spirit lured to gates of  
dawn

Who, venturing near the clouds when all  
aflame,

Has been snatched up within their ardent arms  
And borne to earth with all their glow about  
him.

SECOND M. And from his lips that have not  
lost the tint

Of daybreak yet, there breathe forth sweeter  
sighs

Than morning air brings when it drinks the  
dew.

FIRST M. Ay, ay, than morning air brings when  
it rings

With all the choruses of all the birds.

THIRD M. That warmth of welcome in his eyes  
too!

FIRST M. Yes,  
And fire behind them, fire that when one  
feels

The innermost recesses of the soul  
Begin to——

KOOTHA (*interrupting her*).

Burn.—Confess they burn.

FIRST M. (*to KOOTHA*).

Who spoke

To you, uncouth one? Off!

(*continuing to other MAIDENS.*)

They rout the gloom  
Within the heart sure as the morning sun  
That spreads new glory o'er the darkened  
world,

The while its fire-spied lances tilt the shades  
That fly afar, and leave our lives with  
heaven.]

KOOTHA. My, my! how mighty fine my fancies  
are!

SECOND M. A woman's fancy may be near the  
truth.

KOOTHA. As near as fire to water. Yonder  
pool

Is truth. The sunbeam it reflects is fancy.  
One water is, one fire. But, as you say,

The flaming of his eye has turned the sap  
Once oozing from your useless lips to——  
(*hesitating.*)

SECOND M. What?

KOOTHHA. Why, flames turn sap to soft and  
sticky sirup.

[Tell now which sweet lips were they that the  
god's

Were stuck to last?

FIRST M. You heartless man! You know  
We love the god.

KOOTHHA. Oh, yes!—the god in man—  
The god it takes a woman's eye to see.

SECOND M. And what, pray, is it that men  
worship?

KOOTHHA. Oh,  
The thing that most men worship is them-  
selves.

Or, look they upward, then it is the god  
Most like themselves. You know religion's  
aim

Is bringing gods and men together; so  
To many men that creed seems best, which  
best

Makes out how mean and small a god can be.

SECOND M. (*saucily*).

Does that mean anything?

KOOTHHA. You think not?

SECOND M. No.

KOOTHHA. Not so? not so?—Come back then to  
your range—]

Which one of you was it, the god kissed last?

FIRST M. Is knowing that your business?

THIRD M. Just so!

KOOTHHA. Oh yes,—the business of all men.

FIRST M. Why?

KOOTHHA. Have you observed which maid it is  
that proves

The most attractive to the most men?

SECOND M. No.

THIRD M. Tell which?

FIRST M. Yes, tell us.

KOOTHHA. Why, of course, the one  
The most attractive to the most of them.

Ha, ha!

*(continuing, as they turn away in anger.)*

You see that most men are such apes

They never know which girl to go for next,

Until they see where some one else has gone.

SECOND M. *(sarcastically)*.

Aha! you think that we wish you, then?

KOOTHHA. Yes,—

Away from here. But, frankly now, my mind

Had stumbled on the impression that a maid

Looks on her lovers as a Toltec brave

On scalps: she likes to see them hanging on

Her neck—at least in presence of such mates

As make no conquests.

SECOND M. (*sarcastically*).

Ah? and who are they?

KOOTH A. The town will find them out, some day, I guess.

THIRD M. Not our fault, then?

KOOTH A. Humph, what are women for?

And what are you about the temple for?

THIRD M. Go ask Waloon.

SECOND M. Yes, yes, go ask Waloon.

KOOTH A. Ah, then there is a favored one I see.

SECOND M. Did I say that?

KOOTH A. You had no need. You know  
A friend can heed the meaning of our thought  
Unhelp'd by word or gesture.

FIRST M. You a friend?—  
Drive off Waloon then.

KOOTH A. I?—a woman-driver?—  
But were she more the dove that he esteems  
her,

And you still less old hens than you appear,  
I think you might find bills to settle with  
her,

And raise a cackle that would make her fly.

(*to his COMPANION*)

Ugh! I have roughed their feathers now  
enough.

Poor, poor Waloon!—and yet her only safety.

*Enter—Left—WALOON.*

Ah, there she is herself.

FIRST M. (*noticing WALOON*).

Oh, here comes one  
That loves the god. How nice to love a god!  
SECOND M. But not so nice to pose as loving  
one,  
And only love a man.

FIRST M. You wait awhile.

When they have spilt the spirit in that  
vessel,—  
Ay, when the blood is drained, it may not then  
Appear to her so rare and rose-like.

SECOND M. (*to WALOON, sarcastically*). Ah,  
You seem surprised?

WALOON. I am.

THIRD M. And grieved?

WALOON. And more.

ALL THE MAIDENS. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

WALOON. I am surprised and grieved,  
And more than this—to think that you are  
women.

KOOTHATHA (*to his COMPANION*).

Aha! Had not found out that fact before?—  
She knows it now, for they know how to prove  
it (*to the MAIDENS*).

Come, come, be not so cruel. Be more  
gentle.

FIRST M. Are cruel, are we? If she like it  
not,

She need not strike at our likes. Did she deem



It kind to push between us and the god  
 The wide-spread drapery of her greedy arms  
 As if, forsooth, our hope were killed, and she  
 A vulture feasting with foul wings aflap?

SECOND M. Nay, more, too, make us laughed  
 at, slighted, scorned?

WALOON. I did not mean it so. This friend  
 of mine

Was mine before you chose him for the god.

FIRST M. Was yours?—and now you mean to  
 keep him yours?—

And so your eyes are always dodging his  
 To catch their glances? Did you turn your  
 back,

You fear he might forget you?

ALL THE MAIDENS. Ha, ha, ha!

*Enter—Left—HAIJO.*

*Exeunt—Right—KOOTHA and his COMPANION  
 as soon as they catch sight of HAIJO.*

HAIJO (*to the MAIDENS*).

Why, what can be the matter here?

FIRST M. Waloon.

SECOND M. Waloon.

THIRD M. Waloon.

FIRST M. She says the god is hers.

HAIJO. Of course, but not hers only!

FIRST M. Yes, hers only.

HAIJO. Oh, you mistook her!

THIRD M. No.

SECOND M. Is what she meant.

FIRST M. She called him "mine."

HAIJO. Meant hers?

FIRST M. Yes, hers.

SECOND M. Hers.

THIRD M. Hers.

HAIJO (*to WALOON*).

Can this be true?

WALOON. I said my friend was mine

Before they chose him.

HAIJO. Ah, but they did choose him;

And now, according to the temple's law——

WALOON (*half weeping*).

You mean he is not mine, I know.

HAIJO. My child,

I hoped your training——

WALOON. Do not think that men

Can ever change our nature by their training.

Nay, clip, abuse, deform it as you may,

The weakest bush will bear its own flower still,

And every heart the love life made it for.

[HAIJO. Ah, so! You think!—Who taught  
you, pray, to think?

WALOON. My mind, sire, and the gods from  
whom it came.

HAIJO. Be careful, child; nor force us to use  
force.

WALOON. Ah, sire, sire, when you come to deal  
with thought,

The only influence force can have upon it  
Is to suppress, but leave it still possessed.  
If error be in mind, it seems far better  
To let it out, and so be rid of it.

HAIJO. No need that we discuss that now!

You know

The temple's law, that when one will would  
stand

Against the general good, that will must yield.

WALON. I was not speaking of my will, but  
heart.

HAIJO. Well, call it heart then. You have  
thrust your love

Between these maidens and the god. They  
claim

The joy and profit of his intercourse.

WALON. They might have shared these with  
me. Never yet,

Have I been left alone with him.

HAIJO. And who

Could claim exclusive rights when with the  
gods,

Whose eyes view all, whose arms embrace the  
world.

And if incarnate for a time in man,

How base in us to tempt their high, pure life

Toward our low, selfish, human love for *one*!

WALON. Is that why we were watched?

HAIJO. Did you not need

A hint that others too had claims upon him?  
What profit is it though a god may dwell  
In human form, if souls, whom else the god  
Would lure to love and draw to sympathy  
With heavenly thought and deed and light and  
life,

Be kept away from him by one like you?

FIRST M. Just what we ask.

HAIJO. What all the wise would ask.]

SECOND M. She keeps us from him.

HAIJO. If she do this more  
The law will interfere, and part them wholly.

*Enter—through the gate backing at the  
Right Center—a line of PRIESTS,  
PRIESTESSES, etc., singing before a  
chariot in which MONASKA is drawn  
upon the stage. His head is crowned  
with flowers, and he thumbs a lyre-  
like musical instrument. All sing  
the following:*

All hail the god! All hail and laud

The god we now enthrone,  
Whose realms extend, all bright and broad  
Beyond the seas and stars and aught  
That ears have heard, or eyes have sought,  
Or hands could ever own.

All hail the god! All hail the god!

Upon the man we call;  
But bright behind the gaze we greet,  
There gleams the glory yet to meet

Our souls beholding past the gloom  
Of toil and trouble, tear and tomb,  
The god beyond it all.

All hail the god! All hail and laud  
The god we bow before,  
Whose altar fires, while all are awed,  
Are lit in souls that flash through eyes  
That light for heaven itself supplies,  
Nor could one wish for more.  
All hail the god! All hail the god!  
Upon the man we call;  
But bright behind the gaze we greet,  
There gleams the glory yet to meet  
Our souls beholding past the gloom  
Of toil and trouble, tear and tomb,  
The god beyond it all.

FIRST M. (*to MONASKA, as he descends from  
the chariot, while all bow to him*).

All hail the god!

SECOND M. All hail!

THIRD M. All hail!

FIRST M. (*noticing that he pays no attention to  
the salutation of the MAIDENS, although  
they are making every effort to attract his  
attention*). All hail!

MONASKA (*to the Maidens*).

I like not hail-storms but the gentler sunshine.

[(*pushing through them toward WALOON*).]

Yet sometimes through the arch-bow of the  
storm

Life enters on its heritage of hope.]  
(takes WALOON by the hand, then, as she does not speak.)

You do not speak to me.—Why this?—Why this?

WALOON (*gesturing toward the other MAIDENS*).

They chose you. They have claims upon you too.

MONASKA. Claims to my gratitude—I yield them these.

Claims to my love?—Ah, no.

HAIJO. And you will not  
Accede then to their claims?

MONASKA. Their sex's claims  
Are well acknowledged, as I think, by him  
Who plights his whole soul's faith to one of  
them.

[HAIJO (*gesturing toward the other MAIDENS*).

Nay; plight your faith to all of them.

MONASKA. To all?—]

Why, I would not insult these women so  
As to suggest that love for one alone  
Did not fill my whole heart to overflowing.  
You seek here room for more?—Then you  
mistake.

(*addressing the MAIDENS, who seem offended at his language.*)

And can it be that I had not revealed  
The truth? Forgive me. I had meant to do it.

The time has come to end your doubt?—I will.  
Here stands the holy father. Here stand we.  
(*looking toward HAIJO and taking WALOON's  
hand, then leading her toward the Right.*)  
Yes, it is time our vows were made in public.  
What? what?—you hesitate?—you do?—you  
do?—

*Exeunt—Right—MONASKA and WALOON.*

FIRST M. (*to HAIJO*).

And would we better follow?

HAIJO.

Wherefore not?

The mood is on her now to thrust him off,  
And if she do but push him far enough,  
What should he do but tumble then toward  
you.

*Enter—through the gate at the Right Center—the  
KING and ATTENDANTS.*

*Exeunt—Right—MAIDENS.*

KING (*to HAIJO*).

How fares it with the god?

HAIJO.

His heavenly mood

Is yet upon him.

KING.

He does not suspect?

HAIJO. Not he!—Why, he was just now order-  
ing me

To seal his vows, and wed him to Waloon.

KING. He does not deem it strange we honor  
him?

HAIJO. Each to his own conception is a god.

Proclaim him this, you but concede a claim  
Long felt within. He knew it all before.

[KING. The egotist!

HAIJO. Yes, but we all are that.

The spirit, we are told, is made of air.

Like air it is in this,—will force its way

And feel full right to enter and possess

Whatever space a crack or crevice opens.]

KING. How to himself, does he explain the  
way

That all the maidens wait upon his wishes?

HAIJO. He thinks they deem him lord of all  
creation.

And so they do, forsooth. Their bearing  
proves it.

KING. He deems Waloon?—

HAIJO. His only, through and through.

KING. She never can be more completely his?

HAIJO. Impossible.

KING. The time to pluck a flower  
Is just when in its bloom.

HAIJO. I think so, sire.

The hour has come to tell him of his fate.

A member of our nearer tribes would know it.

He knows it not. Waloon now shuns him.

Look (*pointing to the Right.*)

And he must find excuse for this, or else

May turn away from her, and seek another.

If so, he may not always keep her love.



Besides, Monaska ought to know the truth;—  
Is wasting time with her.

KING. Has naught to do  
With others?

HAIJO. No; and therefore should be told  
Our laws must part him from her.

KING (*looking and pointing to the Right*).

You are right.

I see him coming this way now.

HAIJO. With some  
Request, I warrant.

KING. Wise men do not greet  
A suppliant with too open hand and heart.  
Did gentleness not midwife his desires,  
His cries would sooner die for lack of nursing.  
And so I think they best refuse requests  
Who best refuse to hear them. Let us go.

*Exeunt—Left—KING and HAIJO.*

*Enter—Right—MONASKA followed stealthily by*

WALOON. (*He notices the KING and HAIJO*).  
MONASKA (*to WALOON*). A generous mind is  
never loath to face

The object of its benefaction. No;  
Had all that they have done been kindly done,  
They would not thus have turned their backs  
upon us.

That Haijo is no man to harbor trust.

[He never holds a steady eye to greet

The look that rests on him. It seems as if

He feared that one might spy within his brain  
Some secret that a dodging glance could  
shield.

I fear the secret may concern yourself.  
For ever when I lead you where I hope  
No mortal will be present to profane  
Vows fit for only gods to hear, some form,  
With eyes omniscient as a very devil's  
Incarnate in an earthly messenger,  
Outspawns its fouling shadows on the light  
Like night-shades to the lost who pray for  
day.

Just now, when here I came, he too was here.  
We left him then, and you were deaf to me.  
What drug to hearing poured he in your ear  
To deaden nerves hereto so sensitive  
To slightest whispers of my thrilling love  
That hands, voice, lips and eyelids, all your  
frame

Went trembling like a willow in a wind?  
It cannot be the cause is in yourself?—  
Or is it?—May you merely pity me,  
Whose life you saved, as thousands might be  
saved;

And, moved by pity still to note my state,  
Thus hinder me from fully asking what,  
If rightly answered, would but seal my  
doom?—

No, I have asked you fully—ay, and you—

Those eyes—ah, naught but light divine as  
love's

Could so illumine, so transfigure them!—

*Exit—Right—WALOON, as if in fear of HAIJO  
whom she has apparently seen approaching.*

*Enter—Left—Haijo.*

HAIJO. Alone, Monaska?

MONASKA. Yes.

HAIJO. Alone? Alone?—

With all those maidens praying for your  
presence?

MONASKA. I dodged behind a tree, then, when  
they left,

Came here.

HAIJO. A valiant warrior!

MONASKA. Yes—with men.

HAIJO. With women?

MONASKA. He with her I think is valiant  
Who waives what would be force.

HAIJO. And runs away?

MONASKA. Why, yes, if elsewhere he might be  
ungentle.

HAIJO. Your waste of time does not yet weigh  
upon you?

[MONASKA. My what?

HAIJO. You chose a life not long, but  
brilliant.

MONASKA. If so——

HAIJO. Is brilliant now, but will be brief.

MONASKA. Be brief?—

HAIJO. Enough, I hope, to make you ply  
Your opportunities.

MONASKA. And what are they?]

HAIJO. You craved for love.

MONASKA. Ay, and you promised it.

HAIJO. You have it.

MONASKA. Have it?—No, I have it not.

HAIJO. Your heart must be a very glutton then.

With all these maids—

MONASKA. And what are they—to love?—

HAIJO. They chose you, yet you turn your  
back upon them.

MONASKA. But you know why: I turn my  
back on lust

That I may turn my face to love.

HAIJO. Poor fool,

But one life can you live, and yet you lose it!

MONASKA. But one love can I keep, and I shall  
keep it.

HAIJO. Too bad you had not thought of that  
before.

MONASKA. Before?

HAIJO. Ay, ay, before the maidens chose you.

MONASKA. Chose me, and not I them.

HAIJO. You courted them.

MONASKA. Oh, no.

HAIJO. You sighed, you smiled, you sued, you  
wooed.

MONASKA. You overstate——

HAIJO. What made you leave Waloon?

MONASKA. I leave her?

HAIJO. You.—When, just before the dance,  
She talked with you aside, and begged you not.  
Were you so wholly satisfied with her,  
That was the time to show it.

MONASKA. But—the king—  
His proclamation, and the highest honor——

HAIJO. You have it now. You gained it leav-  
ing her.

MONASKA. I left her for a moment only.

HAIJO. So!

Great fires are kindled in a moment only.  
Where hearts are tinder, and a glance a spark,  
[Why, there——

MONASKA. Aha, those dusky robes of priests  
Astride the broken beam of every ray  
That bridged my prison's gloom have not  
been ghosts

To haunt my love alone? They have been  
fiends

To turn it to a curse.

HAIJO. Blame your own choice.]

MONASKA. But how could I have known the  
choice meant this?

HAIJO. Who knows the fruitage of the seed he  
plants?—

Like seed, like fruit.

MONASKA. The seed was very small.

HAIJO. The fruitage large?—Yet both were one in kind.

MONASKA. Nay, tho' my transient look went wrong, my feet

Have followed righteousness. Ah, sire, you know

Some think the only harvests heaven can find  
Unfold from germs dropped near enough to hell  
To fear its heat and grow away from it.—

Why was it wrong to seek the highest honor?  
How could one know it could not come with  
her?

HAIJO. You think that one small man's experience

Embraces in its clasp the whole broad earth?—

Nay, it is finite. Every path has limits.

Climb up to mountain-tops, you turn away  
From flower and verdure, spring and warmth,  
to dwell

With rock and weariness and thirst and chill.

MONASKA. Oh, this is preaching! And you promised me

A brilliant life——

HAIJO. Life brilliant far beyond

Your highest hope.

MONASKA. Nay, nay, you promised love.

HAIJO. The choicest maidens of the realm are  
yours.

MONASKA. But not Waloon!

HAIJO. Is his experience then  
So strangely brilliant who is loved, forsooth,  
By one maid only?

MONASKA. It may not be brilliant,  
But like a star in heaven it fills with light  
One point—that where the gods have placed it.

HAIJO. You—  
May be a sun round which mere stars revolve.  
Your dignity has larger, broader range  
Than gains fit homage from the love of one;—  
Which, if you have not learned, you should be  
taught.

MONASKA. And yield Waloon?

HAIJO. Waloon—till you can yield  
Your love to others.

MONASKA. What? When I have let  
Their lustful kisses drain the dew of youth,  
Give her the parched and lifeless remnant?—  
No.

Go take that wolf-skin from the snarling  
hounds

When all the blood has been sucked out of it,  
And flesh gnawed off, and fling it, cold and  
limp,

Out to another wolf panting for a mate;  
But ask me not to fling love's foul cold carcass  
Out to her arms to whom I owe my life.—  
Oh, cursèd fate!

*Exit—Left—HAIJO shrugging his shoulders.*

*Enter—Right—WAPELLA with a WOMAN.*

Wapella, you here? Oh

Wapella, you were right!—And who is this?

*(gazing at the WOMAN.)*

WAPELLA. My wife.

MONASKA. Your wife?—Beware—you cannot keep her.

WAPELLA. Oh, no one cares what I do here!  
Not I,

Not I, but you have won the highest honor.

MONASKA. Yes—won the highest honor. I,  
forsooth,

I have, Wapella. Ah, why are the scales  
That measure what our world is worth so poised  
Betwixt the outward and the inward life  
That what lifts up the one must lower the  
other?

Why, when we reach the highest earthly place  
Must this be balanced by the spirit's fall?

*Enter—Right—other MAIDENS and WALOON,  
who is back of them.*

*(MONASKA continues—pointing to WALOON.)*

Wapella, there is heaven; and all the world,  
A world that will the more pollute my soul,  
The more I try to cross it, lies between  
Myself and it, and keeps me here in hell.

CURTAIN.



## ACT FOURTH.

SCENE FIRST:—*Interior of a hut or tent hung with curtains, evidently used as a prison for MONASKA. Entrance at the Left. The Curtain rising discloses MONASKA dressed in gorgeous apparel. He has on a garlanded head-dress and in his hand a large lyre-like musical instrument. KOOTHA, who apparently has just finished robing him, stands regarding him.*

[KOOTHA. You seem a rising sun. Each time  
the crowd

Renew their gaze on you, your splendor grows.

MONASKA. And when, at last, they tone me to  
a pitch

That no new height of splendor can transcend,  
To get more halo, will they burn me up?

KOOTHA. Oh, no, not that!

MONASKA. How long now will it be  
Before this play will climax?]

KOOTHA, (*looking toward the Left*).

Some one comes.

*Enter—Left—HAIJO.*

HAIJO (*to MONASKA*).

Good day.

(HAIJO motions to KOOTHA to retire.)

*Exit—Left—KOOTHA.*

MONASKA. I have my doubts if it be good.  
Each time you come to me and call it so,  
Your coming makes me more your prisoner.

HAIJO. Of course, if you will yield not to our  
ways——

MONASKA. If I gulp not the feast you gorge me  
on,

And bury all my soul beneath the spoils  
Of foul and glutton appetite—why then  
I will not prove the bloated beast you wish.

HAIJO. We hope that you will prove a god.

MONASKA. What forms  
Your test of godhood?

HAIJO. What is it shall bring  
The spirit of the fair-god back to earth,  
When once again his white-winged vessels  
leave

Their land of ease, and brave the sea for us?

MONASKA. I know not—What?

HAIJO. Self-sacrifice.

MONASKA. Yes, yes,  
I see—perhaps I wronged you. You may  
light

These fires of fierce temptation round me but  
To test my metal.—Have I triumphed then?

HAIJO. Triumphed? O'er what?—I spoke of  
sacrifice.

MONASKA. And I have sacrificed low love for  
higher.

HAIJO. You call that sacrifice?

MONASKA. What? Is it not?—

To give up what is earthly for the heavenly?—

Turn from the serpent coiled within the loins

To follow in the flight of that fair dove

Whose wings are fluttering within the heart?

HAIJO. To turn from those you loathe to those  
you like?—

I did not speak of that.

MONASKA.

Ah, not of that?

Of what?

HAIJO. Self-sacrifice.

MONASKA.

That sacrifice

Is due to self.

HAIJO.

And if it be?

MONASKA.

Why, sire,

You think to force my fate; and if you do,

There may be sacrifice, but not by self.

HAIJO. That does not matter.

MONASKA.

Does not?—in a spirit—

You would make godlike?

HAIJO.

Should it? Why?

MONASKA.

Because,

Each time you try to mould a spirit's life

With fingers grappling from the fist of force,

You clutch but at the air, at what is far

Too fine for force to handle.

[HAIJO.                         May be, too,  
That what you speak of, is too fine for some  
To care to handle.

MONASKA. Care not for the spirit?—  
What are your gods?

HAIJO.               The sovereigns of our temple.

MONASKA. The outward temple only, not the inward?

HAIJO. You deem the sovereigns of the two  
may differ?

MONASKA. I do. I know of priests who judge  
of gods

Like altars by their gilding, to whose greed  
One god in hand is worth a score in heaven.  
For every time they kneel to touch their  
puppet,

It shakes to sprinkle gold-dust on them.

HAIJO. Hold!

Where were you reared to such impiety?

MONASKA. Where sun, moon, stars rained  
from the blue above

And flowers were fountained through the  
green below,

Where lights we knew not what, but they were  
heaven's,

Looked down on eyes that looked up from the  
earth,

And men, whatever might impel their souls,  
Were guided onward by a goal to mate it.

HAIJO. Ay, and by priests and prophets.—  
Tell the truth.

MONASKA. Yes, there were those who dreamed,  
and those who deemed  
In darkness they saw forms that had been  
earth's,  
And heard their words, and they believed it  
true  
That there was life behind the sights we see.  
But those who stood the highest of the high,  
And knew our poet-king, were taught to look  
Upon a God beyond the reach of men.

HAIJO. Beyond their reach, what were he  
worth! Young man,  
You have your priests, your temples, ay, we  
know it,  
And have but one religion.

MONASKA. And we speak  
One language too, but differ in the accent.  
The language gives the passwords of the race,  
The accent keys the culture of the home,  
And some were welcome at the royal home.

HAIJO. And there were taught religion?

MONASKA. There we heard  
The poems of our prince; and prized them not  
Because his tongue controlled us, but his truth.

HAIJO (*contemptuously*).

Religion of a poet!—upside down  
And inside out, to fit each freak of fancy!

MONASKA. Religion of a man, sire. You would  
say

One cannot see the spirit save through  
forms.

Yet who can see through forms, except as  
these

Obscure the spirit? Be it so, why, then

Our king was right to bid us use our eyes,

Yet not believe that what we saw was all.

And what we cannot see, yet feel exists,

We cannot think of, save as we imagine.

And so the phase that best reports the spirit

Is that of poetry,—so said our king.

HAIJO (*sarcastically*).

His was a vague religion!

MONASKA. Not so vague

As that religion is whose forms befriend

A life to which all laws within the soul

Are foes. Our king with his one queen would  
never

Have sanctioned, much less led himself, a life

Like that. Oh, something surely must be  
wrong

When that which rules without rules not  
within.]

HAIJO. And you will not be ruled——

MONASKA. By what you urge?—

I cannot.

HAIJO. Yet they chose you as their god.

MONASKA. Then it befits me like a god to live.  
 Oh, sire! those are most worth our help on earth  
 Whose eyes look up, and he who stands above  
 them,

Would he fulfill their soul's ideal, must show  
 A life worth while their looking up to see.

HAIJO. Well, then, prepare to die.

MONASKA. To die?

HAIJO. To-day.

MONASKA. Ye gods! I had not thought of  
 that—so soon?

So soon?—why, you had promised I should  
 have

My fill of love!

(HAIJO stands sneering at him.)

What fool is more a fool—  
 What foe is falser—than one false to self?—  
 And false, forsooth, because of flattery—  
 Nor of the soul— but of this outward frame,  
 Frame destined for a shattered wreck to-day.  
 No, no!—not that—it cannot be! No, no;  
 It is against all nature I should die.

What have I lived for, if I am to die?

*Exit—Left—HAIJO, beckoning, as he goes out  
 to some one beyond the entrance.*

*Enter—Left—KOOTHA.*

(MONASKA continues to KOOTHA.)

You come to deck me for my death? Faint  
 heart!

*(putting his hand upon his heart.)*

And it had so much life! I thought its thrills  
The rilling of a fount whose brook should flow  
Out to a sea of life, as wide as earth,  
And upward to a golden clouded heaven.

Why, all my moods—they banner spring-  
time yet,

The buds but just unfolding, scarce a flutter  
To balm the breeze with their sweet promises!  
Must all be now cut off?—uprooted?—what?  
The prickliest cactus clutches, at the last,  
The flower toward which it grows; and shall  
these nerves,

All tender to the touch of life, so live  
Themselves, so hungry to be fed, yet void  
Of all with which hope pledged them to be  
filled—

Shall they be cheated out of this they craved?  
Are all the visions of the fancy frauds  
That fool our faith, anticipating joy  
That never comes? Is that mysterious power  
That prompts our lives to be, and pushes on  
Toward what it promised them, so vilely weak  
That, like a knave who fears to be outwitted,  
It needs must lash and lure us with a lie?—  
Yet now—O heaven! I will not so believe it.  
I cannot; no, I cannot!—

KOOTHÁ.

What is this

You will not do, and cannot?



MONASKA.                                You saw that priest  
That just now left me?

KOOTHA.                                Haijo?—Yes, I saw him.

MONASKA.    He says I am to die.

KOOTHA.                                Most people die.

MONASKA.    He says, to-day.

KOOTHA.                                Bad jobs are near their best  
When nearest ended.

MONASKA (*in surprise*).    You?—indifferent?

KOOTHA.    Same thing—am old.

MONASKA.                                And so are hard?

[KOOTHA.                                No, soft;  
Have learned to yield to what could not be  
blocked

By my opposing it.    I know no rose  
That blooms but fades.

MONASKA.                                Yet men——

KOOTHA.                                Oh, yes, yes, men  
Are different, I know.    I know, for men  
Not only fade but worse——

MONASKA (*distressed*).    Why picture it?

KOOTHA (*intentionally harsh*).

I own no pigment dull enough.—You know  
What human life is?—all a fight of soul  
To keep the body sweet,—a fight a bird  
Or beast knows nothing of.    A babe when  
born

Is dipped in water; every following day  
Is dipped again.    If not, ere long will come

Disease and death, and, when a mortal dies,  
His fellows all thank heaven that they have  
    hands  
To keep the fight up for him; for, if not,  
Be he not burned or buried in a jiffy,  
The air of heaven may find the spirit sweet,  
But not the air of earth—pugh!—well he left  
    it!

MONASKA. You judge of men by their outsides.  
KOOHA. Oh, no!

Some of our people here so love a man  
They feast upon him. Who, pray, could  
    know more  
Of his insides? They say—their sense is  
    trained—  
That nothing has a taste as much like man  
As has—what would you guess?—a hog.]

MONASKA. You think  
By drugging me with bitters, you can whet  
An appetite for death? Man, I am young.  
KOOHA. Be thankful, then, that you have not  
    grown old,  
Worn out, diseased and full of pain.

MONASKA. To think  
That all this glowing blood within these  
    veins  
Should be spilled out, before my soul has  
    drunk  
The pleasure that is in them.

KOOTHA. When thus drunk,  
The veins will be exhausted, have no stock  
To treat the sense with longer; and the soul,  
Intoxicated with the joys of earth,  
Will be too heavy weighed to rise above them.

[MONASKA. But I——

KOOTHA. The worst of prisoners is a soul  
Severed from its own realm by appetite  
That lets naught pass that pays no toll to  
greed.

Mere soulless brutes are better than are men  
With souls that love but that which they can  
lust for.]

MONASKA. Nay; not of low desires I spoke. I  
meant

That I had never tasted love.

KOOTHA. Then you  
Have never found it bitter.

MONASKA. Cynic!

KOOTHA. One  
Must be what earth has made him.

MONASKA. Let me die  
Before I learn a lesson sad as that!

KOOTHA. Wise prayer! Ay, it is mercy lets us  
die

Before our souls decay—makes life more sweet  
To those who have to live it with us here.

MONASKA. No, no! You do not understand—  
Waloon——

KOOTHÄ. I understand the world. It frames  
her soul,

And yours, and souls in this world fit their  
frames.

MONASKA. You deem my disposition too  
despotic

To be appeased by service of her love?

Yet not myself I think of, but of her.

KOOTHÄ. Think of her as she is then.

MONASKA. How is that?

KOOTHÄ. A woman.

MONASKA. What, pray, is a woman?

KOOTHÄ. What

Is made to woo a man.

MONASKA. What man?

KOOTHÄ. What man?——

Why, any man.

MONASKA. You villain, to say that!

KOOTHÄ. Humph! I have seen the world, and  
tell you truth.

You deem the truth is villainy?—it is—

The truth about this world.

MONASKA. You think Waloön——

KOOTHÄ. Will mourn you?—Yes, a while; but  
woes like hers

Are troubles which a kindly Providence

Will always raise up some man who can cure.

MONASKA. Waloön—I must believe she knows  
this now—

Has made a solemn vow, if aught should come  
To me, to serve as priestess in the temple.

KOOTHÄ. Oh yes; oh yes; with you to be her  
god.

MONASKA. Sad, lonely servitude!

KOOTHÄ. Oh, no.

MONASKA. With none  
To love?

KOOTHÄ. But there are others there.

MONASKA. What for?

KOOTHÄ. To represent the god.

MONASKA. You mean——

KOOTHÄ. Oh, no!—

No, not this week, nor month, not that, not  
that.

But when the time comes—when this lonely  
soul

Desires content, and cannot leave the place

Without dishonoring herself and us——

MONASKA. Your evil mood is master of your  
thought——

KOOTHÄ. Say, makes my conscience conscious  
that no law

Can legislate the devil out of life.

You block a maiden of one lover——

MONASKA. Knave!

KOOTHÄ. Nay, some would call him both a  
knave and brute——

Who failed to make her seem less lonely.

MONASKA (*angrily*). The king  
would not permit this.

KOOTHA. No?

MONASKA. He would?

KOOTHA. You see—

The king—he chiefly represents the god.

MONASKA. What?—I have heard he loves  
her.—Can this be

A plot of his to get her, will or nill?

You mean to say——

KOOTHA. I do not need to say it;  
I think a man might, if he had some sense,  
Put two and two together.—Times will come  
When they two will be two together. Humph!  
One ought to guess the rest.

MONASKA. And ought to swear  
To level every wall that can shut out  
The sun that brings to light man's every act—  
The only weapon that can ward off ill  
From souls allured to wrong through  
secrecy.—

And you—what cause had you to hint this  
to me?

KOOTHA. You thought Waloon would suffer——

MONASKA. So she will.

A thousand deaths were better for her.

KOOTHA. Whose?—

(*insinuatingly.*)

You mean the king's?

MONASKA (*suddenly changing his manner*).

Are you a native here?

KOOTHÄ. Not I.

MONASKA. Of what tribe then?

KOOTHÄ. Sh—sh—of yours.

MONASKA. Mine? mine?

KOOTHÄ. I said it—captured years ago.

[MONASKA. And here?

KOOTHÄ. Dishonored.

MONASKA. Why, you seem a priest?

KOOTHÄ. I am what priests would be, did they  
believe

In being what they seem.

MONASKA. How so?

KOOTHÄ. A man

Yet not a man.]

MONASKA. You wish me?—

KOOTHÄ. Yes, of all

The captives taken by us, you alone,

When tempted, have not let them drain your  
veins

Of healthful soul-strength, to inject therein,

In place of it, their foul sense-fevering virus.

MONASKA. And you would save me?

KOOTHÄ. Do you think a man

Can save a god?—It is the god saves men.

You see this point here?

(*pointing to a sharp protuberance on one  
end of the musical instrument carried*

by MONASKA. MONASKA *examines it.*) I have known a man

Who had no weapon——

MONASKA. Yes, I see the point!

KOOTHA. A time will come when you stand  
near the king.

If then you choose to give a benediction,  
The people's eyes will all be looking downward;  
And if there be confusion, and some gate  
About the pyramid be open, then  
Quick feet might pass it, and quick eyes might  
see

A friend of mine who might be sent to guide  
them.

MONASKA. When is it that I stand so near the  
king?

KOOTHA. Just when he bids you give this lyre  
to him.

MONASKA. And I will give it!—What comes  
just before?

KOOTHA. Our adoration.

MONASKA. What just after?

KOOTHA. You  
Begin to mount the pyramid;—meanwhile,  
Keep dropping off you, one by one, your  
robes.

The king takes first this lyre, and Haijo next  
Your head-dress; then, the other priests the  
rest.



MONASKA. Till everything be taken from me?

KOOTHA. Yes.

MONASKA. Before the people?—an indignity!

KOOTHA (*sarcastically*).

They will have done your spirit so much  
honor,

It will be too much honored for this body.

MONASKA. You mean the body will be too  
dishonored

For any spirit to remain in it.

KOOTHA. Oh, not dishonored ere the godship  
leaves.—

Then what does flesh devoid of god deserve?

MONASKA. Damnation, if devoid of godship  
mean

Devoid of spirit to defend the flesh.—

And so they kill me?

KOOTHA. In the end they do.

MONASKA. They mutilate me first?

KOOTHA. That lasts not long.—

You are to see Waloon now.

MONASKA. See Waloon?

How cruel both to her and me!

KOOTHA. Oh, then,

If you wish not——

MONASKA. Nay, but I do—and you—

You are to watch us, as has been your  
wont?

KOOTHA. Why—

MONASKA. It will be my final word with her.—

Were you to be a god, what would you give  
To speak that word and not be overheard?

KOOTHHA. Eternal benediction.

MONASKA. So will I.

Or god or spirit, here I pledge you it.

KOOTHHA. I shall not overhear.

MONASKA. One hope is left.

I have the lyre—

*(making motion of using lyre as a weapon.)*

can give it to the king.

[Though I may die, I need not leave Waloon

To her worst enemy,—that spider-soul

Bating his web of lust with my pure love,

And, for his foul embrace, entrapping thus

The vainly fluttering wings of her fair spirit

*(looking toward the Left.)*

But ah,—she comes. I must not think of self,

But of this better self. If any soul

Had ever need yet to believe in God

Through a belief in man, that soul is hers.]

*Exit—Left—KOOTHHA.*

*Enter—Left—WALOON.*

WALOON. Monaska.

MONASKA. Here I am, Waloon.

WALOON. You know

The truth?

MONASKA. I do. Oh, love, but it is hard.

[You knew it all these days?

WALOON. I feared—

MONASKA. It was

For this I deemed you jealous of me?

WALOON. Yes.

MONASKA. A fool that I have been! But who  
could think

Humanity could be so base?

WALOON. Be what?

MONASKA. They are to kill me; and you had  
not heard?]

Or do you think it right that I should die?—

WALOON (*in surprise and reproach*).

Monaska!

MONASKA. Have I no friends left? not one?—

Not even you?—you wish to kill me too?

WALOON. No, no, not that—

MONASKA. I, all my life, Waloon,

Have served a spirit larger than myself.

These limbs but fit it on a single side,

Their utmost only half what it would have.

And now, athrill with spirit-arms that stretch

Up toward the heaven and onward toward  
heaven's love,

My balanced being had embraced in you

That other side. We are not two, but one.

And—think—to part two factors of one life

Is murder—not of body but of spirit.

WALOON. Monaska—what?—Monaska, are  
you mad?

MONASKA. Not yet, not quite.

WALOON. But think—you are the god.

[MONASKA. Do you believe this?

WALOON. I?—why should I not?

MONASKA. Have always heard it, eh?—and  
most of us

Commune with reason through our mem-  
ory;

And not the work of our own minds we  
heed,

But rôle-repeated phrases framed by others.—]

Do you believe me then to be a god?

WALOON. You must be.

MONASKA. Your god, yours, Waloon?

WALOON. My god.

MONASKA. To hear you say so, I could think it  
too.

Thank heaven, thank heaven! But if I leave  
you here,——

WALOON. I still will love you—serve you in the  
temple.

MONASKA. Nay—say not that!

WALOON. I must though—if I love you.

MONASKA. You must?—and why?

WALOON. Because their souls are cursed  
Who loved the god, and serve not in the  
temple.

MONASKA. Is that what they have taught you?

WALOON. Yes.

- MONASKA.                   A part  
Of that instruction which they call divine?  
(WALOON *drops eyes and head in assent.*)  
I thought so!—and they say they make me god.  
No, no; they make me devil!—Would they  
    could!
- What happy hours in hell would heat the hate  
My heart could hurl at what they call divine!
- WALOON. What said you?
- MONASKA. Said I? said I?—It was naught  
[But practicing to be a god. You know  
A coming glory casts a glow before it.  
Those who shall be the lords of fowldom  
    gobble  
A gobble at times before their gills are grown.]
- WALOON. You seemed in anger.
- MONASKA.                   So are gods at times.—  
They think of men.
- WALOON.                   Of women too?
- MONASKA (*changing his tone*). Oh yes;  
Of women:—they are said to be in bliss.  
Waloan, you love me?
- WALOON.                   Yes.
- MONASKA.                   Will always love me?
- WALOON. I will.
- MONASKA.                   Then if a devil come to you,  
In human shape, and say he represents me,  
Swear you will not believe him—though the  
    king!

WALOON (*startled*).

What can you mean?

MONASKA. You do it, I will damn you—

Not only I—but all the gods there with me.

(WALOON *draws back in fear*. MONASKA'S *tone changes*.)

Waloon, are you afraid of me, Waloon?

WALOON (*hesitatingly*).

Why—no—

MONASKA. I have a last request to make.

I have to die in public,—is that so?

(WALOON *bows in affirmation*.)

They strip and mutilate me first?

WALOON. You mean

When—when they tear your heart out?

MONASKA (*in horror*). Tear?—what, what?—

While I am living, feeling, tear my heart out?

WALOON. Oh, do not speak of it! It—let me rest.

(*almost swooning, and seating herself*.)

MONASKA. You faint!—Oh, horror!—and for me, Waloon?

(*bending over her, and talking huskily and rapidly*.)

We have but one brief moment more together.

(*trying to rouse her, and succeeding*.)

Wake!—there is one thing you must promise me.

When I am gone—their ghastly deed been done—

I wish you to recall me as I am,—  
 One fit for all things almost, save to die,  
 Each factor, organ, limb of me complete,  
 And, at this moment, hot against the fire  
 Blazed through me by your love-enkindled  
           eyes,

No sinew but is trembling with the draft  
 Of that delicious flame; and yet none too  
 Not strengthened by a power divine like that  
 Propelling all creation,—I am god,  
 Not man. Nay, nay! Remember me as god.  
 You must not see that unveiled, writhing  
           frame,

Weak, color-void, save where the death-blood  
           dyes it.

Waloön, you must not be there. I shall  
           writhe

More like a god to know you are not there.—  
 But go you where we met first—in the woods—  
 You know the place—to me the holiest place  
 My life has ever known! Waloön, go there.  
 Oh, swear to me you will.—My soul will  
           swear

To meet you.

WALOON.       What?

MONASKA.       By all that makes me god,  
           In form, perchance, in spirit certainly.—

[Will you, Waloön?

WALOON.       I——

MONASKA. Swear it. So your soul,  
 As I depart this life, may draw mine own  
 Off in the current of that sympathy  
 Forever sweeping from my life to yours;  
 Away from ways where human wills out-  
     wit  
 The wisdom that has made earth what it  
     is,  
 To where, in that true temple of the spirit,  
 The winds are whispering what men know not  
     of,  
 And flower and leaf are trembling like the  
     heart  
 That feels the presence of the power divine.—]  
 There go I, darling—you?

WALOON. I too.

MONASKA. Thank heaven!

*Enter—Left—KOOTHA, and his COMPANION.*

KOOTHA. Your time is up.

MONASKA. Farewell, Waloon.

WALOON. Farewell.

Oh, bitter, bitter, bitter word farewell,  
 So bitter when the lips belie the heart  
 That knows too well that life will not fare  
     well.

*Enter—Left—HAIJO with two ATTENDANTS.*

MONASKA (*to* WALOON).

Things may turn brighter than you fear,  
     Waloon.



WALOON. Could they be darker? Oh, my god,  
my god!

(*She bows before MONASKA, clinging to his hand.*)

KOOTHA (*to HAIJO as he gestures toward WALOON*).

Note how complete is her devotion, sire.

HAIJO (*to KOOTHA, but at the same time motioning to WALOON*).

Remove her.

(*pointing to MONASKA and speaking to the ATTENDANTS.*)

Lead him forth.

MONASKA (*to WALOON*). Farewell.

WALOON (*to MONASKA*). Farewell.

MONASKA. Do not forget—we meet where only  
gods are.

WALOON. Yes—there.

MONASKA. Have faith and hasten.

WALOON. Yes, farewell.

*Exit—Left—WALOON.*

HAIJO (*to MONASKA*).

Now comes the hour in which you triumph.

The people at the temple wait for you

To do you adoration.

MONASKA (*lifting up his hands*). With their  
hands?

HAIJO (*also lifting up his hands*).

To lift your spirit to the skies.

MONASKA. You think

I crave that?

HAIJO. Most men would.

MONASKA. A wingless hand  
Lifts only to a wingless height. A rôle  
Not past the common reach of common men  
Cannot incite uncommon aspiration.  
Lead me on.

*Exit—Left—MONASKA, led by the two ATTEND-  
ANTS.*

[HAIJO (*to* KOOTHA).

How does he seem to take it?

KOOTHA. Just like a god when made by man;  
or if

You like not that, a man when made by a god.—  
Is there much difference between the two?

HAIJO. And how Waloön?

KOOTHA. She thinks as all the world do;  
So lives enough in hell to please a priest.

HAIJO. You villain!

KOOTHA. Yet! I always do your bidding.

HAIJO. Ungrateful cur!

KOOTHA. Nay, do not say ungrateful.—  
Nay; I am thankful for what you have  
taught me.

HAIJO. My curses on you!—To the sacrifice!

(HAIJO *moves towards the Left Entrance.*)

KOOTHA (*to his* COMPANION.)

The two things go together. And how kind,  
When one has curses loaded on him so,  
To let him load them on another!

HAIJO (*turning toward KOOtha*). What?—  
Away.

*Exit—Left—KOOtha.*

(*to the COMPANION*). His insolence must end,  
or I

Must find a way to put an end to him.]

*Exit—Left—HAIJO and KOOtha's COMPANION.*

CURTAIN.

SCENE SECOND:—*Same as the Scene in Act Second.*

*Enter—through the gateway,—in a procession marching to the music of the orchestra, ATTENDANTS, PRIESTS, PRIESTESSES, MAIDENS, PAGES, HAIJO, the KING, MONASKA sitting in his chariot, and apparently playing his lyre, and, near the chariot, KOOtha and his COMPANION. GUARDS end the procession, and station themselves near the gate. This is not closed. The ATTENDANTS and PRIESTS station themselves at the Right facing the Left; the PRIESTESSES and MAIDENS at the Left facing the Right. The PAGES are in Front of the Pyramid. MONASKA descends from the chariot and stands beside HAIJO, facing the pyramid. KOOtha stands nearer the gate. His COMPANION stealthily gets behind one of the GUARDS, and then Exits, at the gate. The KING ascends the pyramid a few steps, and, standing in front of*

*the rugs forming a seat near the base of the pyramid, faces the audience. The following is then chanted:*

Oh, not what life appears to be,  
Is what in life is true.  
Inveiled behind the forms we see  
Are things we cannot view.  
What but the spirit working through  
The guise men wear to what they do  
Reveals the force that, foul or fair,  
Awakes and makes the nature there.

The sunshine shows the worth of suns,  
The moisture, of the shower;  
The stream, of rills from which it runs,  
The fragrance, of the flower;  
And, oh, the spirit when it springs  
Above the reach of earthly things,  
As fall the limbs that feed the shrine,  
Reveals the life to be divine.

*(HAIJO ascends the pyramid a few steps  
and stands beside the KING facing  
MONASKA, who mounts a lower step  
and whom HAIJO's hands can touch.)*

THE KING. Now once again, unveiled for  
mortal gaze,  
Immortal mystery and man have met.  
The heavens bend low to touch the earth, and  
earth  
Is lifting up its longing hands to heaven.

HAIJO (*lifting both hands*).

Oh, ye that dwell less in the earth and sky  
Than in the meditations of the mind,  
We thank thee that the power of old imposed  
On ministers of earth can downward call

(HAIJO *here places both palms on MONASKA's head.*)

Upon a form in fashion like their own  
The presence of the gods' own power above,  
Till in a human form it sits enthroned.

(*As he utters the last words, the KING takes  
MONASKA by the hand. MONASKA  
mounts the pyramid between the KING,  
who is at his right as he turns to face  
the PEOPLE, and HAIJO who is at his  
left. The moment MONASKA stands  
on the step between the KING and  
HAIJO both the latter and all the  
PEOPLE kneel, while all chant the  
following:*)

HAIJO. All hail the heavenly sun,

PEOPLE. The heavenly sun!

HAIJO. All hail the glory won,

PEOPLE. The glory won!

HAIJO and PEOPLE.

All hail the sun that brings the light,  
All hail the rays that shower,  
And wake the barren wastes of night  
To germ and leaf and flower.

HAIJO. All hail the heavenly sun,

PEOPLE. The heavenly sun!

HAIJO. All hail the glory won,

PEOPLE The glory won!

HAIJO *and* PEOPLE.

All hail the life behind the sun,

All hail the gods that dwell

Where men whose earthly race is run

Are borne, and all is well.

HAIJO. All hail the heavenly sun,

PEOPLE. The heavenly sun!

HAIJO. All hail the glory won,

PEOPLE. The glory won!

HAIJO *and* PEOPLE.

All hail the form of him who dies,

All hail the soul that wends

Up through the skies, and onward hies.

All hail the gods, our friends.

*(The stage grows darker, indicating an approaching storm.)*

KING *(rising, as do all the PEOPLE)*.

Now comes the deed that all the gods await,  
The final act of solemn joy that gives  
The life we prize to those that reign on high.  
But ere his lyre be given to the king,  
Let those appointed for the sacred task

Be led here to conduct their holy charge  
On his most holy way.

(HAIJO moves, as if to descend the pyramid,  
but stops, and turns back upon hearing  
the voice of MONASKA.)

MONASKA (to the KING.) Your majesty?—

Sire, may I ask?—

KING. What would you?

MONASKA. A request,

If I may speak.

HAIJO (to the KING). Sire, he needs nothing.

MONASKA (to the KING). Slight

The last request of him who is your god?

KING (to MONASKA).

Say on.

MONASKA. I merely thought, sire, that my spirit,  
To be inspired the better toward the light,  
Should gaze upon yon rising sun; but here  
It cannot,

(pointing toward the gateway at the Rear.)

KING. Not?

MONASKA (motioning toward the guards between  
the pyramid and the gateway).

Could these but step aside!—

KING (to an OFFICER at his Left).

Yes, let the guards there stand aside, nor hide  
The sunlight from the sacrifice.

HAIJO (to the KING, making a gesture of dissent).

But, sire—

KING (*hesitating, and looking from MONASKA to HAIJO, then addressing the OFFICER again*).

You need not give the order.

(*to HAIJO.*) Now proceed.

Let those appointed for the sacred task  
Be led here to conduct their holy charge  
On his most holy way.

(*HAIJO descends the steps of the pyramid.*

*Those about separate to let him pass them. Exeunt—through the Curtains at the Left—HAIJO, followed by a procession of PRIESTS. A sudden peal of thunder with lightning.*)

MONASKA (*to the KING, availing himself of the general commotion at the suddenness of the peal*).

You dare deny me?

The gods have joined me in my last request.  
Beware, lest by the charm yourselves invoke  
These gods, that you but half believe in,  
check,

In ways that pride like yours deserves, the  
course

And curse of most foul infidelity.

KING. Well, well, it matters little.

(*to the OFFICER, and motioning toward the gateway.*) Officer,

Give orders that the guard there stand  
aside.

(*OFFICER moves toward the gateway and*



gestures. The GUARD move toward the Right. KOOTHA takes a station between the pyramid and the gateway. The KING continues to MONASKA.)

Now are you ready?

MONASKA.                    If the man be naught,  
Let not the spirit that you deem divine  
Depart, ere it invoke the powers above  
To rest in endless benediction here.

KING. This proves how wisely you were  
chosen god.—(*to the PEOPLE.*)

He whom we worship calls upon us now  
To kneel and all receive his benediction.

(The PEOPLE *kneel, and bend their heads.*

MONASKA, *lifting one hand, motions to the GUARD near the gate that they too kneel. KOOTHA, by motions, seconds his wish, bidding them all kneel down, which they do, bending their heads forward, and casting down their eyes. They are in front of the gateway, with their backs toward it.*)

MONASKA (*noticing that the KING is still standing*).

I would include you too, sire.

KING. Me?

MONASKA. You too—  
(*The KING kneels. While he is doing so, MO-*

NASKA looks toward KOOTHA and bows, then speaks to the PEOPLE in a slow, loud manner.)

This is—my—benediction—for the people.

*(Bright flash of lightning, followed by a loud peal of thunder. MONASKA hurls the lyre down upon the head of the KING, then flies past KOOTHA behind the SOLDIERS, and through the gateway backing at the Right.)*

KING. Help, help!

KOOTHA *(running toward the KING and motioning the GUARDS to do the same).*

What is it?

KING *(to an OFFICER, who is bending over him).*

He has murdered me,

KOOTHA. Oh, murder, murder!

*(to the GUARDS.)*

Shut the gates. Let none

Escape.

*(GUARDS hasten and close the gates backing at the Right.)*

OFFICER. Where is he?—Stop him.

KOOTHA *(standing on a step of the pyramid at the Back and looking toward the Right).*

Ah! too late!

CURTAIN.

## ACT FIFTH.

SCENE:—*Same as in Act First. The darkness of an approaching storm.*

*Enter—Right—*WALOON *attended by her* MAID.  
WALOON (*to the* MAID).

[Yes, yes, it is the place; no doubt of that;  
Yet, in the dark, is all so vague and wild.  
How the whole air is weighted with the gloom!  
Even to draw it in, my lungs, o'ertaxed,  
Would rather choose not breathe than bear  
the burden.

These clouds are curtained like a funeral pall,  
Fit funeral pall, round my dear dying hope.—  
My dying hope?—Oh, selfish, cruel soul,  
To think of it when, even now, perchance,  
That dear, dear heart, so eager-spiced by love,  
Whose each pulsation, like a paddle's beat  
Seemed furthering some canoe's o'erladen  
prow

Where it should rest and empty at my feet;  
That dear, dear heart, so pliant to my wish  
That, at my lightest breath, the brightening  
smiles

Would open round his lips in hues as fair  
As rosebuds parted by the breeze of May;  
That dear, dear heart, the germ of all he was—  
The sweetest outgrowth of the sweetest life  
This earth has ever molded into form;—  
To think that even now a heart like that,  
Its nerve-roots quivering in their agony,  
Is being torn out from the bleeding breast  
As if some foulest weed that could pollute  
A soil that, just to hold it—that alone—  
Is more than sacred. Oh, how can the  
          heavens

Be so unjust? Far better not to think  
Than think but of that fearful, bleeding  
          vision.

Would, would that I could veil it out—but no!]  
  (*Thunder.*)

The voice of thunder?—Can it be that he  
Would speak to me through that?—No, not  
          through that,

Not he!—He loves me.—Yet he may have  
          changed.

[Some tell us that the fairest forms on earth,  
Most full of mirth and softness and caress,  
Whose mildness tames life's wild, coquettish  
          blood,

Leave in the tomb their loveliness and charm,  
And go thence, fiends.—And he?—no, no, not  
          so!—]

I almost had forgot he is a god.

Though what would gods be for, if man were  
good?

And if he be not good, what are they for,  
Except to punish him?—and am I doom'd?—  
Why not?—Is not my spirit in rebellion?  
Perhaps it was the man in him, not god,  
The man they rightly killed, that tempted  
me

To leave the temple and to wander here.  
And now the god, then prisoned in the man,  
May wreak his vengeance on me.

(*Thunder.*) Hark—again!—

And rain too! I must find a shelter. What?—  
(*looking toward the Left.*)

Can they be warriors?—Can we be pursued?

*Exit—Right—WALOON and the MAID.*

*Enter—Left—TWO WARRIORS.*

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

FIRST WARRIOR (*looking toward the Right*).

A woman, I am sure.

SECOND WARRIOR. If so, not he.

No noise!—Were he to think himself pursued  
He might escape us.

FIRST WARRIOR. That could never be.

The woods are wholly circled by us now;  
And him we know to be inside.

(*moving toward the Right Rear.*)

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

SECOND WARRIOR (*looking earnestly toward the Right, but moving toward the Left*).

This way!

I saw a form there coming; and the price  
Of capturing by surprise is keeping silence.

FIRST WARRIOR. Ay, you are right. No wise  
men spring a trap

Till sure their prey is in it. We withdraw.

*Exeunt—Left—the TWO WARRIORS.*

*(Thunder and lightning.)*

*Enter—Right rear—MONASKA attended by Kootha's  
COMPANION.*

MONASKA. At last, the place! I feared we  
should be lost,

So many in pursuit, and those who know  
The ground so well, and we alas, so ill!

Strength speeds the feet, but knowledge aims  
the bow,

And where the one but just begins the race,  
The arrows of the other cleave the goal.

Who could have thought so many cross-roads  
here

And short-cuts to a pathway well-nigh straight?

At last, we seem now to have dodged the foe;

And if I find Waloon—what then?—I fear

We might attempt escape in vain.—Perchance

It may be best that she should not be here,

To die disgraced if found with me—no, no;

Did she but dream of life I plan for her,

Disgrace from its foes would to her seem  
honor!—

[What sanguine brain is mine! How know I  
this?

To most men no disgrace can loom like theirs  
Who dare do aught save by the grace of custom.  
Where earth's esteem is what all strive for first,  
Her customs make them cowards to the call  
Of conscience; and the foulest crime  
Seems not a curse, if it be only common.

Waloon too—could I ever dare reveal  
To what departure from all common ways,  
To all that she deems holy, I had led her?  
What right have I, more than those priests  
have there

To slay me for the safety of their souls,—  
What right have I to shade her future life,  
Or slay her, as it may be, for my love?  
And were she now to come and find in me  
A murderer, where she hopes to find a god,  
A coward, driven in fright from ordeals  
Which she had prayed would prove him fit for  
heaven,—

Oh, how might she abhor these treacherous  
arms,

Thrown open to receive her! how detest  
Lips that to keep her love must keep their lies!  
What has my rashness wrought? Is it so well  
For one man to resist what all men wish?—

The customs that the centuries have crowned?  
How many have dared all to thwart the world  
And only thwarted good the world could do  
them!

I might have passed from earth upon a throne,  
Revered by all men, and beloved by her,—  
Her god!—and shall I now become her fiend?—  
Live on condemned by her, because I dared  
To fight against a world that all should serve?  
Ah, if my dying could have given one heart  
That comfort of the spirit which all crave,  
How could my soul have wrought a godlier  
deed?

We live our lives for use; if men misuse us,  
Far better so than that we lose all use.  
And yet,—what is our use?—Oh, would some  
power

Could tell us how to balance, in our lives,  
The rule of others and the rule of self!  
How can we, when the two conflict, serve both?  
And which one should we serve?—which  
first?—Which chiefly?—

Till spirit seem no more than matter is,  
Let me serve that which rules me through the  
spirit.]

*(Thunder and lightning.)*

*(MONASKA looks toward the Right Front.)*

Who come?—more warriors?—No, my soul—  
she?—yes—



Ye gods, if I have not deserved the doom  
Of deepest hell, for her sake, god me now.

*Exit—Right—KOOTHA'S COMPANION as if to  
guard MONASKA.*

*Enter—Right Front—WALOON.*

WALOON. Monaska!—Oh, ye angels, can it  
be?—(*kneeling.*)

Nay, blast me not that these unworthy  
eyes

Should have presumed to gaze where earth is  
blest

With this transcendent vision.

MONASKA.

Yes, Waloon,

You see me.

WALOON. You?—Oh, love, chastise me not.

MONASKA (*taking her by the hand.*)

Rise up, Waloon, rise up. I merely love  
you.

WALOON. You love me?—what?—this poor  
weak fainting flesh? (*She rises.*)

MONASKA. Yes, it is this I love.—I thank you,  
friend,

You had such faith, and came here.

WALOON.

Thank the gods

That I have lived to do what pleased a god.

MONASKA. Waloon, do I fulfill your soul's  
ideal

Of what a god should be?

(*The sky begins to grow brighter.*)

WALOON. Ah, more, far more.

MONASKA. If I came back to live on earth with  
you——

WALOON. Nay, hint not that. Earth would  
be too much heaven.

MONASKA. And if I were to tell you this,  
Waloon,

That, far away from here, there lies a realm  
Where gods like me can live with maids like  
you,

But that, to go there, you must rend yourself  
Forever from the land that is your home,  
Where dwell your friends and kindred, would  
you go?

WALOON. Though you be god, you know not  
woman's heart,

If you believe I would not.

MONASKA. Swear it then.

WALOON. I swear——

MONASKA. To leave this land and all  
you love here,

And fly to live alone with me forever?

WALOON. And fly to live alone with you.

MONASKA. Forever?

WALOON. I do.—What moved?

*(She points toward the Left. The sky  
grows darker again, with a sound of  
distant thunder and slight flash of  
lightning.)*

MONASKA (*looking toward the left*).

It seemed a flash from weapons.

WALOON. The woods are full of warriors, as I think.

MONASKA (*anxiously looking around*).

I see—are all about—each side of us.

O heavens, our time has come!—Yet all draw back!—

We have a moment more.

(*pointing to the moss-covered bench, apparently hidden behind a tree near the Right Rear.*)

Waloon, in here!

WALOON (*gazing around, and apparently seeing the WARRIORS, then seating herself on the bench, where MONASKA sits beside her*).

I know not what it means.

MONASKA.

You never heard

Of hosts that come with gods to visit earth?

Waloon, were I to tell you that the realm

In which the gods dwell could be reached by you

In one way only,—in the self-same way

That severs in the temple soul from form

In him your priests and people choose as god?—

WALOON. Then I would thank the force that severed me

From all that could weigh down a soul so light  
That but for them I too might soar to heaven.

MONASKA. Swear you mean truly what you say, Waloon.

WALOON (*lifting her hand*). I swear it.

MONASKA (*motioning her to drop her hand*).

Wait—could you return again

And be a priestess in the temple there,  
As you have told me that you would become,  
With all the honor that a priestess has,  
And all the consciousness of deeds divine,  
And could you, as the years wore on, forget  
The love you once had borne this god——

WALOON.

No, no.

I never could forget that.

(*The sky from here on keeps growing brighter.*)

MONASKA.

Hear me through.

Your king is absolute. He could do all  
Your heart desires. What say you, should  
there come

A time when he—he loves you now, Waloon—  
Should choose you for his queen. If this,  
Waloon,

This exaltation over all the earth,  
Were your bright destiny, say, would you  
choose

To die, die here alone with faith in one  
Whose only welcome for you is a blow?—

(*doubling and lifting his fist.*)

Would you choose this?

WALOON.

I would.

MONASKA.

In truth?

WALOON.

I would.—

*(half rising and looking toward the Left.)*

Who is that coming?

MONASKA *(looking the same way, then at her).*

Do not be afraid.

Why should a soul with faith sublime as yours  
Fear aught?—Your love alone, if nothing else,  
Could here create of me the god you think me.

*(hurriedly and nervously, as he induces her to lie  
on the moss-covered bench.)*

These come to summon both of us to heaven.  
Here darling, rest your head upon this mound.  
Cast one look more at me, then let me veil  
These loving, earthly eyes from all of earth.  
A look like this must never see the stroke  
That drives the soul-light out of them.—

There, there,

You are content, my darling, you are sure?—  
Content to live with me in spirit only?

WALOON. I am. I am.

MONASKA. Farewell.—I mean farewell  
To earthly presence.

*(placing a branch or wreath over her eyes.)*

Now to angel hands

I leave my angel—nor a whit too soon.

*(gazing anxiously toward the Left.)*

WAPELLA *(from behind the Left Entrance).*

Monaska.

WALOON. Who is that?

WAPELLA. Monaska.

MONASKA (*rising*). What?

I know that voice.

(*to* WALOON.) Lie still, dear. I return.

*Enter—Left Front—WAPELLA.*

WAPELLA. Monaska.

MONASKA (*moving to meet* WAPELLA.)

What?—Wapella?

WAPELLA. Yes,—with friends.—

To save you.

MONASKA. How can this be? How came you  
To seek me here?

*Enter—Left—KOOtha.*

(*Enter—Right—KOOtha's COMPANION. Enter  
—from Right and Left—WARRIORS.*)

WAPELLA. We tracked you. Weeks ago,  
When learning what would be your fate, I  
fled.

I found our comrades, many still not slain.

We all returned, and watched here in the  
woods.

Then Kootha met us—vowed to do his best  
To save you, and this morning, when you flew,  
We watched, we dodged, we circled round  
your path,

And now have trapped you. We shall all  
escape.

(*in surprise, as they approach* WALOON.)

Waloon is with you?

MONASKA (*taking WALOON by the hand*).

Yes.—Rise up, Waloon.

WALOON (*rising and gazing about in a dazed way*).

And who are these?

MONASKA. Kind friends to welcome us,  
And lead us to the realm of which I spoke.

WALOON. The realm?—What realm?

MONASKA. What realm, Waloon?—My heaven.

CURTAIN.

END OF THE DRAMA.





COLUMBUS.



# COLUMBUS.

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## INTRODUCTION : PLACE AND TIME.

This drama is intended to be a study, psychologic rather than historic, though not unhistoric, of the character of Columbus, as manifested and developed in connection with his experiences before, during, and after his discovery of America. The general outline of the plot is as follows :

ACT FIRST: *In Portugal.* SCENE FIRST: A public square. Talk about the plans of Columbus and about himself. His entrance, his introduction to Felipa, and invitation to her house. SCENE SECOND: Room in the house of Felipa. Reasons why Columbus hopes for success, the failure of his hopes, and his betrothal. SCENE THIRD: Same room ten years later, rearranged as study of Columbus. Hounded by his creditors and wronged by the King, he loses Felipa by death and decides to leave Portugal.

ACT SECOND: *In Spain.* SCENE FIRST: A Spanish camp at midnight. Columbus has enlisted as a soldier, is ridiculed for his schemes, has a talk with Beatrix, is present at an attempted assassination of the Queen, and thus comes to meet the King. SCENE SECOND: The Council of Salamanca, called to confer with Columbus and discuss his projects. A summary of the popular objections urged against them. SCENE THIRD: The exterior of the convent of La Rabida. To prevent Columbus from leaving her country, and to insure the success of his plans, the Queen pledges to him the Crown jewels of Castile.

ACT THIRD : *In Transit.* SCENE FIRST : A street in Palos near its harbor. The difficulties and opposition encountered by Columbus when preparing to sail, coming from his friends, as Beatrix, and from his enemies, who try even to destroy his boats. SCENE SECOND : The deck of his ship at sea. The mutineers, their talk when alone and when with Columbus, and his dealing with it. The midnight discovery of land, and the morning approach to it.

ACT FOURTH : *In Triumph.* SCENE FIRST : Room in a house in Spain. Columbus welcomed by Beatrix, and urged to secure benefits from the Crown ; and his description to her and to Diego of his voyage and the new land. SCENE SECOND : Reception at the palace of Barcelona by the King, Queen, and populace. SCENE THIRD : Dining hall in the house of Cardinal Mendoza. The egg story.

ACT FIFTH : *In Chains.* SCENE FIRST : Camp in Hispaniola. Opposition to Columbus on the part of noblemen and imported criminals. Placed in chains by his enemies. SCENE SECOND : House in Seville. Death of Columbus. SCENE THIRD : A final tableau with hymn, representing a vision of the dying Columbus, portraying the progress and present condition of America.

THE FOLLOWING CHARACTERS APPEAR ONLY  
IN THE FOLLOWING ACTS.

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*In the First Act Only.*

James of Mallorca,  
Correo,  
Tailor,  
Grocer,

Waiter,  
Felipa,  
Dona Correo,  
Woman.

*In the Second Act Only.*

Fernandez,  
Talavera,  
St. Angel,

Zalora,  
Perez,  
Other Monk,

Attendant.

*Only after the First, in the Second and later Acts.*

King Ferdinand,  
Gutierrez,  
Sanchez,

Arana,  
Beatrice,  
Queen Isabella,

Mendoza.

*Only after the Second and in later Acts.*

Escobar,  
Pintor,

Roldan,  
Citizen.

*Only in the Fifth Act.*

Velasquez,  
Gamez,

Young Diego,  
Fernando,

Indian.

*What moves me seems beyond all conscious thought ;  
Seems like the lure that leads the summer bird  
Southward when comes the fall. It is enough,  
It is my destiny. I weigh it well,  
And find it rational ; yet why I first  
Conceived it as I do, I cannot tell.*

*COLUMBUS, III, 1.*

*Think not I lived my life  
To beg men for a badge to brag about !—  
Enough, if I have been an influence.*

*IDEM, V, 2.*

## CHARACTERS.

(CHRISTOPHER) COLUMBUS.	The Discoverer of America.
DIEGO (COLUMBUS).	} Brothers of Christopher Co-
BARTHOLOMEW (COLUMBUS).	
FONSECA.	Archdeacon of Seville, Trav- eler in Portugal, afterwards Bishop of Badajos, Palentia, and Burgos; then Patriarch of the Indies.
BREVIESCA.	A Portuguese friend of Fon- seca, then later his Secretary, Treasurer, and Agent in Spain.
KING FERDINAND.	Of Aragon, and, after Mar- riage, of Spain.
GUTIERREZ.	Gentleman of the Spanish King's Bedchamber, and Officer.
SANCHEZ.	Officer, Inspector-General of Columbus' Expedition.
JAMES OF MALLORCA.	President of the Portuguese Naval School.
CORREO.	Husband of Sister of Felipa, Columbus' Wife.
FERNANDEZ.	Physician and Scientist of Spain
MENDOZA.	Archbishop of Toledo, Grand Cardinal of Spain.
TALavera.	Bishop of Avila, Confessor to the Queen.
ST. ANGEL.	Receiver of Ecclesiastical Rev- enues of Aragon.
ZALORA.	} Bishops of Spain.
ARANA.	
PEREZ.	
	A Monk, subsequently Prior of the Convent of La Rabida near Palos.

ESCOBAR.	
PINTOR.	} Sailors with Columbus, Settlers in the New World.
ROLDAN.	
GAMEZ.	
VELASQUEZ.	
YOUNG DIEGO.	Subtreasurer in Hispaniola.
FERNANDO.	Eldest Son of Columbus.
TAILOR.	Youngest Son of Columbus.
GROCER.	} In the First Act.
WAITER.	
MOOR.	
OTHER MONK.	
ATTENDANT.	} In the Second Act.
INDIAN.	
FELIPA (PERESTRELLO).	In the Fifth Act.
	Wife of Columbus, Mother of young Diego.
BEATRIX (ENRIQUEZ).	Companion of Columbus after Felipa's death, Mother of Fernando Columbus.
QUEEN ISABELLA.	Of Castile and, after Marriage, of Spain.
DONA CORREO.	Sister of Felipa, wife of Correo.
WOMAN.	In the First Act.
MAID.	In First and other Acts.

CITIZENS, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, COURTIERS, SAILORS,  
SETTLERS, WOMEN, ETC.



# COLUMBUS.

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## ACT FIRST.

SCENE FIRST.—*A street or square in Lisbon, Portugal. Backing at the Right, a wineshop, in front of which are two tables each with four chairs about it. Backing at the Left, a convent wall ending against a chapel, the door of which faces the audience. Entrances at the Right Center through the door of the wineshop; at the Left Center through a curtain hanging in the doorway of the chapel; and at the Right and Left Sides through streets. The rising curtain reveals FONSECA and JAMES OF MALLORCA seated at the Right. The following is chanted in the chapel.*

O Life divine, from thee there springs  
All good that germs and grows,  
Thy Light behind the sunlight brings  
The harvests to their close.

O Life divine, thou art the source  
Of truth within the soul;  
Thou art the guide through all the course  
That leads it to its goal.

O Life divine, what soul succeeds  
In aught on earth but he  
Who moves as all desires and deeds  
Are lured and led by thee!

*Enter—from the Wineshop—BREVIESCA, and a  
CITIZEN.*

FONSECA (*to JAMES*). You came to see?—

JAMES. That man Columbus.

FONSECA. Him?

A crank,—and worse, a creaking crank!

JAMES. Without  
Some crank to creak of it, men might forget  
The wheels of thought were made to move  
them on.

FONSECA. You place thought on the right track  
once, you find

What moves it on is not what moves it off.  
They differ.

BREVIESCA (*to the CITIZEN*). I must wait till  
church is out;

Then meet by accident—go home with her,  
And fish an invitation to her house—  
A lovely girl, Felipa!—As I live!

*Enter—Left—DIEGO.*

That man I met when traveling in Spain!  
Is always looming up. I wonder what  
Should bring——

DIEGO (*to BREVIESCA*). Good-day to Senior  
Breviesca.

BREVIESCA (*to* DIEGO). Good-day to you.

*Exit—Left—the* CITIZEN.

DIEGO (*looking toward the chapel*). Your servant,  
Senior.—So!—

At your devotions that you told me of—  
Front door ones, too!—No wonder you deemed  
strange

My studying for the priesthood!

BREVIESCA. But you said  
That you had turned from it.

DIEGO. Oh yes! Truth is  
That I too am in love—but love myself.

[BREVIESCA. Are candid.

DIEGO. Wish to be. For that I changed.  
God started man; man's deviltry the priest.  
For one, I like the thing God started best.

BREVIESCA. Like others, eh?—yet like yourself.

DIEGO. I do;  
That is, we two do—God and I.

BREVIESCA. And now  
They style you, "Your Irreverence"?

DIEGO. I am reverent.

BREVIESCA. A different way of looking!

DIEGO. Looking downward,  
One seems irreverent; looking upward, not  
so.]

FONSECA (*to* BREVIESCA, *rising and going toward*  
*him with* JAMES). Is this not Senior——?

BREVIESCA (*to* FONSECA). Senior Breviesca?

FONSECA. And I, Fonseca—Spaniard—met you  
once

In Seville. You recall?—

BREVIESCA. Archdeacon—yes.

You honor me.

FONSECA. You pleased me when we met.

(*introducing JAMES.*)

Professor James—Mallorca—naval school.

BREVIESCA (*introducing DIEGO*).

And Senior Diego of—(*hesitating*).

DIEGO. The world.

BREVIESCA. Quite true!

DIEGO. A traveler, knowing little—would know  
more.

JAMES. A wish to my own heart! I came to  
meet

The mariner Columbus here.

*Enter—from the Chapel—FELIPA, CORREO,  
and DONA CORREO.*

BREVIESCA. So? (*then seeing FELIPA*). Ah!

DIEGO (*to JAMES as he looks at FELIPA*).

A pretty point, too, for his exclamation.

JAMES (*to DIEGO*). Would you see more of  
it?

(*To FELIPA*.) Good-day.

FELIPA and DONA CORREO. Good-day.

CORREO (*to all*). Good-day.

JAMES (*introducing DIEGO*).

Allow me, Captain—Senior Diego,

A traveler like yourself.—

(*introducing to the ladies*) Seniors C'rreo,

And Seniorita F'lipa Perestrello.

Will sit?—and, Waiter?

*Enter—from the Wineshop*—WAITER.

Wine here.

[WAITER. Red or white?

JAMES (*to all*). What say you?

DONA CORREO. None for me, thanks.

JAMES (*to FELIPA*). You?

FELIPA. Nor me.—

JAMES (*to the others*). The gentlemen, at least?

CORREO. I will perhaps.

JAMES. I thought it. (*to the other gentlemen*.)

You too?—White, not so? Its hue

Will fit this sunny air, and make us think

Of drinking in the sunshine!]

(*He pays the waiter for the wine.*)

*Exit—into the Wineshop*—WAITER.

(*All seat themselves at the tables, from left to right, in this order: first empty chair, then DIEGO, D. CORREO, CORREO, FELIPA, JAMES, BREVIESCA and FONSECA. JAMES continues to CORREO.*)

Was that man

Columbus in the church?

CORREO. Not met him.

JAMES No?—

A sailor, drawing maps now for our school—  
FONSECA, Who should be kept to that and  
facts—not draw  
So much upon his fancy.

[JAMES. You should hear  
His arguments.

FONSECA. Say feel them—all their points  
Well dipped in pagan poison.

JAMES. Oh, not all!

FONSECA. Enough to make all deadly.

JAMES. Beg your pardon;  
But I lack scent to follow up your trail.

FONSECA. You know a priest should save the  
world from lies?

JAMES. Have no scent yet!—am senseless?]  
*Enter—from the Wineshop—WAITER with five  
glasses of wine, and sets them before  
the gentlemen.*

FONSECA. Put it thus:  
If what he says be right, the church is  
wrong.

JAMES. Oh, not so bad as that!—has not found  
out.

FONSECA. If what he says be wrong, his dupes  
will drown. (*to CORREO.*)

Not so?

CORREO. It is the first time yet that I  
Have heard of him.

FONSECA. You will hear soon enough.  
The surest proof we men are not all fools,  
Is in the way we bruit them when we find them.

DIEGO. Ay, and the surest we are not all brutes,  
*Exit—into the Wineshop—*WAITER.

Is in the way our thinkers make us mind them.

JAMES. A friend of his, eh?

DIEGO. Yes.

CORREO. Have known him long?—  
Can tell us of him?

DIEGO. Is from Genoa;  
A mathematician, studied at Pavia.  
Since then, till now, for more than twenty  
years,

A sailor and a soldier—in the scrubs  
At Naples, Tunis, famous for his fights  
Against the infidel—last year, the man  
Who clapt his frailer bark against a huge  
Venetian galley, and when both took fire,  
Driven to the water, holding but an oar,  
Swam in to Lisbon; and that oar of his,  
All that he brought here, may yet prove to be  
The scepter-symbol of a mightier sway  
Than your King ever dreamed of.

CORREO. Ah!—How so?

FELIPA. Yes, yes!

DIEGO. His plan is now to sail around  
The world; and in the trail he leaves behind  
Loop all to Portugal.





DIEGO. Valueless  
Without its uplift and its oversight.  
If these it lack, it is a lifeless corpse  
Not measured by its worth but want of it.  
(to JAMES.)

Not true?

JAMES. I think your training has been good.

DIEGO. It came from him we speak of.

FELIPA (to CORREO). How I wish  
That I had known him!

CORREO. You?

FELIPA. Why, any man (*pointing to DIEGO*)  
To kindle fire like that——

CORREO. Must have enough  
To keep a maiden warm and cosy, eh?—  
Think you that follows? I have known of  
men

Whose thought would flash like lightning,  
lighting up

Half heaven besides the whole of earth; and  
yet

A whirlwind, did you trust to its caress,  
Would never lead you in a madder dance.

DIEGO. Not true of him we speak of.—One less  
mad  
Does not exist.

FONSECA. Oh, you seem bit by him!

JAMES. Come, come, the church is wise, per-  
haps, to put

Her brake on wheels that else might whirl us  
down,

But how about those wheels when mounting  
up? ]

*Enter—from the Chapel—COLUMBUS.*

DIEGO. Ah, here he comes to argue for himself.

*(rising and extending his hand to COLUMBUS.)*

Good-day.

COLUMBUS *(aside)*. What! you here?

DIEGO *(aside to COLUMBUS)*. Yes, but no one  
knows

We two are brothers. Better so, perhaps.

COLUMBUS. I see—can help me more.

JAMES *(rising and greeting COLUMBUS)*.

The Captain! Welcome.

*(introducing COLUMBUS.)*

Permit—Seniora Correo—Seniorita

Felipa Perestrello—the Archdeacon

Fonseca, Senior Breviesca—Captain

Correo—sailor of experience.

*(All rise and bow to COLUMBUS.)*

COLUMBUS *(to ladies and CORREO)*. It gives me  
joy to meet you.

CORREO. Shall we sit?

*(All sit from left to right in this order : COLUMBUS, DIEGO, DONA CORREO, CORREO, FELIPA, JAMES, BREVIESCA, and FONSECA.)*

JAMES. You come here every day, I take it?

COLUMBUS. Almost.

JAMES. Are making up for time you lost at sea?

COLUMBUS. Yes, making up and mounting up.  
I like

The uplift of the services.

JAMES (*to FONSECA*). There, there,  
Archdeacon, one point scored against your-  
self!

Dull not the blade that carves at your own  
feast. (*to COLUMBUS in explanation.*)

Oh, nothing serious!—an argument  
About good churchmen and enthusiasts.

COLUMBUS. I see—and me. Yet men were  
told to preach

The truth to all the world.

(*to FONSECA.*) You think it done?

No, no; I am no mere enthusiast.

BREVIESCA. And yet would sail across the un-  
known sea.

COLUMBUS. I would.

BREVIESCA. But that——

COLUMBUS. I have good reasons for.

FONSECA. And where, pray, do you find them?

COLUMBUS. Everywhere——

Without a single fact against them.

BREVIESCA. Ha,

Without a single fact!

COLUMBUS. Well, name one, then.

BREVIESCA. Enough for me, if one could cross  
the sea.

We should have found it out.

[COLUMBUS. So?—How?

DIEGO (*to* BREVIESCA). No, no;

The world has had too many men like you.

FONSECA. And well for its own good! If lands  
were there,

The Lord would let us know it.]

COLUMBUS. There are lands

Men have not known.

FONSECA. And that would make you brave  
The blazing waves, and have your ship burned  
up?

COLUMBUS. Ten years ago, the waters just  
beyond

Cape Bojador were said to burn thus; now

Men sail them, far as Cape de Vere.

FELIPA. Is true.

COLUMBUS. And they return with branches,  
leaves and flowers

That float from further west; and you have  
read

The ancients?

BREVIESCA. Yes, about Atlantis, yes;

But that was lost.—Yet easily found, you  
think.

I grant it—found by sinking.

FONSECA. Ha, well said!

COLUMBUS. Oh, there are other tales! Late travelers too,

Like Marco Polo and John Mandeville——

FONSECA. Now pardon me; but stick, man, to your text.

It was of facts that you began to speak——

COLUMBUS. And that which gives them value.

BREVIESCA. Fancies, eh?

COLUMBUS. Not fact-full only, but a mind that you

Deem fanciful is needed, would a man

Put this and that together, and build up

The only structure that can make his facts

Worth knowing.

JAMES (*rising, as do the others*). True as gospel that! But now

I must be going. (*to COLUMBUS*.)

You will come with me?—

Another map—I would explain. Besides,

Prince Henry will be there to-day.

BREVIESCA (*to COLUMBUS*). And he

Would let you sail your ship up to the moon,

Were he not in it.

FONSECA (*to BREVIESCA*). Good! I like you, man.

[You have some sense.

CORREO (*aside, to JAMES*). The Prince believes in him?

JAMES. If not in him, at least in enterprise.

COLUMBUS (*to JAMES*). Is just the meeting I had prayed to have.

Too good in you to further it!—will come.]

CORREO (*to COLUMBUS*). And we shall see you soon at our home too?

BREVIESCA (*to FONSECA*). At their home—what? that madman, and not us?

COLUMBUS (*to CORREO*). I keep quite busy and have little time——

FELIPA (*to COLUMBUS*). But we have maps my father made; and these

You might find helpful.

COLUMBUS (*to FELIPA*). Thank you. I will come.  
Good-day.

[FELIPA *and* DONA CORREO. Good-day.

(COLUMBUS *and* JAMES *exchange bows with all.*)

*Exeunt—Left—COLUMBUS and JAMES.*

CORREO (*to FELIPA and DONA CORREO*). But we too must be going.

*They bow to those that are left behind them.*

*Exeunt—Right—CORREO, FELIPA and  
DONA CORREO, followed by FONSECA.*

DIEGO (*to BREVIESCA*). Ah, Senior Breviesca, even here

Enthusiasm has been king to-day;—

Within a single hour thrown wide apart

The palace bars, and parlor doors that guard

The prettiest girl in Portugal.

BREVIESCA. Oh, yes!

But wait you till the end come.

DIEGO. In the end,  
As the beginning, nothing thrives but spirit.  
If trusted, it survives too, every time.  
A prince——

BREVIESCA. Is mortal——

DIEGO. Is a lord of earth;  
And on the earth he sometimes has the power  
To make a man immortal.

BREVIESCA. Humph! How strange  
You like that egotist—insufferable!

DIEGO. Why, no. The insufferable is you—  
I mean to him. He dreams of destiny,  
His whole soul in his work. That soul speaks  
out  
And like a sovereign. Souls are sovereign  
always.

BREVIESCA. One's destiny you think, is made  
by talk?

DIEGO. One's destiny was never yet fulfilled  
By one whose coward conscience dared not give  
Expression to the spirit that inspired it.

*Exeunt—Right—BREVIESCA and DIEGO.]*

SCENE SECOND.—*A Parlor in the house of DONA  
CORREO and FELIPA at Lisbon. FELIPA and  
an elderly Chaperon sit working in the rear.  
Entrances at Right and Left.*

*Enter—Right—DONA CORREO in an outdoor dress as in the First Act.*

FELIPA. I feared that you would not be back.

Our Captain

Columbus will be here to-day. They say

No doubt that he will get the ships.

D. CORREO. I doubt it.

FELIPA. Prince Henry promised him——

D. CORREO. The Prince is ill.

Yet, could I, I should like to stay with you.

Give my excuses, please—ay, ay, and yours.—

Breviesca too is coming.

FELIPA. That man, humph!

D. CORREO. We all accept the suit.

FELIPA. Except the one

That should be suited.

[D. CORREO. Whom we all so trust,

We trust her wisdom also. (*kissing FELIPA.*)

With the Captain

Be not too cordial.

FELIPA. Not too cordial?

D. CORREO. No.

Cordialities that make the backward friends

But tempt the forward to presumption. Force,

Alive to clear its own approaches, flouts

A welcome meant for weakness.

FELIPA. He is forward?

D. CORREO. A civil man enough!—But then  
they say——



FELIPA. The one that everybody's bid can bind  
Is everybody's bondsman.

D. CORREO. But I know  
The neighbors——

FELIPA. And I know myself. The wise  
Make self the mistress of their choice, I think.

D. CORREO. Now, now, fair play! Fair play  
in argument,  
Will catch our thoughts before it throws them  
back.

They call him flighty.

FELIPA. So are birds—and so  
Are—angels——

D. CORREO. What?

FELIPA. And every kind of life  
Above the common.]

D. CORREO. Why, my girl!  
One might suppose——

*(looking toward the window at the right.)*

But see! He comes. I go.  
Be on your guard—and think. Good-bye.  
*(kissing her.)*

*Exit—Left—DONA CORREO.*

FELIPA *(to her CHAPERON)*. And think?—  
I need that caution?—when this beaker all  
*(placing her hand on her heart.)*  
Is brimming to its overflow?—And think?—  
When all my thoughts are radiant with his  
form

Like surging sea-waves glancing back the  
sun?—

*Enter—Right—COLUMBUS carrying a roll of maps.*

*(FELIPA signals her CHAPERON to retire.)*

*Exit—Left—the CHAPERON.*

*(to COLUMBUS)* Good-day to you.

COLUMBUS. Good-day: was good enough  
For me before you called it so.

FELIPA. With all  
Your disappointments?—It is true! Prince  
Henry——

COLUMBUS. Has promised all I wish. I shall  
succeed.

*(They sit together on the sofa, while COLUMBUS  
hands her the maps.)*

FELIPA. Thank God!

COLUMBUS. Ay, ay! Oh, I have sailed in  
nights,

Dark nights, and prayed to heaven for one  
small star

To guide me. Now it sends the Prince and  
you.

FELIPA *(unrolling the maps and looking at one)*.

You do me too much honor.

COLUMBUS. Could I? Nay;  
A soul that summons all that does one's best  
To do still better, sits upon a throne  
Than which none higher is conceivable.

FELIPA. I was not conscious——

COLUMBUS.                      Nay, nor is a child  
Of aught in her of movement or of form,  
That, fitting sweet ideals of loveliness,  
Makes fancied grace and beauty visible.

FELIPA (*looking down at the map*). And yet, I  
had not thought my father's maps——

COLUMBUS. Ay, they confirm twice over all my plan—

Not they alone, but your directions with  
them.

FELIPA. Mine? (*sitting with one hand resting on the map.*)

COLUMBUS. Yes, your fingers pointing out the course.

It all is there, just there beneath your hand.

A sailor steers the way his compass points.

FELIPA (*looking down at her hand on the map*).

Is that your compass?

COLUMBUS.                   It might compass me—  
I mean my soul.

FELIPA.                That little hand? Oh, what  
A little soul!

COLUMBUS. Do souls have size? One might  
Be universed in this; yet not contained  
(*pointing to her hand.*)

In all the universe outside of it.

FELIPA. To put your soul thus in another's hand.—

Would that be wise?

COLUMBUS. Why not?—the hand that serves  
The soul one loves may serve but selfishly,  
And yet serve best the one who trusts to it.

FELIPA. But should it fetter him?—

COLUMBUS. Then would he thrill  
In every atom of his frame to feel  
Its fingers' throb and pressure.

FELIPA. Would not bound  
Away?

COLUMBUS. Away and up, but always back  
again,  
Like grains of sand in earthquakes.

FELIPA. Foolish man!

COLUMBUS. Why, only God is wholly wise; and I  
Am but a man—so never quite so manly  
As when—why, say—made foolish.

FELIPA (*rising, as does also COLUMBUS*).

Some one comes.

*Enter—Right—a SERVANT, bringing a note.*

FELIPA. A note for me—from whom?—  
(*opening and reading the note.*)

*Exit—Right—SERVANT.*

Can this be true?

Bad news for us! Oh very, very bad!—  
The Prince is dead.

COLUMBUS. Prince Henry? What?—No, no!

FELIPA. It must be so. You see who sent it—  
look.

(*handing the note to COLUMBUS, who reads it.*)

COLUMBUS. Impossible! Heaven cannot be malicious!

What? build so high a structure for my hope,  
Then knock the prop from under? All, all  
gone?

FELIPA. There may be others.

COLUMBUS. May be?—There are none.

FELIPA. But you have me still.

[COLUMBUS. That is it. We must  
Forget all this—at least for years and years.—  
Oh, I know what it means!—have seen years  
like them.

FELIPA. Forget all this?

COLUMBUS. You do not understand.]  
Prince Henry was my patron. Backed by  
him,

Success was possible; I felt I trod  
An equal plane with others of your suitors.  
[I now am worse off than a beggar.

FELIPA. No!

You have your pencil—still can draw——

COLUMBUS. Yet not  
The outlines I had hoped—of that new land,  
And you, its princess. No; there looms a  
face

With more care-lines upon its wrinkled brow  
Than e'er I blacked a map with.

FELIPA. There are ships  
That still need captains.

COLUMBUS.                      Could one see their sails  
Like arms, white-surpliced, praying heaven  
for wind,  
Yet keep his prow still turned away from  
that  
Which he had vowed to heaven that he would  
seek?]

FELIPA. But you can wait—you are so strong!  
—can wait——

[COLUMBUS. I can—but you—when lit by hope,  
rebuffs  
Are merely clouds aglow where dawn brings  
light.

But when no ray of hope is visible,  
The dark seems full damnation.

FELIPA.                                      You say this?—]  
I thought——

COLUMBUS. Oh, I!—yes, I can wait forever.  
The light is in me. But could you see through  
These forms that cloak it, worse than worst of  
rags,

Discourtesy, suspicion and contempt  
Of those who know Columbus as the fool?

FELIPA. Why——

COLUMBUS. No, deny it not. I know it, feel  
it.

Your mother, sister, brother—yes, I grant  
They tolerate me; but when patronless  
And penniless, it were a different tale.

FELIPA. Nay, nay; that cannot be! But they  
with me

Will feel how noble is a man like you——

COLUMBUS. A pauper and fanatic——

FELIPA. No, a man

Who all alone, can stand with but one friend,  
His own brave soul, and trample underfoot  
A hissing world that, coiling like a snake,  
Would clutch him to its clod and hold him  
there.

COLUMBUS. Too much! To-day you think it,  
but to-morrow——

Next year—in ten years——No, I have no  
right

To put you to the test. No, let me go—  
Farewell.

FELIPA. Will you fare quite as well without me?

COLUMBUS. Felipa, nay, it cannot be.

FELIPA. You think

A woman's heart, if tested through long years  
With burdening love, would break? You  
think it kinder

To break it at the start?

*Enter—Right—BREVIESCA shown in by a*  
SERVANT.

COLUMBUS (*not observing* BREVIESCA). Felipa,  
no——

A faith like yours—my God, what shall I do?  
I would not harm you, yet have done the harm.

BREVIESCA (*sarcastically to the two*). Ah, so!—

I see I come too late—

FELIPA (*aside, anxiously to COLUMBUS*). Except  
For one thing!

COLUMBUS (*to BREVIESCA*). Yes—we are be-  
trothed.

*Exit, with sarcastic bow—Right—BREVIESCA.*

CURTAIN.

SCENE THIRD.—*The same as in SCENE SECOND, now the home of COLUMBUS. Maps and charts are hanging on the walls, and lying on a large table at the Back Center; also books, instruments for navigation, and implements for measuring and drawing. A window at the Right. Entrances at the Right and Left.*

*Enter—Right—a MAID and a WOMAN, followed by other Women.*

WOMAN. Is he at home?

MAID. Not now.

WOMAN. What seems he doing?

[MAID. Oh, just the same as ever!

WOMAN. Nothing eh?  
(*to the other Women who have remained near the door.*)

Come in. (*to MAID*)

We thought that we should like to see——]  
(*handling charts and implements on the table.*)

MAID. You really should not touch them.



WOMAN. No? Why not?

MAID. He would not like it.

WOMAN. Oh, of course not! but  
He need not know it; need he?—  
(*pointing to a chart.*)

What a blotch!

MAID. A chart, you know.

WOMAN. A chart?—A chart of what?  
I never saw a chart like that—looks like  
A crazy quilt. And so he wastes his time  
On things like these?—Felipa dying too!  
[No wonder!—Think of it!—Ten mortal years  
Of this, and no one knows what more. At  
night,

I would not dare to stay alone with him,  
Would you?—say, would you?

MAID. Why! I—no—he never——

WOMAN. Of course not. You would be afraid,  
of course.

I had a cousin once who went insane.  
And all his family had to play insane  
To keep him company. The sport was royal  
Till, sure that he was royal and they slaves,  
He ordered off their heads.

MAID. And then?

WOMAN. And then  
They left off playing, and made war on him;  
And so dethroned him. They should do so  
here;

The sooner, too, the better! Look at this:]

*(taking up a sharp instrument.)*

Not safe in hands like his!

*(knocking at the door at the Right.)*

Hark! What is that?

Can it be he? Say, you can let us out

*(starting for the Left.)*

The other door, not so?

MAID. No need of that!

Is no one but the tailor.

WOMAN. Sure of it?

*(crossing the room and looking out the window at the Right.)*

[MAID. Comes every day.

WOMAN. What for?

MAID. To bid us think  
Of Adam's fall that made men civilized,  
Wear clothes, and bear the curse of paying  
for them.]

*(opening the door at the Right.)*

*Enter—Right—TAILOR, to whom she speaks.*

Is out.

TAILOR. Oh, yes, I know—is always out—  
Out of his head at least. Were he but out  
My clothes, it would be better.—Left no word?

MAID. He bade me say that he expects the  
king——

[TAILOR. If all the kings that are expected  
came,

Few would be left for subjects. I will strip  
And cage his bareness for a jail-show. Ugh!

MAID. But, really, he is honest. He expects——]

*Enter—Right—suddenly, the GROCER.*

GROCER. Tell him his expectations are too old.  
Fresh expectations, like fresh eggs, may hatch.  
Not so with stale ones, though, however  
white.

WOMAN (*turning from the window at the Right,  
where she has been looking out, and gazing at  
the GROCER*).

The grocer, eh? (*speaking to the other women.*)

And all the family

Are coming—and the Captain too. I saw  
them.—

Will be a scene here. I prefer the background.

*Exit—Left—WOMAN, followed by the other Women.*

[TAILOR (*to GROCER*). Suppose we club together  
—ay, let fly

Our blows at him together—down him sooner!]

GROCER (*to MAID, and holding a paper toward  
her*). I cannot fill this order.

MAID. But you must.

His wife is needing it.

GROCER. But I myself

Cannot afford a wife——

TAILOR. When keeping his.

*Enter—Right—DONA CORREO and CORREO push-  
ing FELIPA in a chair upon wheels.*

MAID (*to* GROCER).

His wife is ill. You would not let her die?

GROCER. Not I, but he; and there are other shops——

MAID. But we have tried them all.

GROCER. Then try the jail.

They feed men there,—or let him sell——

DONA CORREO (*bowing to* GROCER). You say?

GROCER (*pointing toward the charts and implements on the table*). He ought to sell these things and pay us off.

DONA CORREO. Not paid you yet? Oh, well, you may be right!

FELIPA (*to* D. CORREO). They may be right? Why, this would ruin him.

DONA CORREO (*to* FELIPA). Not outside things that men can take away

Bring ruin, but the things that stay within,  
Which would they could take!

(*to* GROCER and TAILOR.)

He himself is coming.

*Enter—Right—*COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS (*to* GROCER and TAILOR). You seek for me?

TAILOR (*holding his bill toward* COLUMBUS). I brought your bill.

GROCER. And I.

TAILOR. We say an honest man——

COLUMBUS (*motioning toward FELIPA*). But not,  
please, now.

My wife is ill.

TAILOR (*pointing toward the table*). We say—  
your sister too—

[An honest man would sell these traps; not  
let

His creditors go begging.

GROCER. Ay, or come so.

(*appealing to FELIPA.*)

You think it too. (*to COLUMBUS.*)

You see it in her face.

TAILOR (*to GROCER*). Oh, he sees nothing!

Give one's brain a whack.

It flies from earth to stars—but all in here.

(*pointing to his head.*)

COLUMBUS (*referring to the implements on the  
table*). These are the tools I work with—  
all of them.

GROCER. Humph, they work poorly, better give  
them up!

COLUMBUS. The king——

TAILOR. For ten years we have heard of him.

COLUMBUS. Your bill is only three months  
old.

TAILOR. Yes; this one.

COLUMBUS. The present king has not been on  
the throne.

But——

GROCER. All kings are the same to us—as you  
Will find.

COLUMBUS. You need but wait——

TAILOR. Have learned that lesson.]

COLUMBUS. My brothers will be here to-day.

TAILOR. And they?

COLUMBUS. Will bring me proofs of favor at  
the court.

TAILOR. If so?

COLUMBUS. Why, they will bring me what will  
pay

A score of times and more your paltry bills.

What say you?

GROCER (*to* TAILOR). Shall we wait? Fact is,  
one finds

It hard to break old habits. Shall we, eh?

(TAILOR *bows in acquiescence.* GROCER *continues*  
*to* COLUMBUS.)

But see we get what balances our claim,

Or we shall weigh these things against them  
yet, (*pointing to the table.*)

And sell them too by weight.

*Exeunt—Right—*GROCER *and* TAILOR.

COLUMBUS. No doubt they will.

Too often in the judgments of this world

Worth yields to weight.

DONA CORREO. A scandal and disgrace—

A scene like this in my own sister's house!

FELIPA. Why, sister, when the king——

DONA CORREO. Oh, dear, you know  
That talk is fiction, like the most things  
here.

FELIPA. But yet the king took interest in his  
charts,  
And sent for them.

CORREO. Ay, ay, and found out so—  
Quite likely—that he cannot draw at all—  
Except from his own fancy. Who wants  
that?

A visionary man produces visions;  
And in the world that is, men want what is.

[COLUMBUS. Why, brother, I am accurate.

DONA CORREO. Perhaps.  
Who knows it though? Yourself? If one  
besides,

He too has made your own discoveries.  
And if no mortal knows it, all will judge  
By what they hear. What do they hear of  
you?

CORREO. Humph, I can tell. (*to COLUMBUS.*)  
Forgive me; it is time  
You knew the truth. I thought, perhaps, to  
lease

A ship that you could sail,—make money by,  
But——

DONNA CARREO. Been too long from practice?

CORREO. No, no; worse!

DONA CORREO. Is but an idler, as they think?

CORREO. Worse yet—  
 One who should not be trusted, sure to do  
 The wrong thing for the right.

COLUMBUS. And you say that?

CORREO. Not I, but those that give you reputation.

COLUMBUS. Am I to blame?

CORREO. Who else is, pray? They say  
 That you would sail but heaven alone knows  
 where.

And I confess, I half believe you would.]

FELIPA. Oh, brother!

COLUMBUS (*aside to CORREO*). Cruel, talking  
 thus to her! (*to FELIPA*.)

The other room will be far better, dear,  
 Than this. And they?—they but exaggerate.  
 They hurt my feelings? Oh, why, why, why,  
 why,

You never saw a fisher catch a fish  
 Whose hook would not get tangled in the line.  
 Just wait, and see me get the better of them.  
 You trust in me. There.

(*gesturing to the MAID to wheel FELIPA*.)

I am coming soon.

*Exeunt—Left—MAID wheeling FELIPA in her  
 chair.*

DONA CORREO (*to CORREO*). Quite right!—  
 The time has come to tell him truth.  
 (*to COLUMBUS and gesturing toward CORREO*.)



You think him cruel. What are you, yourself? (*pointing toward the Left.*)

See what ten years of this have made of her?

I come, and find her wanting everything—

Food, physic—nearly dying at your hands.

COLUMBUS. Do not say that.

DONA CORREO. Humph! It is time I did.

COLUMBUS. She still believes in me.

DONA CORREO. As infidels

In their Mohammed, and are cursed for it.

[COLUMBUS. I think that you forget. How many men

Of humble, foreign birth demand and get

A summons to an audience with the king?

Say that of such importance that the king,

To weigh it, calls his wisest counselors?

Who argue it for days, with some, at least,

That side with him whom you think stands alone?

DONA CORREO. How many side with him?

COLUMBUS. Enough to make

The king request his charts—the work of years

That you think wasted.

DONA CORREO. That was months ago;

And nothing followed.

COLUMBUS. There is too much life

In truth of any sort, when sown, to doubt

Its growing. I have made a good beginning.

DONA CORREO. A very small one.

COLUMBUS.                                So a seed is too,  
Whose growth is great.    When one awaits the  
dawn,  
A flush is better than a flash, which oft  
But bodes a rush-light.]

*Enter—Left—the MAID, crosses the room, and opens the door at the Right.*

*Enter—Right—DIEGO and BARTHOLOMEW, to whom COLUMBUS now turns.*

Ah, they come at last!—

My brothers, welcome!

DIEGO (*to COLUMBUS*). So to you.

(to DONA CORREO and CORREO.) And you.

BARTHOLOMEW. And all.

*(All greet each other.)*

*Exit—Left—the MAID.*

COLUMBUS (*to* DIEGO). You bring me news?

DIEGO. Ay, by and by.

(glancing at DONA C. and CORREO.)

COLUMBUS (*to DONA C. and CORREO*). You will excuse us?

DONA CORREO.                      We will leave.

*Exeunt—Left—DONA C. and CORREO.)*

COLUMBUS (*to* DIEGO). This news?

DIEGO (*sadly*). My brother, can you bear  
it?

COLUMBUS. I have borne

With much.

DIEGO. Yes, you have been misunderstood,

Misjudged, maligned; but all were less than this.

COLUMBUS. How so?

BARTHOLOMEW. The king——

COLUMBUS. He has not sent the money?

BARTHOLOMEW. The money?

COLUMBUS. Yes, his agent promised it.

BARTHOLOMEW. We had not thought you cared so much for that.

COLUMBUS. Not I, but these—my wife, my family.

The king sent here requesting all details.

It took me weeks to draft them, had to turn

My methods upside down and inside out,

And mass and multiply and magnify,

Till truth was large enough for all to see it.

Meantime, what gaze had I to fix upon

My earnings? They all fled, and now——

DIEGO. I see.

No watch-dog keeps a creditor at bay

Like well-housed earnings.—But we heard no talk

Of pay.

COLUMBUS. When it was clearly promised?—  
what?

[Then I, who trusted in the royal word

And gave it currency, am made for this

A charlatan who trades upon a cheat?]

DIEGO. And worse. He holds your charts.

COLUMBUS.                   He keeps them?—Why—  
With truth, the longer kept, the longer  
thought of;

And thinking feeds conviction. On my soul,  
The king will let me sail yet. You shall see.

BARTHOLOMEW. Oh no, not you!

COLUMBUS.               Not me, not me?—and why?

DIEGO. My brother, all your draughts, your  
work for years

Rest like a charter in another's hands.

That other is the pilot of a ship

Now sailing west; and his head is decreed

To wear the wreath for what your own con-  
ceived.

COLUMBUS. Impossible!

DIEGO.                       I tell the truth.

COLUMBUS.   His name?

DIEGO. A secret—but no cowardly soul like  
his

Will ever cross the sea.

COLUMBUS.   I could prefer

He should, than by a failure earn my scheme  
Discredit.

DIEGO.           Which he surely will.

COLUMBUS.   Too true!

[DIEGO. Oh, curse the king!

COLUMBUS.               But could you have conceived  
Such baseness?

DIEGO.               Why ask me? Am I the devil?]

COLUMBUS. What reasons could he have?

DIEGO. Enough of them

In such a world!—You, you have genius,  
brains;

And those without them must get even with  
you,

If not by higher then by lower means.

You are original and they derived;

And thought full-centered in itself, owns not  
A parentage that puts another first.

And you are foreign, they are Portuguese.

COLUMBUS. But such dishonor in a king!

DIEGO. Why not?

A king is human; place is relative;

Down honor, and you boost dishonor up.

Make men in common kneel, and common men

Stand up like giants. Banish out of sight

The bright minds, and the dull ones beam  
like beacons.

*(A knocking is heard at the Right Entrance.)*

*Enter—Left—the MAID.*

MAID. My master?

COLUMBUS *(to the MAID)*. Well?

MAID. Your wife desires to see  
you.

COLUMBUS. I come; but there is knocking at  
the door.

*Exit—Right—the MAID.*

*(COLUMBUS continues to his brothers.)*

If she were not so ill now, I should leave  
This Portugal forever.

BARTHOLOMEW. Yes; you should.

COLUMBUS. There certainly is elsewhere enter-  
prise

With honesty. I think that I should try  
The court of England. You have seen their  
men:—

White skinned, the spirit just behind the face,  
Their very faults the proof they are not false;  
Too impudent for truthlessness, too bold  
To stab behind one's back, too proud of push  
To trip with little tricks, too fond of sport  
To keep one down, when down.

BARTHOLOMEW. Why, I might go there.

COLUMBUS. You might and would, Bartholo-  
mew?

BARTHOLOMEW. I will.

*Enter—Right—the MAID.*

COLUMBUS (*to MAID*). A visitor?

MAID. A message from the king.

DIEGO. We thought it coming. Now you are  
prepared.

COLUMBUS. My soul demands in one whom I  
obey

A moral equal, at the least. It comes

In vain. (*to the MAID.*)

And messengers?

MAID.

Yes.

COLUMBUS. Show them in.

*Exit—Right—MAID. The eyes of COLUMBUS follow her, and look through the door, which she leaves ajar.*

BREVIESCA? He alone makes both of them  
Birds of most evil omen.

*Enter—Right—BREVIESCA, a COMPANION, and the MAID, who exits at the Left. All bow.*

Gentlemen?—

And will you sit?

*(He motions towards seats. Their manner indicates refusal, and they remain standing.)*

BREVIESCA. I thank you, no. The king  
Sends here requesting you to visit him.

COLUMBUS. Requesting me to visit him? For  
what?

BREVIESCA. Your charts.—He would examine  
them with you.

COLUMBUS. With what intent?

BREVIESCA. To satisfy you——

COLUMBUS. Me?

[Why, I am satisfied remaining here.

BREVIESCA. But he demands your presence.

COLUMBUS. He demands?

Ah, not for my sake,—but for his, you come.]

He sends me then the means with which to go?

BREVIESCA. How so?

COLUMBUS. The money? or conveyance?

BREVIESCA. What?

COLUMBUS. I need the one or other.

DIEGO. Certainly.

BREVIESCA. But when the king demands——

COLUMBUS (*in a hesitating way*). He promised me

A sum of money for my charts. I thought——

BREVIESCA. You dare dispute the royal will?

COLUMBUS. I dare

Do nothing to impugn the royal honor.

*Enter—Left—the MAID, evidently in distress.*

MAID. My master?

COLUMBUS. Why, what is it?

MAID. She—seems—dying.

COLUMBUS. What, what? my wife?

(*He starts for the door at the Left—BREVIESCA makes a gesture of disapproval.*)

BREVIESCA. Give us your answer first.

COLUMBUS. You press this now?

BREVIESCA. We represent the king.

Do you forget that he must be supreme?

COLUMBUS. I do in presence of a Higher King.

Oh, what has happened?

*Exeunt—Left—COLUMBUS and the MAID.*

BREVIESCA (*bowing sarcastically to DIEGO and BARTHOLOMEW*). What we shall report.

*Exeunt—Right—BREVIESCA and his COMPANION.*

[BARTHOLOMEW (*starting to call BREVIESCA back*).

Ah, Diego, if the king excuse this yet——



DIEGO. His creditors who hear of it will not.

*(pointing toward the Left.)*

If she be flown, I fear we all must fly.

BARTHOLOMEW. But why should he so suffer!—

I half think

In truth to spirit there is that which makes  
All earth its enemy.

DIEGO. Yet conquers it.

*Exeunt—Right—BARTHOLOMEW and DIEGO.]*

CURTAIN. END OF ACT I.

## ACT SECOND.

SCENE FIRST:—*A Spanish camp by night, lighted up by distant camp-fires. Backing at the Left a gateway into a plaza reserved for royalty. At the Right, the tent of COLUMBUS, its curtains drawn aside revealing a cot or lounge on which two or more can sit, also a chair or two. Just outside the same tent on the side toward the center of the stage is a log on which two or more can sit. To the Left of the stage are trees. Entrances at the Left Center through the royal gateway; at the Right, behind the tent of COLUMBUS; also through his tent and between his tent and the audience; and at the Left, Rear and Front, through trees.*

*Enter—Right, from behind the tent of Columbus—a MOOR with a COMPANION.*

[MOOR (*to his COMPANION*). Darkness for deeds of darkness! Thank the stars,  
We well nigh touch the queen's pavilion; yet  
In all this Christian camp, blood-red as life,  
Not one suspects the Moor—this heathen  
worm

Who wriggles toward its core. Her tent!—  
steal in!

*(addressing his steel dirk as he looks at it, then  
lifts it upward.)*

Be that our motto: Steel in, till we start.

The spirit of the queen, steel it away!

Hark!—some one comes here. Let us hide.—  
Aha!

*(looks around, then apparently the two hide  
in the folds of the canvas at the Back  
of the tent of COLUMBUS.)*

Convenient folds these!—Thank you, Christian friends.]

*Enter—Left-Rear—a SENTRY, and guards the  
gateway.*

*Exeunt—Right—behind the tent of COLUMBUS—  
the MOOR and his COMPANION.*

*Enter—Right—through this tent, DIEGO and  
COLUMBUS, dressed as a soldier.*

*(The two are at first inside the tent ; but, as  
they talk, they gradually come out onto  
the stage in front of it.)*

COLUMBUS. Have heard from England and  
Bartholomew?

DIEGO. I have.

COLUMBUS. He had success?

DIEGO. They thought us  
fools.

And how fared you in Genoa and Venice?

COLUMBUS. They knew we were. I half believe that flight

Was all that saved me from a mad-house. [Oh, The world plays tyrant to the soul would serve it.

It treats him like a female relative  
Whose drudgery is deemed supremely paid  
By her own love. But when the wage one wants

Is not within one, love is never paid.]

DIEGO. Yes, yes; I fear that we must give it up.

COLUMBUS. My voyage?

DIEGO. Yes.

COLUMBUS. Not till I die; and that  
I will do soon as hope dies out of me.

DIEGO. You have enlisted?

COLUMBUS. It will help me on.

Men judge of us by standards in themselves;  
And so like us when they see us like them.  
Kings take to tales, too, writ with points like this—

*(pointing, with a gesture, to his sword.)*

To underscore "your humble servant" when  
He signs requests.

*Enter—Left—two young OFFICERS. They stand looking at COLUMBUS and DIEGO, making signs to indicate that they consider COLUMBUS out of his mind. COLUMBUS notices them.*

DIEGO. And have you met the king?

COLUMBUS. Am waiting for a chance——

DIEGO. It promises?

What seem your prospects?

COLUMBUS (*pointing to the officers*).

Watch those men and see.

We ape sign-language here. Theirs means  
"Columbus."

The women, children, all have learned it, too.

And point it now and then with exclamations.

DIEGO (*glancing angrily at the men*). Outrageous! I will stop them.

COLUMBUS (*staying him with his hand*). Why, what use?

Far better have men point at us and laugh,  
Than never have them point to us at all.

DIEGO. Do you say this, who were so sensitive,  
High-spirited?

*Exeunt—Left—OFFICERS.*

COLUMBUS. One may have so much sense  
It holds the spirit down. Besides, our spheres  
Are stagnant and need movement. Make  
men take

You gravely if you can; if not, what though  
They laugh? You move them that way.

There are times

The tiniest tinklings that can tap the air  
Ring up life's curtain for its grandest acts.

DIEGO. You talk as if all friends were lost.

COLUMBUS. Nay, light,  
It trails the shadow. It is those with friends  
Are sure of foes; and only those with neither  
Are sure of neither.

DIEGO. Then you have friends?

COLUMBUS. Yes.

DIEGO. What class of people?

COLUMBUS. Oh, both Dukes and Dons;  
And, to make life complete, at least one woman.

DIEGO. Aha!

COLUMBUS. The image of my lost Felipa.

DIEGO. You mean to marry her?

[COLUMBUS. Had I the wish  
I could not have the will. Her family  
Are not agreeable——

DIEGO. To you?

COLUMBUS. To her,  
When seen with me; and—well!—enough  
For one man to have sacrificed one woman  
To appease what he esteems as God.

DIEGO. How so?

COLUMBUS. A woman craves attention and a  
home.

Her lover's mission, let it oft withdraw  
His ear or sphere from her, seems then her rival.

DIEGO. It would not, did she love the man's  
true self.

COLUMBUS. Perhaps,—and yet the kinds of  
love men feel



Unsouled of self-control, all flag themselves  
The death-trucks that they are, and make  
health scud

From their contagion as from carrion.

COLUMBUS. You mean——

DIEGO. The young are not so trained in Spain—  
Not schooled to know each other, soul by soul;  
And nothing but the soul can outweigh sense.

COLUMBUS. In general, true!—but she——

DIEGO. Our lives reflect  
The light of our surroundings. What are  
here?—

Accurséd customs that mistrust the soul,  
Ay, robe its every feature in their rags,  
Draped all to hint unshapeliness beneath.  
Away with earthly habits that can hide  
God's image framed within!]

*Enter—Left—the MONK, JUAN PEREZ,  
another MONK, the officer SANCHEZ,  
and several SOLDIERS.*

COLUMBUS (*looking toward the MONK*). Why,  
who are these?

PEREZ (*to COLUMBUS*).

God greet you friends.

COLUMBUS. His messengers are welcome.

PEREZ. And doubly so if from Jerusalem?

COLUMBUS. The holy city?

PEREZ. Yes. The grand Soldan  
Of Egypt sent us.



COLUMBUS. With a message?

PEREZ. Yes.

He vows, in case the Spaniard will not stay  
This war against the Moor, to rouse the East,  
Pull down all Christian churches, and beneath  
Entomb their worshipers.

COLUMBUS. He thinks this threat  
Will influence Ferdinand?

SANCHEZ. It should not.

SOLDIER. No.

COLUMBUS. But must the faithful suffer?

PEREZ. They do now.

At each pretext oppressed, reviled, and robbed  
Of property and freedom, flayed and hung,  
And heaven knows what; for it gets most of  
them.

[SANCHEZ. That should not be.

PEREZ. Ah, when what should be is,  
What is will be beyond this earth.

SANCHEZ. When once  
Old Spain's white line of ships have tailed for  
good

This flying kite here of the Moor, and cleared  
The blue about us, there should rest no ship  
Not steered to right our brethren there.

SOLDIER. Not one.

PEREZ (*to* SANCHEZ). Would you go?

SANCHEZ. Ay, I would.

PEREZ. The time may come——

SANCHEZ (*to SOLDIERS*).

Meanwhile, the Moor! Now, to your stations—march.]

*Exeunt—Left—SANCHEZ and SOLDIERS.*

DIEGO (*glancing at the MONKS, and speaking aside to COLUMBUS*).

They seek the king—might speak for you, not so?

COLUMBUS (*to DIEGO*). They might.

(*To the MONKS.*) Would you not rest with us to-night?

PEREZ. We thank you—and your name?

(*The MONKS and DIEGO, as COLUMBUS gestures to them, enter the tent of COLUMBUS and sit. COLUMBUS sits on the log to the left of his tent with his back to the rear.*)

COLUMBUS. Columbus.

PEREZ. Oh!

Have heard of you.

COLUMBUS. Heard good?

PEREZ. Why—

COLUMBUS. Ah, have not.

I understand. The silence of the good  
Damns more than bad men's curses. Yet  
my aims

Are one with yours—to speed the truth to  
all.

But "all" means more than most men deem.

- PEREZ. The wise  
Aim not beyond their reach.
- COLUMBUS. The faithful aim  
Wherever they are called.
- PEREZ. You heard the call  
Just made?
- COLUMBUS. And not a breast could out-thrill  
mine  
With indignation at the tale.
- PEREZ. It failed  
To stir your lip to pledges.
- COLUMBUS. When heaven crowns  
My present plan——
- PEREZ. You will be like your mates,—  
Ennobled, rich, and found a family.
- COLUMBUS. My western mission is for Christ  
alone.  
Pray heaven with me that I fulfill it; then  
I vow to live a life like yours, and more—  
To give it to this Eastern mission. See—  
(*drawing his sword and showing the cross forming its hilt.*)  
This cross—it aims the sword I wield!—will  
find  
No final rest, till waved above the crescent.
- PEREZ. You seem a holy man.
- COLUMBUS. Nay, none is that.  
When men seem holy do not think of  
them,

But of the cause that has affected them.

*Exit—Left Rear—the SENTRY guarding the gateway, apparently called away.*

*Enter—Left Center, from the gateway—*  
BEATRIX. *She comes forward stealthily and touches COLUMBUS on his back, then withdraws toward the Right Rear, behind his tent.*

(COLUMBUS rises, looking back and around as if for BEATRIX.)

PEREZ (*to the other MONK*). He seems inspired by purposes well worth Regard.

COLUMBUS (*to DIEGO*). Diego, will you guide our friends

Across the pathway to our other tent?—  
One waits here who has business with me.

*Exeunt—Right—through the tent of COLUMBUS, DIEGO and the two MONKS.*

*Enter—Right—from behind the same tent,*  
BEATRIX

COLUMBUS. You, Beatrix? and here?—this time of night?

[Have you forgot? Your father——

BEATRIX. Is a bird,  
Flown southward, wrong, forgetting for a time  
The winter whence it fled?

COLUMBUS. But there are ways——]

BEATRIX. I am not welcome then?

COLUMBUS. Oh no—not that—

[But unexpected.

BEATRIX. I have heard you say

Good fortune would be so.

COLUMBUS. You bring it, then?]

BEATRIX. One door ajar to it. These worthy  
friars,

Just in your tent, I hear, will see the king.

They might commend you.

COLUMBUS. Yes, I thank you.

BEATRIX. Well?

COLUMBUS. More?

BEATRIX. You seem cold.

COLUMBUS. The night is.

BEATRIX. I am not.

COLUMBUS. No, no, forgive me.

BEATRIX. I have more to say.

The Dona Bobadilla——

COLUMBUS. Your old foe?

BEATRIX. New friend; for your sake made and  
kept a friend

[By courtesies limbering my stiff limbs of pride  
Till limp and limping as humility.

COLUMBUS. But really——

BEATRIX. Really, when one's inward sense  
Of mastership outweighs an outward show  
Of servitude, why, one but serves herself.]  
This Dona Bobadilla has in view  
To urge your claims upon the queen.

COLUMBUS. She has?—

What is it makes a woman serve as you  
A mere enthusiast without success?

BEATRIX. No need were there to serve one with  
success.

COLUMBUS. But failure——

BEATRIX. Shows a spirit as it is.  
It throws one's manhood into full relief,  
Strip of all circumstance and accident.

COLUMBUS. This heart of mine were heavy  
were it not

Made light and bright by eyes that can detect,  
Beneath all veils disguising what it is,  
Its one sole virtue.—You forget that all  
The world is full of brains, and all the brains  
Of whims, and all that gives the whims more  
worth

Than blood that churns them up to con-  
sciousness,

Is that they leave the brain and live in deeds.  
Mine have not done this yet.

BEATRIX (*sitting on the log to the left of the tent  
of Columbus, and in doing so, letting the  
shawl that she has worn fall from her  
on to the ground behind the log. Colum-  
bus stands at the right, and after a little  
while sits beside her*).

The deed that best  
Proves each man's workmanship is what he is.



COLUMBUS. Thank God, a brother's love need  
not accept

The sacrifice.—But—should we linger here?

Your——

BEATRIX. Well?

COLUMBUS. Your relatives——

BEATRIX. Of flesh, or soul?

I care but for the latter. You——

COLUMBUS. But yet

Their reasons are the world's. We live in  
Spain.

You are——

BEATRIX. A virgin, yes, but were I *the*——

COLUMBUS. Do not say that——

BEATRIX. I could imagine times  
When one I know would seem divine.

COLUMBUS. Wait, wait!——

How near together heaven and hell may be!

BEATRIX. Yes; only earth and earthly thinking  
make

It possible for sense to deem them two.

Throne God in hell, all heaven would burst the  
gates

And dream of blessèd rest, though every foot  
Were sea'd upon a prostrate seething devil.

*Enter—Right—from behind Columbus' tent  
—the MOOR. He looks at COLUMBUS  
and BEATRIX then begins to draw  
toward himself her shawl that lies*



*on the ground behind her. COLUMBUS looks back. The MOOR draws away and wraps the shawl about himself. COLUMBUS rises.)*

BEATRIX. Some one was listening?

COLUMBUS. Yes—keep still.

*Exit—Left Center—through the gateway—  
the MOOR. COLUMBUS sees him.*

I see  
A form. It disappeared there through the  
gate.

BEATRIX. My shawl on?

COLUMBUS. Yes.

BEATRIX. Why, all the ladies' tents—  
The queen's—are reached through that. I  
follow.

COLUMBUS. No—

A thief,—assassin, may be. No, let me—  
*(advancing toward the gateway.)*

BEATRIX *(stopping him)*. Be thought a culprit?—never!

COLUMBUS *(handing her a dirk.)* Then take this,  
And call me. I will keep in hearing.—God!  
I cannot bear to let you go.

BEATRIX. I must.

*Exit—Left Center—through the gateway—  
BEATRIX with the dirk in hand.*

*Enter—Right—through COLUMBUS' tent—  
DIEGO.*

COLUMBUS (*to* DIEGO). You must have overheard?

DIEGO.

I did—in part.

[COLUMBUS. How brave in her! Yet what could one expect!

How brave in her to let me know her love!

And what unnatural, unmanned man am I,

Who does not, will not dare, return it her!

Strange mixture life is of the right and wrong!

Should one be good, or kind? and which is which?

How much that seems in line for both is but

A ray that falls to form a pathway here

From the rent forms of clouds beyond our reach

Which, while they let the light in, bring the storm!]

*(Distant Voices are heard calling.)*

Hark, hark!—What is it that they call?—

DISTANT VOICE.

A Moor!

COLUMBUS. (*Shouting*) A Moor! (*to* DIEGO)

You rouse the Camp!

*Exit—Left Center—through the gateway—*

COLUMBUS.

*Enter—Left Rear—the SENTRY.*

DIEGO (*shouting*). A Moor! A Moor!

*Exit—Left—DIEGO.*

*Enter—Left Front—and Exeunt—Left Center,  
through the gateway—SANCHEZ and SOL-  
DIERS.*

VOICES (*from within the gateway*).

Ay, ay, take this and that.

*Enter—from the Gateway—SANCHEZ, COLUMBUS,  
and SOLDIERS dragging the MOOR.*

SANCHEZ. Here—drag him out!

Is dead already—Humph!—is limp enough

To make a rug of! Let him lie!

*Enter—Left Rear—other SOLDIERS, the officer  
GUTIERREZ and the KING.*

GUTIERREZ. The King.

(*All salute. The KING looks at the MOOR.*)

KING. Who is he?

SANCHEZ. An assassin—sought the queen—  
Got by the guard.

KING. He did not reach her?

SANCHEZ. No.

(*pointing to COLUMBUS*).

Well nigh! He tracked him in, and thwarted  
him.

KING (*to COLUMBUS*). Ay, ay! Your name?

COLUMBUS. Columbus.

KING (*to all*). Now to rest.

(*to COLUMBUS*.)

But you may come with me—Would see you  
further.

*Exeunt—Left Center—through the gateway—*

KING, GUTIERREZ, and COLUMBUS.

*Exeunt at other entrances, all except the*  
SENTRY.

CURTAIN

SCENE SECOND.—*Council Chamber in the Dominican Convent of St. Stephen at Salamanca. Wood paneling in ceiling and walls. A long table in the Rear with chairs beside it and at the rear. Entrances at the Right and Left.*

*Enter—Left—ZALORA and FERNANDEZ.*

FERNANDEZ. All here?

ZALORA. Oh yes. One must obey the king.

FERNANDEZ. He must suppose the times ahead  
are dark.

ZALORA. How so?

FERNANDEZ. In giving us this *pastime* here.

ZALORA. We have our holy days and holidays.

I sometimes wonder which are holier.

FERNANDEZ. What, what! and you a priest?

ZALORA. An old one—yes.

Like other earthly things, our lives move on  
Half light, half shadow, and with me  
The shadows came in youth.

FERNANDEZ. Your brilliancy  
Developed late, eh? like a day when foggy—  
Or lightning from a cloud. But you are right.  
This life is like a bladder-air-ball. If  
You press its youth-side in, you, by-and-by,

Will bulge its age-side out; and, say, does that

Make preachers, eh? sensational? You should know.

ZALORA. You think sensations are acquired?

*Enter—Right—*ST. ANGEL and PEREZ and exchange greetings with FERNANDEZ and ZALORA.

FERNANDEZ. I know

A soul that squeals well, is a soul well squeezed.

Sensation is the stepson of depression.

You step on——

ZALORA. Oh, go to!—that spoils the form.

ST. ANGEL. What form?

FERNANDEZ (*to* ST. ANGEL). Why, of a ball.

(*To* ZALORA) Not so?—Tell why

These balls—our children's balls—are like a bishop.

PEREZ (*laughing and pointing to* ZALORA).

Because, like him, they usually are *round*?

ST. ANGEL. And sometimes, though not always, *holy*, eh?

ZALORA (*good-naturedly*).

Why point your wit with personality?

ST. ANGEL. Oh never, when the person is *around*.

But now the child's ball?—

FERNANDEZ. Why, the *bawl* is made (*brings his hands down as if ordaining, and also striking a blow.*)

By laying on of hands.

(*All laugh.*)

*Enter—Right—MENDOZA and TALAVERA.*

*Enter—Left—ARANA, FONSECA, BREVIESCA  
and others. All in, or entering, the  
hall exchange greetings.*

TALAVERA (*to FERNANDEZ*). What were you doing?

FERNANDEZ. Our duty here—ordaining nonsense. [You

Should know. You sent for us.

ZALORA. And why for me?

Am I an expert on insanity?

FERNANDEZ (*to ZALORA*). Oh no, your place is on beyond that.

ZALORA. How?

FERNANDEZ. Beyond an expert is a y-z-pert.

ZALORA. Quite low down in the alphabet of wit!

FERNANDEZ. I know—the *last* of it—just where you *shoe* it.

FONSECA (*to ARANA in another part of the hall*).

But think—the danger.

ARANA. He will never sail!

FONSECA. Not that I mean, but in his theories.

You know they contradict the church.

ARANA. If this

Be true—

FONSECA. It is,—is very serious.

FERNANDEZ (*to FONSECA*).

And what of that? I say the best of physics  
For seriousness is laughter. Where is bile,  
Well tickled throats will throw it up.

FONSECA. To fool  
With fools is feeding folly.

FERNANDEZ. Feed a fool  
On folly, and he grows so fat, you think,  
That soon all wisdom's world that he would  
sit on,  
Would it not die itself, must make him  
*diet?*

FONSECA. Oh, cease your jesting!

FERNANDEZ. To have gravity,  
We ought to have grave work to do.

FONSECA. We have,  
As a commission sitting on Columbus.]

*All begin to take places around the table,  
though not yet to sit. TALAVERA goes to  
the central seat behind it, MENDOZA  
to his right, and ST. ANGEL and PEREZ  
to the right of MENDOZA. FONSECA,  
BREVIESCA, ARANA, ZALORA and  
FERNANDEZ are at TALAVERA'S Left.  
Others go where there are places.*

[FERNANDEZ. (*aside to ZALORA alone.*) He  
thinks an old hen, even, doing that,  
Should hatch out something.

ZALORA. Wait now. You will find

Enough old hens here to bring forth, at least,  
What they will think worth while their  
cackling over.

ST. ANGEL (*who overhears ZALORA, to PEREZ*).

Instead of hens, I think that I should call  
them

Birds of *another's* feather—birds of *prey*.

PEREZ. In *praying* they do priest's work.

ST. ANGEL. Yes; in that—

And making mortals humble. One with aught  
To plume himself on, will not go unplucked.  
But see—the victim.]

*Enter—Right—COLUMBUS.*

TALavera (*to those in the chamber*).

Friends, the Mariner.

(*to COLUMBUS and all.*)

I think that you have met before.

(*COLUMBUS and all exchange greetings.*)

[And now

We get to work.]

*The others sit. TALavera motions to  
COLUMBUS to do the same, which he  
does at the extreme Right.*

[Where thought appeals to thought,  
The only sovereign is the wisest word,  
Which sometimes is the last word;—any  
way,

Is always of the spirit, and needs not  
Accoutrements and courtesies of form



To prove its prestige. We can waive them,  
then,

And let the spirit prompt us as it may.]

(*turning to COLUMBUS.*)

They say you wish to have a fleet and men,  
And outfit, too, involving much expense.

What reasons have you?

COLUMBUS. To extend the sway  
Of Spain and Christianity in lands

[Where now they are not known.

TALavera. That wish is ours.  
What proof have you, though, that these  
lands exist?

COLUMBUS. Reports of mariners—authority—  
The nature of the world.

TALavera. Do these off-set  
The dangers?

COLUMBUS. Which ones?

ARANA. Like the boiling waves  
Of Africa, and giants on the shores.

COLUMBUS. Mere fables, all! Why, I myself  
have sailed

To Guinea, past where these were said to be.

[And have you never heard of Eudoxus  
Of Cyzicus, who left Arabia

And reached Gibraltar! how too from Gibralt-  
tar

The Carthaginian Hanno, sailing back,  
Came to Arabia?

FONSECA. All pagan lies!

COLUMBUS. A statement that confutes a  
general faith

At risk of reputation; yet meantime  
Confirms our natural reasoning, seldom lies.

Who would have said this, had it not been  
true?

Yet that it should be, what more natural?

ZALORA. But sailing east is not the same as  
west.

COLUMBUS. Enough is known to warrant even  
that.

FERNANDEZ. St. Brandan and the seven cities,  
yes!

But these have always melted into clouds  
To those who sought them.

COLUMBUS. Other lands are told of.

MENDOZA. Atlantis, eh?

COLUMBUS. Yes, and Antilla too,  
Well known to Carthage, Aristotle says.  
And many a modern vessel has been driven  
Where shores have been descried by accident  
And other signs of——

FONSECA. Desert islands.

COLUMBUS. No.]

Vicenti, twenty score of leagues beyond  
The Cape St. Vincent, came on floating wood  
Carved by men's hands.

ZALORA. Ay, from some other ship.

COLUMBUS. Then lost in many places. Wood  
carved thus

Was found by my own brother-in-law, Correo.  
And plants and trees too drift thus from the  
west.

FONSECA. Washed there, washed back.

COLUMBUS. No, different in kind  
From any in the East. They found besides  
Two men's forms cast upon the isle of Flores,  
With features not at all like people here.

ARANA. And what of that?

COLUMBUS. The men—not only they—  
The trees, the plants, were like in kind to those  
Described by Polo and by Mandeville  
As found in those great lands of Gengis Khan  
And Prester John, far in the Indies.

ARANA. They  
Were east, not west.

COLUMBUS. Just so, both east and west.

FERNANDEZ. What, what?

BREVIESCA (*to FERNANDEZ*). You see——

COLUMBUS. It seems a contradiction.  
It could not, did you think the world were  
round.

[FONSECA (*laughing*). No, never, no!

ARANA. No, never!

ZALORA (*to COLUMBUS sarcastically*). You are  
right.

COLUMBUS. There is authority for thinking this.

ARANA. For fancying it, yes; or anything.

COLUMBUS. But Aristotle, Seneca and Pliny

Say one can sail from Cadiz to the Indies.

TALAVERA. Yet wait. Besides this, is it not  
a fact

That they too calculated three years' time,—  
Enough to starve a ship's crew ten times  
over——

Before her cruise could compass it?

COLUMBUS. Some did;

Yet, judging by the globe of Ptolemy,

Compared with one by Marinus of Tyre,

A third of it alone rests unexplored,—

Eight hours of twenty-four. You measure  
this.

It seems not more than seven hundred leagues.

FONSECA. You measure it?—The whole of it  
is fancy.

ARANA. Yes;—not a ray of reason in it!

FONSECA. No.]

ARANA (*to COLUMBUS*). And, if the world were  
round—what, then, forsooth?—

Could sail around it, without tumbling off?

FONSECA (*to ZALORA*). Ay, or without the  
water's tumbling off?

ARANA. Same thing!

FERNANDEZ (*good-naturedly to COLUMBUS*).

I think that you must be the man  
That once I heard of, though I never saw him,

Who wants to turn the whole world upside-down——

FONSECA. Where roots of trees bear leaves, and rain spurts up.

BREVIESCA. Oh, he would feel at home there—let him go!

His head feels upside-down without the going.

FERNANDEZ. You wait and hear the whole tale.

They examined

The feet of those they found at Flores; not so?

ZALORA. They did?

FERNANDEZ. Oh, yes! and found them shaped like spiders',

Made to walk up like this.

*(gesturing with his hands.)*

[BREVIESCA. Like those one sees  
Clawed on a pictured devil.

FONSECA. If he sail,

He soon may see them too upon a real one.

TALavera. Severe!

FONSECA. I mean it; ay, I speak the truth.

The holy father, St. Augustine, shows it:

Men formed like this—to walk thus upside-down—

Could not be sons of Adam. Did they live,  
It would upset our whole historic base  
Of Christian faith.

ARANA. Just so!

FONSECA. To argue it

At all, grant it conceivable—involves  
Clear heresy.

ZALORA. Hear, hear!

ARANA. Quite right!

BREVIESCA. Ay, ay.

COLUMBUS. But are you sure these men are not  
like us?

FONSECA. Humph, you would practice many  
years before

You walked with your heels up.

COLUMBUS. But there, as here,  
The earth may seem to be below one.

ARANA. Ah!

We grant to fancy, man, a certain flight—  
Have witnessed one to-day. But do you  
dream

Her wings could turn us all to flies  
Without our knowing it?

COLUMBUS. There may be laws  
Of nature past our understanding.

BREVIESCA. Yes.

He means that when we lose our under-  
standing—

Has had experience of that—why then——]

TALAVERA. Come, no more nonsense, gentle-  
men.

ZALORA (*rising*). No more?

Time to adjourn then, eh? Is nothing else  
Before the house.

COLUMBUS (*rising to address ZALORA*).

In such a case as this,  
In which none know the truth——

FONSECA (*rising*). Your pardon, but  
The Scripture says: "He stretcheth out the  
heavens"—

How?—like a ball?—No, no; but "like a  
tent."

You dare throw doubt upon the word of Him  
Who framed creation?

COLUMBUS. What you quote is but  
A figure.

FONSECA. Fiction?

COLUMBUS. Figure—not the same.

[BREVIESCA. Accuse of figuring—Him who  
knows the end

From the beginning—all the sum at once?

He does not figure up. He counts the whole.

TALavera (*to BREVIESCA*). Oh, you mistake  
his meaning!

BREVIESCA (*looking around incredulously*).  
What?

FERNANDEZ (*to BREVIESCA*). Yes, yes.]

COLUMBUS. Were one upon the other side the  
globe,

The heavens might seem as like a tent as here.

FONSECA. They only might? The Scripture  
says they do.

You make it doubtful?

BREVIESCA.

Heretic!

ARANA.

Too true!

COLUMBUS. My one desire, the purpose of my  
life

Is to become an earthly instrument

Through which the Scriptures may become  
fulfilled,

That all the ends of earth—they are ends  
now—

Be brought together with one Lord and God.

FONSECA. What good would this do, if His  
word were false?

COLUMBUS (*in surprise*). You think I doubt it.

FONSECA. We have heard you term

Its affirmations figures, argue down—

And that with pagan proofs—the fathers.

Truth

Can never change.

COLUMBUS.

We can.

FONSECA.

And change it?

COLUMBUS.

Change

Its bearings for us. Truth is of the heaven:

The mind regarding it is of the earth.

[The one is infinite, the other finite:

The one expressed in light itself, the other

In forms that but reflect light; and the truth,

Made such but by reflection, cannot flash

An equal ray to every view-point.

SEVERAL.

Oh!]



COLUMBUS. Give blind men sight. At first  
their new-viewed sun  
Will stand still in the heaven. But give them  
time,  
That sun will set and rise. Then give them  
space,  
Lift them a thousand miles above the soil,  
It may do neither.

ARANA. Dangerous doctrine that!

FONSECA (*to* COLUMBUS). No truth then, eh?

COLUMBUS. Yes; truth enough for all.  
But truth expressed is coin to use, not hoard.  
For when it bears the stamp of times too  
old,

It loses current value.

FONSECA. Hear that! hear!

Why, that blasphemes tradition!

BREVIESCA. Just as if

Antiquity itself did not prove truth!

COLUMBUS. The moonlight guides us, if we  
have no sun.

But forms that loom at midnight lie to those  
Who know them in the day; and in the day  
No judgment of the distance can be true  
Except for him who pushes on to reach it.

[FONSECA. Hold! Hold! Enough of this!  
There is a law

That ought to be enforced here.

ARANA. We shall see!

COLUMBUS. The world will see in time that I am right.

No theory spun for concepts immature  
Can ever fit their full maturity.]

*Enter—Right—an ATTENDANT.*

TALavera (*rising*). A moment, gentlemen.

(*to the ATTENDANT.*) What is it?

ATTENDANT.

Sire,

The royal courier.

TALavera. Ah, has come so soon?

(*to all.*)

Then for to-day our conference must end.

(*All who are sitting rise.*)

COLUMBUS (*to TALavera*).

And I withdraw?

TALavera (*bowing in assent and adieu to COLUMBUS*). We thank you for your candor.

(*COLUMBUS bows to all the council, and the council to him.*)

*Exeunt—Right—COLUMBUS and ATTENDANT, showing him out.*

FONSECA (*moving with the others toward the Left*).

But we must see we have no more of it.

FERNANDEZ (*to ZALORA, TALavera and MENDOZA, who are walking behind FONSECA, ARANA, BREVIESCA and others*).

A spark in hayloft! bull in porcelain!

Will bring the whole church crackling round  
us yet.

*Exeunt—Left—FONSECA, ARANA, BREVIESCA  
and others.*

MENDOZA (*to FERNANDEZ*).

But racy as a bull fight!

FERNANDEZ.

In the which

The bull did some tall tossing.

*Exeunt—Left—First MENDOZA, then ZALORA,  
TALAVERA and FERNANDEZ.*

PEREZ (*to ST. ANGEL*).

Did you hear?—

Strange words for him!

ST. ANGEL.

No; I have always found

The light mind is the bright mind. Wit and  
wits

Are twins; without the other each is lacking.

*Exeunt—Right—ST. ANGEL and all others.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Exterior of the Convent of La Rabida, near the little seaport of Palos, in Andalusia, in Spain. Backing, a wall, behind which are hills, trees, and a distant sea-view. At the right, a gateway opening into the Convent. At the left, trees. Entrances at the Right Rear, behind the Convent; Right, further forward, through a gateway opening into the Convent; Left Rear and Front through trees.*

*Enter—Right Rear—BEATRIX, a MAID, and  
DIEGO in out-door costumes.*

BEATRIX. I could not keep him back.

DIEGO.                                You tried to block  
His pathway, eh? but he looked over you—  
Beyond you?

BEATRIX. Humph! poor treatment from a friend!

DIEGO. And you would fill his whole horizon then?

BEATRIX. Why—in a friend——

DIEGO. Is easy, yes; make friends  
Of little souls. Humph! they are common.

BEATRIX (*offended*). What?

DIEGO. A spirit's measure is its outlook. Find  
A man horizoned by the whole broad world,  
Who sees it all in all, he stands a son  
Of God!—is here to do his Father's work;  
And you should join in it, or not join him.

BEATRIX. Why should he go to France?—no sailors there!

DIEGO. A soul when conscious of the highest  
mission  
Is always on the wing.

BEATRIX.                                You know our king  
Gave weight to what he argued, promised  
ships?

DIEGO. But would not place my brother in command.

BEATRIX. Far safer so!

DIEGO. For whom?

BEATRIX. Your brother.

DIEGO. What?—

You talked of his own safety to my brother?

BEATRIX. Why, he had done his duty, sown  
the seed;

Then why not leave the rest to Providence?

DIEGO. Fling seed to seas, or bid it root in  
winds;

But do not trust your thoughts to Providence.

Their soil is in humanity, nor there

Spring, grow, or ripen without husbandry.

BEATRIX. He talked and argued——

DIEGO. Oh, to talk the truth

Is easy as to breathe. To live the truth,

And, mailed in its pure radiance, burn to  
black

The shade its white heat severs, needs a  
strength

To suffer hatred and inspire to love,

Half hell's, half heaven's, and wholly Christ's.

[BEATRIX. And yet  
If others go——

DIEGO. So far off is the goal,  
And so unseen, that all but faith will fail;  
And this they lack.

BEATRIX. But yet, you told him, too,  
You thought it vain to leave here.

DIEGO. Feared it vain.  
But you, you urged him to submit, not sail,  
Nor push his claims upon the king.

BEATRIX. Of course.

DIEGO. Poor, lonely man!

BEATRIX. His own fault—would not have  
A soul go with him.

DIEGO. Why should he? To minds  
In which the spirit so subdues the sense,  
A lack of sympathy itself is absence.

BEATRIX. But you will join him?

DIEGO. Like a faithful slave  
Whom word, not thought, commands.

BEATRIX. Why should not I go?

DIEGO. You could not live contented with a  
man

With no home either for himself or you.

He must have told you this.

BEATRIX. Home seems a state,  
Not place.

DIEGO. A state of happiness, and that  
He knows he could not give you.]

BEATRIX. Do you think  
That we shall see him here?

DIEGO. Why yes, I think  
That they will find him; if so, bring him back.  
He would not miss a meeting with the queen.

BEATRIX. You say she lunches with the monks  
to-day?

DIEGO. I heard so, yes—

*(pointing toward the Left Rear.)*

And look you—she is coming.

BEATRIX. I have some faith in her.

DIEGO. Faith always waits

On perfect womanhood. Show men a form  
Whose outward symmetry of nature frames  
A symmetry of soul, whose pure-hued face  
Complexions pureness of the character,  
Whose clear sweet accents outlet clear, sweet  
thought,

Whose burning eyes flash flame from kindled  
love,

And all whose yielding gracefulness of mien  
But fitly robes all grace-moved sympathy,—  
Ay, find a soul whose outward beauty shields  
But brighter beauty of the blade within  
By what seems merely ornament,—to her  
All men will yield a spirit's loyalty.

The fairy-goddess of the world of fact,  
Dream-sister of the brotherhood of deed,  
An angel minister as well as queen,  
The splendor of her station lifts her high  
But like the sun that she may light us all.

*Enter—Left Rear—the QUEEN and ATTENDANTS,  
among them ST. ANGEL.*

*Enter—at the same time—at the Right  
through the convent's gateway,—  
MONKS, among them PEREZ, behind  
them SANCHEZ and COLUMBUS.*

PEREZ (*to the QUEEN to whom all do reverence*).

We feel much honored by your presence.

QUEEN. Nay,

You are the ministers of higher power.

The honor comes to me.

BEATRIX (*to DIEGO in the rear*).

Look there—your brother.

DIEGO. So they have found him.

BEATRIX. Hark—they speak of him.

PEREZ. Your majesty, your couriers have returned.

They found the Mariner.

QUEEN. Yes, and where?

PEREZ. Far up

The mountains, just beside the boundary.

QUEEN. Alone?

PEREZ. Alone.

(*introducing COLUMBUS.*) The Mariner.

(*COLUMBUS salutes the QUEEN.*)

QUEEN (*to COLUMBUS*). As I hoped.

And you were leaving us?

COLUMBUS. I was.

QUEEN. Why so?

COLUMBUS. I have an aim in life.

(*BEATRIX, in her gestures towards DIEGO, to which she tries to attract the attention of COLUMBUS, expresses disapproval of his answers which follow here.*)

QUEEN. I thought the king

Had promised ships.

COLUMBUS. He had.



QUEEN. And officers.

COLUMBUS. Not those for such an undertaking.

QUEEN. You

Can go with them.

COLUMBUS. Your pardon, but—I beg—

Excuse me.

QUEEN. Why?

COLUMBUS. I have no time to waste.

QUEEN. To waste?

COLUMBUS. Full eighteen years ago I first  
Made known my plan. I am no longer  
young.

QUEEN. Why, ships and men, and you to sail  
with them!

COLUMBUS. Sail off, sail back—I have no time  
to waste.

QUEEN. You think they would not persevere?

COLUMBUS. The goal

Is not of their discerning.—Why should they  
Be thought the ones to bring it to the light?

QUEEN. But they——

COLUMBUS. To them it seems a madman's  
whim,

A thing to flout;—to me the one conception  
Of all that is most rational and holy.

Which, then, would give his life that it might  
live?

QUEEN. Why, we had hopes that none would  
need do that.

COLUMBUS. And hopes well based; yet any man  
who sails

Across that unknown sea must have far more  
Than enterprise, experience, caution, skill,  
Knowledge of sail and compass, wind and  
star.

The soul must be embarked upon the voyage  
With aims outreaching all that but concern  
The narrow limits of this earthly life.

QUEEN. How few such men! Where would  
you find your crew?

COLUMBUS. Wherever minds are subject to  
ideas.

QUEEN. And where is that?—You judge men by  
yourself.

COLUMBUS. I would not dare to boast such  
difference,

Or so humiliate my humanity,  
As to presume it possible that aims  
Inspiring my own soul, if rightly urged,  
Would not inspire, too, many another.

QUEEN. Yes,  
I can believe it, with yourself to urge them.  
And were you given command, would you  
collect

A crew and sail with them?

COLUMBUS. No man can reach  
A problem's right solution, if he fail  
To calculate aright the means.

QUEEN. Of course—

And that——

COLUMBUS. Has not been done in this case.

QUEEN. No?—

What more would you require?

COLUMBUS. Ten times the sum

That has been promised.

QUEEN. Ten times?—ten times that

Is not in all the treasury.

COLUMBUS. I would give

The whole I have—both property and life.

SANCHEZ. And I.

QUEEN. You would?—Yet rich!

SANCHEZ. I would.

DIEGO (*coming forward and bowing before the*

QUEEN). And I,

Though I have nothing—only what you see.

ST. ANGEL. Your Majesty, with men like these,  
preparing

To root their very spirits out from earth,

That they may thus transplant them where the  
world

Will reap a richer fruitage, what were Spain,

Were she to grudge a void from which were  
scraped

A paltry heap of gold! All were too mean

To pedestal aright the lasting fame

That would be hers, did they attain their  
end

QUEEN. How true!—and yet the royal treasury——

ST. ANGEL. Are there no treasures elsewhere than in that?

QUEEN (*hesitating a moment*).

There are. If I be queen, let me be queen  
Of Spain's rich spirit as of Spain's rich soil.  
I will—there is a treasure.—What to Spain  
Are her most precious treasures, that star most  
The crown that they surround with living  
light?

Mere jewels, think you?—Nay, not these, but  
men.

And if I give the one to gain the other, who  
Could strike a better bargain? Ay, I will—  
I pledge you the crown jewels of Castile.

I pledge you the commandership. Enough!  
When ready, you shall go.

COLUMBUS (*falling on his knees before her*).

God bless the queen.

(*The others fall on their knees beside COLUMBUS.*)

CURTAIN. END OF ACT II.

### ACT THIRD.

SCENE FIRST.—*A street in Palos de Moguer, in Andalusia. Backing, a distant harbor, with ships. At the Right, a porch before the house of BEATRIX. At the Left, other houses. Entrances, Right Rear, behind the house of BEATRIX; Right, farther forward, through a door opening from this house onto the porch in front of it; Right Front, through the street in front of this house; Left Rear and Front, through streets. (The rising curtain reveals COLUMBUS and BEATRIX, standing on or near the porch.)*

COLUMBUS. Now I must off, and see the ships.

You know

How long I have been gone.

BEATRIX. You met the queen?

COLUMBUS. And king, and got their last instructions.

BEATRIX. Oh,

I cannot bear to have you sail!

COLUMBUS. Nor I

To leave you.

BEATRIX. Yet——

[COLUMBUS.

I must.

BEATRIX.

Oh, yes, you must!

COLUMBUS. Our lives are finite, but the aims of  
life

Are infinite, and crowd on every side.

Whate'er we strive to reach, in thought, in  
deed,

At last, some one aim surely tips the scales;

As it has weight, its rivals are thrown up.

BEATRIX. Yes, even she who loves you.

COLUMBUS.

I had hoped,

Now that my project seems, at last, afloat,

That your soul would be buoyant as is mine.

BEATRIX. Yes, yes, but yet can it be worth the  
price?

COLUMBUS. I know your meaning,—loss of life,  
perhaps,

And all for which some prize life,—ease and  
love.

But, ah, who would not feel it is worth this? —

And others go with me who think the same.

BEATRIX. Some call them fools.

COLUMBUS.

Some?—where?

BEATRIX.

In all the streets.

COLUMBUS. Here?

BEATRIX.

Yes.

COLUMBUS. They are fools, if this life be all;

And fools, if they but claim that it is all.

For, risking dangers thick as mid-sea-mists

In war, in wave, men's deeds outdo their  
words,

And prove they serve a grander sovereignty,  
Whose realms outreach all death-lines.

BEATRIX. Is it these  
You seek in that cloud-circled, storm-set sea?  
Ah, how can I let them out-price your life?—  
Or how can you?]

COLUMBUS. So often I have told you!—  
What moves me seems beyond all conscious  
thought;

Seems like the lure that leads the summer bird  
Southward when comes the fall. It is enough,  
It is my destiny. I weigh it well,  
And find it rational; yet why I first  
Conceived it as I do, I cannot tell.

*Enter—Left—DIEGO and a COMPANION.*

DIEGO (*to his COMPANION as he looks at BEATRIX*).

Like all the other women in the town,  
Is leagued to keep him back, eh? It is not  
In nature that a man obey a woman.  
And human ways, when not in nature, bode  
Inhuman tampering somewhere. He should  
know

That none can turn to *she* the pronoun *he*  
Without an *s* that puts a hiss before it.

*Exit—Left—COMPANION.*

(*to COLUMBUS.*)

My brother?

COLUMBUS (*to* DIEGO). Ay?

DIEGO. Have business (*DIEGO and BEATRIX bow to each other*).

COLUMBUS. I know it—(*to* BEATRIX),  
Will find you later. Now, you will excuse me.  
*Exit—Right—into her house, BEATRIX.*

DIEGO. You should have come before. That  
woman's gowns  
Are always clinging to you—look as if  
She thought to make a woman of yourself.  
Confound their sex!

COLUMBUS. Not all now! There are some——

DIEGO. Some men too; but in all of Spain, not  
six

To man your vessels of their own free will.  
Why not?—Because not fit to go with you.  
How many women think you fit for it?

[COLUMBUS. Be not so hard on them.

DIEGO. No, they are soft,  
More soft than cats, and mew, too, ay, and  
scratch.

Have seen their blisters! ay, have seen a man  
Whose very soul had been scratched out by  
one.

COLUMBUS. You talk as if you feared for me.

DIEGO. I fear  
For all the expedition. Have you heard  
The news?

COLUMBUS. What is it?



DIEGO. Nothing that is good.

COLUMBUS. The ships are——

DIEGO. Floating. You may thank the guards.  
The crews have all deserted.

COLUMBUS. What?

DIEGO. As if  
The howlings of their wives and mothers here  
About their ears, could bring them less of hell  
Than howlings of the wind upon the sea!

COLUMBUS. The women have persuaded them  
to break  
Their word with us?

DIEGO. Why, yes. Who else would, eh?  
What woman ever cared about her word,—  
Her own word or her husband's? Bless her  
jaws!

They have so many words, why care for one  
word?]

COLUMBUS. Oh, waive the women! Is it true  
the crews  
Have all deserted?

DIEGO. Almost all.

COLUMBUS. But yet  
The government——

DIEGO. Yes, they have sent around  
Arresting some, imprisoning others. You  
Will have your crew; for they have found a  
source  
Beyond exhausting.

COLUMBUS.                      What is that?

DIEGO.   The jail,  
Which, like an Arab-shirt turned inside out,—  
Will shake its lice upon you.

COLUMBUS.                      That, at least,  
Will give us men.

DIEGO.                    If you can call them men,  
[These creatures, whom a life-long fear of light  
Has trained for treachery stabbing in the  
                                 dark;  
Sneaks, too irresolute and indolent  
To push by worthy means to worthy ends.  
But I would trust in waves adrift for hell  
As much as in a rudder held by knaves.]  
What can you ever do with such as these  
When three months out at sea?

COLUMBUS. I shall depend  
Upon my officers.

DIEGO.                    You know them then?  
You never know a coward soul till cowed  
By gusts out-winding his own self-conceit;  
And garbs they guise in, never cloud the air  
In time for us to brace the fence they fell.  
I would that I were going with you.

COLUMBUS. No;  
All that we settled. One should stay behind  
To guard our interests here.

*Enter—Left—GUTIERREZ.*

DIEGO. And will be needed

Far more than you could guess. This officer  
Will tell you,—is the one has been in charge.  
COLUMBUS. (*to GUTIERREZ as they exchange  
salutes.*)

The ships are safe and ready?

GUTIERREZ. Guarded, Senior,  
All night, all day. Some men here took an oath,  
Perhaps you know, to scuttle them.

COLUMBUS. They did?  
But they have not succeeded.

GUTIERREZ. No, of course.  
We always guard a ship, when once impressed  
For royal services, like treasure. Still  
They came within an inch of it.

COLUMBUS. How so?

GUTIERREZ. We thought that Breviesca was  
your friend.

COLUMBUS. Quite otherwise, I fear.

GUTIERREZ. And I, but yet,  
As agent of Fonseca, Bishop of——

COLUMBUS. O, worse and worse! The bishop,  
I believe,  
Would be assured that only truth had tri-  
umphed,

If I and all the crew were drowned.

GUTIERREZ. Ah, so?  
Well, they have tried it.

COLUMBUS. What?

GUTIERREZ. To have you drowned.

COLUMBUS. You mean?—

GUTIERREZ. Tried to corrupt the calkers.

COLUMBUS. No!—

Are sure of that?

GUTIERREZ. I overheard.

COLUMBUS. Good God!—

This man Breviesca?

GUTIERREZ. It was he.

COLUMBUS. And you?—

GUTIERREZ. We turned the calkers off; and  
had a task

Impressing other. That performed, we put

A soldier back of every one to calk

His pores with steel unless he calked the  
ships'.

COLUMBUS. They now are ready?

GUTIERREZ. All things ready, Senior.

COLUMBUS. We sail to-morrow, then.

GUTIERREZ. Meantime, perhaps—

Your pardon—you will hold yourself unseen?

COLUMBUS. Why so?

GUTIERREZ. To save a conflict with the mob.

COLUMBUS. You mean that—

GUTIERREZ. They might keep you here by  
force;

[Or sacrifice your life, and readily,

To save their friends,—the friends they deem  
are doomed.

DIEGO. Why, very victims burning at the stake

Could never cause a cloud more black than  
seems

To hang above the town to-day.]

COLUMBUS (*to* GUTIERREZ). I see,

Your hint has value. I will join you soon.

*Exit—Left—GUTIERREZ, after saluting.* COL-  
UMBUS *continues to* DIEGO.

So so! You note what influenced Beatrix.

[DIEGO. Of course. A man but in his public  
thought

Antiphonals the public sentiment.

A woman does it in her private thought;

And woe to lovers who dare say their say

Without a little clique that, echoing it,

Can make it seem, at least, a little public.

COLUMBUS. But can you blame her—

DIEGO. Trend to fashion? No.

You flaunt the flag of fashion in a crowd

And, in the bee-line of their rush to tail

Its leading, one could pick the women out

Without their having skirts on.]

COLUMBUS. I must send

For Pinzon. He awaits me at his home.

DIEGO. Let me go.

COLUMBUS. Thanks, and say that I must wait,

And meet him at the ships. Find Perez too,

And tell him that we sail at dawn, and wish

The sacrament. You say that we will use

The little chapel there beside the dock.

DIEGO. I will.

COLUMBUS. And I go too—

*(looking toward the left, then at the house of*  
BEATRIX.) And yet I ought

To say a word more here. When courtesy  
And caution balance in the scales, the heart  
Is kinder than the head, if not more wise.

*Exit—Right Front—DIEGO.*

*Enter—Right Rear—BREVIESCA, accompanied*  
*by a CITIZEN.*

BREVIESCA *(stepping between COLUMBUS and the*  
*house of BEATRIX).*

Good day.

COLUMBUS. Ah! Senior Breviesca!

BREVIESCA. I

Would speak to you.

COLUMBUS. You have your wish.

BREVIESCA. I bring

An invitation from the bishop.

COLUMBUS. Which—

Fonseca?

BREVIESCA. Yes.

COLUMBUS. And where is he?

BREVIESCA. Why, at

The monastery.

COLUMBUS. On the other side

The town, not so?—What would he with  
me?

BREVIESCA. Talk

About the mission that the church has planned.

COLUMBUS. These matters have been all arranged.

BREVIESCA. But he  
Would see you.

COLUMBUS. He can see me at my ship.

BREVIESCA. His work prevents.

COLUMBUS. Then give him my regrets.

BREVIESCA. But he demands your presence.

COLUMBUS. I am not  
Within his jurisdiction.

[CITIZEN. Ho! hear that.

COLUMBUS. My work was ordered by the queen.

BREVIESCA. And mine  
Was ordered by the bishop. Will you come?

COLUMBUS. My answer has been given.

CITIZEN. Frightened eh?—  
Aha!—would get behind the soldiers there.

(*pointing toward the ships and harbor at the Left*).

COLUMBUS. A man who lives for others, not  
for self,

Has little fear for self; yet care for them

May give him caution. I have weighty  
reasons

For keeping eyes upon the ships.

CITIZEN (*sarcastically and looking significantly at BREVIESCA*). Oh, yes!]

BREVIESCA (*approaching COLUMBUS as if to lay his hand on him*).

Say, will you go with us?—I think you will.

COLUMBUS (*knocking BREVIESCA down*).

Yes, yes, when down there with you, then I will.

*Enter—Left Rear—GUTIERREZ with two SOLDIERS.*

*Enter—Right Front—DIEGO.*

*Exit—Right Rear—CITIZEN.*

DIEGO. What is it?

COLUMBUS. I am practicing, you see—

On criminals.—That man there set a trap.

But it takes two to make a trap work. He,

He was a genius, this man, played both rôles.

He set it and was caught in it.

*Exit—Right Rear—BREVIESCA, crawling anxiously away.*

DIEGO and GUTIERREZ start to follow and arrest him. COLUMBUS motions them back with his hand. No, no!

DIEGO. And you, my brother? Such a patient man?

COLUMBUS. Oh, patient! When a fire has been kept in

For eighteen years, blame not its blazing out.

Thank God it did not wholly blast the fool

Whose fumbling fouled it—thought it had no life.



The villain! if I only could be sure  
He would be better for the punishment!

DIEGO. You go now to the ships?

COLUMBUS. Yes, very soon.

GUTIERREZ. Shall I go with you?

COLUMBUS (*ascending the porch of the house of*  
BEATRIX). Wait here if you choose.

But yet, of all men taught the lesson, I  
By this time, should have learned to go  
alone.

*Exit—Right Front—DIEGO.*

*Exit—Right—through the porch—COLUMBUS.*

GUTIERREZ *motions to the soldiers as if setting*  
*a guard about the house of BEATRIX.*

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SCENE SECOND.—*The deck of the ship of COLUMBUS. Backing, sky and sea; at first, invisible because it is night; later visible, as at sunrise and, if thought best, representing, in a panorama, a gradual approach of the ships to shore, the scenery moving from Left to Right. At the Right is a cabin; above it, a box for the pilot and a platform on which sailors can stand. At the Left, apparently near the bow of the vessel is a hatchway into the ship's hold. On the deck are masts, sails, ropes and other things that will readily suggest themselves.*

*Entrances, at the Right, into the cabin, and on to*

*the platform above it, also on to the deck; at the Left, into the hatchway, and on to the deck.*

ROLDAN *appears near the bow of the ship,*  
ESCOBAR *beside him, and PINTOR nearer*  
*the cabin. Other SAILORS also are present.*

ROLDAN (*looking off through the dark*). Oh, I am sick of this!

PINTOR.

And I.

ESCOBAR.

You wait.

Another storm will make you sicker still.

[PINTOR. If it would only sicken him.

ROLDAN.

Make him

Throw up, eh?

PINTOR.

Yes, throw up the voyage.

ESCOBAR.

That

Will come in time. But when it comes, my  
lad,

The ship will throw up us too.

PINTOR.

I know now

How fish feel when they see the water boil,  
Just when we drop them in alive.

ESCOBAR.

Are not

More out their element than we are here,  
With these few planks between—then purgatory.

PINTOR. Nor any more sure, either, to be  
cooked.]

ROLDAN. What means it all?—those weeks  
without a stir

Amid the waves, and then those heavy swells  
Without a stir amid the winds?

ESCOBAR.                      What means it?—

Why, like enough our ship is near the place  
Where all the waters pour down hill.

ROLDAN. You mean

The edge?

ESCOBAR. Why not?—In streams you always find

Smooth, rapid water, waves, and then the  
plunge.

ROLDAN. Is quiet now.

ESCOBAR. So is a cataract

Just where it nears the brink.

ROLDAN.                       The holy dame!

Do you believe?—

ESCOBAR. There must have been some cause.

What was it? There was not a wind.

PINTOR. And when

There was, ten times to one time it blew west.

No wind like that will ever speed us home.

ESCOBAR. And what wind think you will, or  
can?

ROLDAN. Or can?

ESCOBAR. Humph! let him keep on here, a day  
or two.

These floating weeds will hold us like a vise.

ROLDAN.      He calls them signs of land.

ESCOBAR. Oh, yes, of land!—

That fatal land afloat in fatal seas  
Entrapping in their meshes all the ships  
That dare to venture near.

ROLDAN (*looking for approval to PINTOR and  
other SAILORS, who nod to him in con-  
firmation of what he says.*)

Yes, we have heard—

ESCOBAR. You have?—Then you are all a set of  
fools.

[PINTOR. I know it; but it never was our  
fault.

ESCOBAR. Not?—Whose?

PINTOR. The government's. It forced us here.

ESCOBAR. We were not kept here by it. What  
does that

Is one man's will, and he a lunatic.

ROLDAN. How did he ever gain the ear of  
Spain?

ESCOBAR. By talking. Most men's thoughts  
are led, you know,

In trains of their own talking. Talk them  
down,

They lose their leader. Keep on talking  
then,

They find in you another. Any sound

You choose to make, they take for sense.

Why not?

That course has grown to be their habit.

PINTOR.

Oh,

Yet not through talk or thought he deals with  
us,  
But force.

ESCOBAR. And he will find before he dies  
That men accept one's estimate of them.  
If he esteem them thinkers, give them thought,  
They turn to him like thinking beings; but  
If he esteem them brutes, and give them  
force,  
They turn upon him like a brute.

ROLDAN. Should we,  
Ourselves?

ESCOBAR. Why not?—if he deserve it?

ROLDAN. But  
If we should mutiny, and then go home—

ESCOBAR. The choice is not between this place  
and home;

No, but the bottom of the sea and land.

And other lands are fertile as are Spain's.

ROLDAN. You own no wife and children!

ESCOBAR. Humph, that means

My life is not behind me, but before—

With precious little left of it, and this—

How much is time here worth, if in it  
all

We live but slaves, and never know of good  
times?

The man who squeezes these all out our  
life—



[ESCOBAR. No;—worse than brutes when he comes. Brutes, at times,  
To save their lives, will turn upon a man.  
But we—five score to one, but all afraid  
To call our souls our own. Let him appear,  
We fly like cry-girls from a buzzing bug  
One touch could crush in no time.

ROLDAN. But the court  
Has clothed him with authority.

ESCOBAR. Mere sheep  
Would not be driven by another sheep  
Though clothed in bear-skin, could they only  
hear  
His old familiar bleat.

ROLDAN. And yet you know  
He has the power——

ESCOBAR. Because we give it him,  
Who whine,—whine merely like a set of babes,  
Too weak to lift a finger for ourselves.

ROLDAN. The King——

ESCOBAR. Is all divine! I grant it; ay,  
What else could ever pick out, plying but  
A random sword, and prick and pin in place  
As many Spanish cowards as are here?]

ROLDAN. Man, you will have us hung for  
murder yet.

ESCOBAR. Oh, there is many a way to kill a cat.  
The best I know is drowning. Nights are  
dark.

And one may slip against a man, and he,  
When slipped against, may stumble over-  
board.

If so, he drowns—but how?—he drowns  
himself.

ROLDAN. Hark!—He is coming!—Down—and  
clear from this.

*Exeunt—Left, into the Hatchway—ROL-*  
*DAN, PINTOR and ESCOBAR.*

*Enter—Right, from the Cabin—COLUMBUS and*  
*BARTHOLOMEW.*

COLUMBUS (*to* BARTHOLOMEW).

He comes on plotting.—That is plain enough.  
How form and face—mere garments that they  
are—

Will twist and wrinkle to a touch of thought!—  
Fools!—Yet without fools, where were sover-  
eignty

For wise men?—they would find it harder  
work

To do earth's thinking for it; harder work  
To string the nerves that center in one's brain  
Through all the mass, and rein it to one's  
will.—

Can I do this with these men? or must I,  
I who have given all these years to it,  
Ay, and my young love too, my life, my all,—  
Must I turn back?—I will not, though they  
kill me. (*looking at a paper in his hand.*)



These figures give seven hundred fifty leagues.  
How wise to make my false log for the crew!  
That log has passed six hundred; but without  
it

I might have had more trouble. In the time  
I served King Renier, and went off to take  
The galley Fernandina; and my crew,  
In fright to hear two ships were guarding her,  
Had turned our helm, and thought we flew  
away;

Ah, how I steered straight for her in the night!  
And fought her at the dawn!—So act I here.  
We men who think have duties due our kind.  
One duty is, to block their finding out  
What are our thoughts. Yes, they may learn  
too much.

The truth is not a plaything for a babe.  
Truth is a gem, and sometimes needs encasing.  
Yet, if we sail on long, the day will come  
When our true distance will be known.—  
What then?

What then?

VOICES (*from the hatchway*). He shall turn  
back! He shall! Will make him.

COLUMBUS. Hark! hark!—turn back? They  
dare speak out like that?

Oh, what a cruel destiny is mine  
To unfulfillment doom'd, if I do not  
What even heaven itself has never done,—

Give patience to a world of restlessness!  
Oh, God, I think I serve thee. Give me power  
To calm these minds, as Christ could calm the  
sea.

*Enter—Left, from the hatchway—ESCOBAR, ROL-  
DAN, PINTOR; and from other Entrances, Right  
and Left, SANCHEZ, GUTIERREZ and others.*

Well, what is wrong?

ESCOBAR. We came to tell you, Senior,  
We think it time that we turn back.

COLUMBUS. Turn back?

A strange idea that!

SEVERAL. Oh, strange!

COLUMBUS. Why, yes,

With what we saw to-day—the herbs and  
flowers.

PINTOR. Humph! they were seen before,

COLUMBUS. But not the same—  
Not fresh and green; and then the small shore-  
fish

And birds too, birds of kinds that never sleep,  
Nor light, except on land—the singing birds  
That perched upon our mast.

ESCOBAR. If there were land—  
Three times it has been called—we now have  
passed it.

COLUMBUS. We may be in a bay.

ESCOBAR. You would not steer  
As Captain Pinzon wished.

COLUMBUS.                               The birds all flew  
This other way. I thought them flying home.

PINTOR. We are not birds.

ESCOBAR.                               Are going home though.

ROLDAN.                               Yes.

COLUMBUS. A pleasant swim! The ship is  
going on.

SEVERAL. No, no.

COLUMBUS. Why, men, you said the same  
before.

Have you forgot how many of you cried,  
Ay, cried, in fear of burning skies above  
The Teneriffe volcano?—and I said  
It would not harm you. Did it? Then shot  
by

Those meteors; and I said they too would pass.  
Did I mistake? Then tireless western winds;  
But east winds turned them. Then a glassy  
sea;

But billows broke it. Then came signs of  
land;

And now they multiply, as I had hoped.

If right so far, then I have earned your trust.

ESCOBAR. Ugh! Those are old tales now.

SEVERAL.                               Yes.

COLUMBUS.                               Let them be so.

The land toward which we sail is not unknown;  
Those who have seen it say, that all the gold  
In all of Europe grouped and fused to make

A single mass, would hardly form one cliff  
Of endless mountain ranges that are there.

ROLDAN. Hear that now!

COLUMBUS. They would be enough to make  
A lord, at home, of every one of you  
Without the title; but, think you, the court,  
The courtiers, would not wish you this besides?  
You, who had burned through unknown darkness here  
More brilliantly than comets through the  
sky?—

I mean it, for the trail you leave behind  
Will write in deathless light around the world  
The endless glory of our Christian Spain.

ROLDAN and OTHERS. Yes, yes.

ESCOBAR. No, no, come on!  
(*moving toward COLUMBUS, and urging others to do the same*).

PINTOR (*to ROLDAN and those who hold back*).  
Ay, you are pledged.

Lay hands upon him. Make him yield.

ESCOBAR *approaches* COLUMBUS. *He and*  
BARTHOLOMEW *draw their swords*.

COLUMBUS (*to ESCOBAR*). Stand back.

I represent the king.

ESCOBAR. And we your slaves?

COLUMBUS. Far better so than slaves to one  
another.

Lay hands on me, not I alone will have

A score of masters. Look you to your mates.  
You pledged yourselves to stand together?  
What?—

Have you, or you, no foe in all this crew?  
And now you place your life in that foe's  
hands?

When all he needs to raise himself in Spain  
Is telling truth—no more—Humph! will he  
not tell?

Ay, kill me, drown me, I shall be avenged.  
When bad men band, then traitors fill the  
camp;

And, if a fair foe fail, the foul will not,  
For in that fight are God and devil both.

ROLDAN. Humph! I must not be found here.

PINTOR. (*leaving the mutineers.*) No, nor I.

COLUMBUS (*to BARTHOLOMEW*). At last the tide  
has turned. Heaven help me now.

(*to the sailors.*)

I thought that I had officers and men  
Too manly to see one man stand alone,—  
That some would stand beside me. Was I  
wrong?

SANCHEZ. No.

GUTIERREZ. No.

(ROLDAN *and those with him come beside*  
SANCHEZ *and GUTIERREZ. They ap-*  
*proach* COLUMBUS. ESCOBAR *falls*  
*back.*)

COLUMBUS. I thank you, men. I hoped as much.

And now—why you are my brave crew again;—  
Have been so brave, I could not bear to think  
That you could fail of perfect victory—  
Here, too, almost in sight. How you would  
feel

• When, after that next voyage—which now  
we know

That some one else would make, did we go  
home—

You saw the wreaths and wealth that you alone  
Had really won, deck other's heads and hands!

SANCHEZ. Well asked!

ROLDAN. Ay, ay.

COLUMBUS. You had forgotten this.

Well, now let us forget what just has happened.

You know, men, that the same ship holds us  
all;

And all that comes to you must come to me.

ROLDAN. It must.

COLUMBUS. Then let the matter rest. Enough!  
Now to your places.

*Exeunt—Left—into the hatchway—ES-*  
*COBAR, ROLDAN, PINTOR and others;*  
*On deck, Right—SANCHEZ; Left—*  
*GUTIERREZ. COLUMBUS continues*  
*to BARTHOLOMEW.*

One more crisis passed!

How many further?—Lord, how long! how long! (*He looks off over the sea.*)

Because a soul will gaze at darkness thus,  
It does not prove he sees—mere habit. Ah!

(*A slightly moving light appears in the back distance at the Left; i.e., in the direction in which the ship is sailing; and another steady light at the Right.*)

COLUMBUS (*looking at the Left light*). What light is that?

BARTHOLOMEW. It cannot be the Pinta's?—  
(*looking at the Right light*).

No; it sails there.

COLUMBUS. And yet, I thought—why yes;  
(*looking farther to the Right*).

The Nina is behind too.

BARTHOLOMEW. Then that there?—  
(*pointing to the Left light*).

COLUMBUS. It cannot be a star! Are we deceived? (*beckoning to the Left Rear*.)

Don Gutierrez, come and help us, please.

*Enter—Left Rear—DON GUTIERREZ.*  
(*all salute.*)

COLUMBUS (*pointing toward the Left light*).

Can you see anything off here?

GUTIERREZ. Why yes—

The Pinta.

COLUMBUS (*pointing to the Right light*). No; is there.

GUTIERREZ. Humph! so it is.

The Nina is ahead, then?

BARTHOLOMEW (*pointing to the Right again*).

No, look back.

GUTIERREZ. Yet some ship's light.

COLUMBUS. It could not be a star?

GUTIERREZ. How could it be?

COLUMBUS. The Inspector there: ask him.  
Inspector?

(*Calling to some one beyond the Right Front*).

*Enter—Right Front—SANCHEZ and salutes.*

SANCHEZ. Senior?

COLUMBUS (*pointing to the Left light*)

Can you see that light?

SANCHEZ. Where?

COLUMBUS. There, beyond the Pinta's.

SANCHEZ. Yes. I thought  
The Nina was behind us.

COLUMBUS (*pointing to the Right light*).

So she is.

SANCHEZ. What? can another ship have sailed  
off here?

COLUMBUS. Another ship, eh? Watch it further.

GUTIERREZ. Why,—

I think it moves.

SANCHEZ. It does!

COLUMBUS. Not up and down

As if on waves, but to and fro?

GUTIERREZ. Just so!



COLUMBUS. And some long distance to and fro.  
(*The light makes this motion.*)

SANCHEZ. Shall call  
The others?

COLUMBUS. No, not yet—no false alarm!

GUTIERREZ. You think it land?

COLUMBUS (*nodding*). Inhabited by men.

GUTIERREZ. By men?—Good God!

BARTHOLOMEW. Yes, you may well say good.

GUTIERREZ. I think I see what seems a line  
of surf.

COLUMBUS. Perhaps. If so, the Pinta nears it.  
Wait!

Is almost daybreak. We shall hear her gun.

SANCHEZ. Your order that a false report would  
stop

The starter's chance for the discovery-prize  
Will keep the signal back till all are sure.

COLUMBUS. Best so! If blind men all were  
born blind, none

Were cursed by losing sight. In nights like this,  
Not unawakened hope I dread, as much  
As wakening disappointment.

(*The report of a gun is heard.*)

What? so soon?

SANCHEZ. It must be true!

COLUMBUS. No doubt of it!

GUTIERREZ. No, none.

(*The scene is gradually becoming brighter*)

*with the approaching dawn. Voices  
of the SAILORS are heard.)*

COLUMBUS. The sailors! I must go now.

You receive them;

And wait till I return. An hour as grand

As this one should be welcomed fittingly.

*Exit—Right—into the cabin, COLUMBUS.*

*Enter—Left—from the hold, ESCOBAR, ROLDAN,*

*PINTOR, and others.*

*Enter—Right—others.*

*(ROLDAN rushes to the Left, and gazes towards  
where the light was first seen.)*

ESCOBAR. A false report, of course!

PINTOR. Of course, but then——

ROLDAN. Good heavens, it is true!

ESCOBAR. True?

ROLDAN. There is land.

ESCOBAR. It cannot be.

ROLDAN. It is. Look there.

PINTOR *(contemptuously, after looking not exactly  
where ROLDAN points).* A cloud.

ROLDAN. Cloud? No. As clear as daylight,  
man. Dry land.

ESCOBAR. It is, hurrah!

PINTOR. You think so?

ESCOBAR. Are you blind?

Is no mistake, it is land!

*(to the other SAILORS).*

Boys, hurrah!

SAILORS. Land, land!

ROLDAN. No doubt of it!

SAILORS. Hurrah!

*(They embrace each other and make wild demonstrations of delight.)*

ESCOBAR *(looking toward the Cabin Entrance—  
and calling aloud)*.

The admiral!

ROLDAN. Three cheers!

PINTOR. The admiral!

ROLDAN. He does not know it yet?

SANCHEZ. Trust him for that.

SAILORS *(shouting)*.

The admiral! Hurrah! The admiral!

SANCHEZ. "All hail the Queen," now. That  
will fetch him. Sing.

*(All remove their caps and chant the following):*

#### ALL HAIL THE QUEEN.<sup>1</sup>

All hail the Queen.

No thrills can fill the lover's breast  
For that first love he loves the best,  
Like ours that throb to each appeal  
Of her in whom, enthroned above

<sup>1</sup> "The crew were now assembled on the decks of the several ships, to return thanks to God for their prosperous voyage, and their happy discovery of land, chanting the *Salve Regina* and other anthems. Such was the solemn manner in which Columbus celebrated all his discoveries." *(Irving's Columbus: Book VI., Chap. I.)*

The nation's heart, we see, we feel  
The symbol of the sway we love,  
The while we hail our Queen.

All hail the Queen.  
No cause can rouse the soul of strife  
In men who war for child and wife,  
Like ours that, where her battles be,  
Know not of rest until above  
The foe that falls, enthroned we see  
The symbol of the sway we love,  
The while we hail our Queen.

All hail the Queen.  
No loyalty can make a son  
Show what a mother's love has done,  
Like ours who press through land and sea,  
Our one reward to find above  
Our gains that show what man can be,  
The symbol of the sway we love.  
The while we hail our Queen.

*(While this song is being sung, the scenery at the back of the stage moves from Left to Right, thus representing the gradual approach of the ship to land. Before the music ceases, COLUMBUS appears in full uniform on the platform at the Right above the cabin. He is clothed in scarlet. Behind him stands a standard-bearer holding aloft the royal standard, and on either side of this, two others hold the banners of*

*the enterprise, emblazoned with a green cross flanked by the letters F and Y, the initials of Fernando and Isabel. (Irving's Columbus. Book IV., Chap. I., also Book VI., Chap. I.)*

ROLDAN (*catching sight of COLUMBUS*).

See there!

ESCOBAR. Ah, there he is.

SAILORS. Hurrah! hurrah!

ESCOBAR (*shouting to COLUMBUS*). Ay, you were right—were right!

ROLDAN. As he is always!

ESCOBAR. I told you so.

ROLDAN (*aside to ESCOBAR*).

You did?—What time was that?

PINTOR. The Admiral forever!

ROLDAN (*aside to PINTOR*). Ay, since when?  
(*shouting aloud.*)

Let him remember who have been his friends.

ESCOBAR. Ay, that he will.

ROLDAN. We knew you would succeed.

PINTOR. The greatest hour that Spain has ever known.

ESCOBAR. Gained through the greatest man that Spain has had.

(*to the SAILORS.*)

Here, swear him your allegiance. Down, men, down.

(*All fall on their knees before COLUMBUS.*)

COLUMBUS. I thank you, men, both for myself and those

Who sent us forth; and join with you to swear  
Allegiance to our sovereigns—more than this,

*(pointing to the cross upon the banner),*

To that far higher Power that they too serve  
Whose emblem is inscribed upon our banner.

In that we conquer. When we disembark

Our hands will plant the cross just where we land.

And now—you seem exultant—I confess

To awe like that which Moses must have felt

When God's own hand had touched him as it  
passed.

I cannot stand—nay, let me kneel with you  
With praise, thanksgiving, and new-vowed  
devotion.

*(They all kneel beneath the standard, and  
while the scenery, moving behind,  
represents the approach to land, after  
a few moments of silence, except for  
the music of the orchestra, they chant  
the following):*

O God of all things living,  
Our Sovereign, Saviour, Guide,  
All gifts are of Thy giving,  
All gains by Thee supplied.  
The stars that make  
High hopes awake  
But beacon what Thou seest.

The stroke and stress  
That earn success  
Are but what Thou decreëst.  
O God of all things living,  
Our Sovereign, Saviour, Guide,  
All gifts are of Thy giving,  
All gains by Thee supplied.

O God, all good bestowing  
On souls that seek Thy way,  
Our hearts, with joy o'erflowing,  
Give thanks to Thee to-day.  
In all the past  
Whose blessings last,  
Thy presence fills the story;  
And all the gleams  
That gild our dreams  
Obtain from Thee their glory.  
O God, all good bestowing  
On souls that seek Thy way,  
Our hearts with joy o'erflowing,  
Give thanks to Thee to-day.

CURTAIN. END OF ACT III.

## ACT FOURTH.

[SCENE FIRST.—*Reception room in a house in Spain.*

*Entrances—Right and Left.*

*Enter—Left—BEATRIX.*

*Enter—Right—COLUMBUS and DIEGO.*

BEATRIX. Returned? Thank God!

COLUMBUS. Yes, God alone could do it.

*(to DIEGO, as voices are heard from without.)*

In pity for me, Diego, send them off;

And say that I to-night will tell them all.

*Exit—Right—DIEGO.*

*(to BEATRIX.)*

How fares our son, Fernando?

BEATRIX.

Grown and strong.

Is out just now—will not be back till noon.

I thought you coming when I heard the noise.

COLUMBUS. Ah, yes, as I remember, when I left,

I roused a noise too.

BEATRIX.

You have roused one now

That all the world will hear.

COLUMBUS.

You never praise



A wind, because it makes the sea-waves roar:  
It may be empty, and it may do harm.

A man should judge men's noises at their  
worth.

BEATRIX. To think I ever joined with them  
against you!

COLUMBUS. Why, what were woman's nature,  
void of fine

Susceptibility on edge to play  
Society's deft weather-vane? You know  
Society is like the atmosphere:  
Is always round us, and is all alike,—  
All warm in sunshine and all chill in storm.  
And you—you did not see me at the time,  
Surrounded by my friends, but foes.

BEATRIX. If you

Had heard the talk!

COLUMBUS. I heard too much of it.

BEATRIX. You found the land though!

COLUMBUS. Yes, and such a land!

BEATRIX. As fair as this?

COLUMBUS. A land of endless May,  
And set in seas transparent as their skies;  
Where every kind of spice, grain, fruit and  
flower

Teems in green valleys that need not be tilled,  
All crowned on high by mounts, whose gold  
and gems

Lie on the surface.

BEATRIX.                   And belong to you!—

What joy to feel that now it all is over!

COLUMBUS. All never will be over in this world.

The great care passes, but trails lesser cares

That aggregate no less of worry.

BEATRIX.   True;

But when the land was found——

COLUMBUS.                   One ship was wrecked;

And twice returning, too, we all seemed lost.

If so, the whole would have been lost that now

Is found.

BEATRIX.                   And then?

COLUMBUS.                   I vowed a pilgrimage,

Wrote out our story. Like the wine it was,

I sealed it in a cask, and let it float.

BEATRIX. But reached the land!

COLUMBUS.                   Yes, first at the Azores

As wet as fish, too. That was why, perhaps,

The Portuguese there spread their nets for us,

And not their tables.

BEATRIX.   Nets?

COLUMBUS.                   To trap us, yes.

BEATRIX. But why?

COLUMBUS. To get our charts, resail our course,

And claim the credit of it.

BEATRIX.   They could not

Have been successful.

COLUMBUS.                   Not if we had lived.

BEATRIX. But yet——

COLUMBUS. No but! Our ship was driven then  
To Portugal itself—by accident,  
Of course: a storm came on—and there the  
court  
Were soft as cats are, when they play with  
mice.

The fur, though, did not wholly glove the claw,  
Nor cloak a plot to murder us. It failed.  
Instead, Francisco de Almeida sails,  
With secret orders from the envious court,  
To cross the sea, and make our gain his own.  
BEATRIX. But Spain will right you, give you  
titles?—fame?——

COLUMBUS. You rate them first?

BEATRIX. But wealth will come with them.

COLUMBUS. If I had worked for these, I had  
not lived

The life I have.

BEATRIX. If you have not worked for them  
In part, at least, you are not what I thought.

COLUMBUS. How so?

BEATRIX. You mean that you could tamely  
waive

Your rights—your children's too—to fame  
and wealth?

COLUMBUS. I see—I had not thought.

BEATRIX. Oh, yes; a mind  
May be so wholly filled with its own thoughts,  
They crowd out thoughts for others.

COLUMBUS. Think you so?

I must correct the fault.

BEATRIX. You now have time.

How sweet to settle down upon your honors!

COLUMBUS. What, what?—You think I am prepared for that?

BEATRIX. You are not young.

COLUMBUS. No; fifty-eight.

BEATRIX. Not strong.

COLUMBUS. To-day there came a letter from the sovereigns.

It begs my presence to prepare with them

A second expedition.

BEATRIX. You to lead it?—

You will?

COLUMBUS. Why not?

BEATRIX. Why, you have earned your rest.

COLUMBUS. From whence?—I do not feel it given me here.

*(placing his hand on his heart.)*

BEATRIX. Are not content yet?—What an appetite

Has man's ambition! all that gluts to-day

But bringing greater hunger for the morrow;

A fire consuming all it feeds upon,

Still flaming upward and beyond it all.

COLUMBUS. True!—but of more than you apply it to,—

Of those desires that are but of the soul.

I strove to find the Indies. Are they found?  
To plant the cross in all those lands; and yet  
Great lands wait undiscovered.

BEATRIX. Other ships  
Are sure to sail and reach them.

COLUMBUS. Ay, they may.  
But all that I can know is that the call  
Has come to me.

BEATRIX. Well, well, if you say must,  
Perhaps it must be. Still—if you be needed—  
You think you are—mark one thing: you can  
make  
Your own terms with the sovereigns.

*Enter—Right—DIEGO.*

COLUMBUS. What?

BEATRIX. Your terms—  
Demand your rights, and mine—your son's  
and mine.

*Enter—Left—a MAID who speaks aside to*  
BEATRIX.

DIEGO (*aside to COLUMBUS*). Ah, nothing like  
a she-hand, skill'd in needles,  
To prick man's vanity, and gown the hurt  
In vain disguises! When unselfish zeal  
Demands investment in the mail of force,  
He that of old had spirit to inspire  
Swings but a sword that cleaves a scar for  
greed.

(*to BEATRIX who is looking toward him.*)

As rich must he be as a king ere long.

That ought to satisfy you.

(to COLUMBUS, referring to the crowd outside the house.)

Yes, I sent

Them off.

BEATRIX (to the two men, as she turns from talking to the MAID). Excuse me for a moment.

BEATRIX bows to COLUMBUS and DIEGO, and they bow to her. As BEATRIX turns away, DIEGO continues to talk aside to COLUMBUS, shaking his head as if disapprovingly.

*Exeunt—Left—*BEATRIX and MAID.

DIEGO (to COLUMBUS, as if continuing a conversation).

Will waive that then.—Now tell me of the people.

COLUMBUS. A noble race, who live there in a state

Almost of Paradise, their wants but few;

And nature so profuse—I tell you truth—

They neither toil nor spin.

DIEGO. Nor spin? Why how  
About their clothing?

COLUMBUS. Is not needed.

DIEGO. What?

COLUMBUS. Oh, you get used to that!

DIEGO. Then how about—  
Their character?

COLUMBUS. Is not so much a thing  
Of clothes as Europeans think, perhaps.

DIEGO. But then——

COLUMBUS. The Turks keep faces veiled; turn  
all

The body into private parts—what for?  
If ill-desire be fruit of thinking, germed  
In curiosity, to clear away  
Some underbrush, and let in light might help  
To blight the marsh-weed, and reveal, besides  
Part of the beauty that brought bliss to Eden.

DIEGO. You mean——

COLUMBUS. That nothing like a length of robe,  
Material in substance and suggestion,  
Can stole an anti-spirit-ministry.  
It bags what heaven made that the world may  
deem

The bag well baited for a game of hell.

DIEGO. You talk in riddles.

COLUMBUS. Read a page or two  
From human nature, they are solved. Out  
there,

Except with chiefs—it is the same, you know,  
With our high classes—people live in pairs,  
As birds do; and, myself, I saw no hint  
Of lust or competition. They all seem  
To love their neighbors as themselves, and  
own

All things in common. Why, to us they gave

Whatever we could ask; and often too  
Without the dimmest prospect of return.

DIEGO. They welcomed you?

COLUMBUS. They thought us fresh from heaven:  
Our flesh was fair; that wide, wild sea our  
slave.

Oh, what a race to be made Christians of!

DIEGO. What for?

COLUMBUS. Why, only give such men religion——

DIEGO. With lives of love, and welcoming  
guests from heaven——

Where would you find much more in Christian  
Spain?

COLUMBUS. Well, but——

DIEGO. Precisely what I mean—a butt.

COLUMBUS. You always will be butting some  
thing.

DIEGO. Yes,  
A family trait with both of us, I think.  
Were I a man of action like yourself,  
I might not doubt but do.

COLUMBUS. Not undo, eh?—  
You mean you doubt my statements?

DIEGO. Hardly that,  
But I was thinking——

COLUMBUS. Thinking has its dangers.

DIEGO. Yes, but for it I should have been a  
priest.



At present, am confessor but to you.  
And my advice is,—not to say to others  
What you have said to me.

COLUMBUS. Why?

DIEGO. It would make  
The world suspect you.

COLUMBUS. How?—and what?

DIEGO. Why, say,  
Your faith.

COLUMBUS. Impossible! God knows—they  
know—

The purpose of my life.—

DIEGO. Your life! But faith—  
Seems not to-day a thing of life, but talk;  
And God—He has not much to do with it.  
A man of faith, is one whose faith in those  
To whom he talks will make him talk their  
thoughts.

None here will think that what you say can  
be.

COLUMBUS. Not even you?

DIEGO. Why, yes,—but yes and no.  
The power that makes imagination burst  
Through limits of our world, as you have  
done,  
To find this new world, makes it pass beyond  
them.

The glories of that sunset-land may all  
Be in the land you saw, or in the sky.

COLUMBUS. I see your meaning.

*Enter—Left—*BEATRIX.

DIEGO. If your mounts of gold too  
Do not come tumbling very speedily  
To fill the itching lap of Spain, why then,  
We know who will be blamed.

COLUMBUS. Oh, but they will!

BEATRIX. Now, gentlemen, if you will walk in  
here (*motioning toward the Left,*)

A luncheon waits: and I have news for you,  
Both bright and black.

COLUMBUS. Humph!—nothing bright can come,  
But brings beside it something in the shade.

BEATRIX. The court, so Dona Bobadilla writes,  
Will welcome you in state at Barcelona.

DIEGO. Well, that is bright. Now tell us what  
is black?

BEATRIX. That Pinzon's crew has reached  
Bayonne; and there  
The man has claimed your honors as his  
own.

COLUMBUS. What perfidy!—Would make us all  
turn back

Before we found the land, and after that  
A claim like this!

DIEGO. To herald his delight  
In what he made you do!—Yet not surprising!  
The train of genius marshals everywhere  
Distrust before success, and envy after.

*Exeunt—Right—*BEATRIX, COLUMBUS *and*  
DIEGO.]

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SCENE SECOND.—*A temporary Pavilion, erected in front of the royal residence at Barcelona. In the extreme background, beyond an open place, is the exterior of the house of Cardinal Mendoza. In front of this house, are awnings or curtains, which, at the conclusion of SCENE SECOND, are to be lifted or drawn aside in order to prepare for SCENE THIRD. To the Right are parts of the Palace, to the Left are pillars supporting the Pavilion. Within the Pavilion, is an elevated platform on which are four throne chairs.*

*Entrances:—Right Rear—into the open place beyond the Palace; Right Front—in front of the Palace; Left Rear—open place beyond the Pavilion; Left, farther forward—between the pillars of the Pavilion; and Left Front—at the side of the Pavilion.*

*The curtain rising reveals the KING and QUEEN and PRINCE JUAN, seated upon the throne, attended by the dignitaries of their court and the principal nobility of Castile, Valentia, Catalonia and Aragon; also GONZALEZ, ARANA, FONSECA, BREVIESCA and others. The royal choir are at the extreme Left Front, and*

*spectators of the more common sort at the Right and in the Rear. All seem enthusiastic.*

*Music by orchestra and choir, with the following words:*

HAIL TO THE HERO, HOME FROM STRIFE.

Hail to the hero, home from strife,  
Pride of our hearts and hope of our life,  
Hail to his glancing crest and plume,  
Flashed like lightning into the gloom.  
Hail to the grit that, when borne from view,  
Out of the darkness brought him through,  
Sprout of the slough-pit, bud of the thorn,  
After the night  
The light of the morn.  
Crown him with flowers and cull them bright,  
Crown him, the man of the land's delight.

Hail to the hero, home from strife,  
Pride of our hearts and hope of our life.  
Hail to the ring of the voice that taught  
Drumming and roaring the rhythm of thought.  
Hail to the tone that could change to a cheer  
Groan and shriek of a startled fear,  
Hushing to rills the flood that whirled,  
Chorusing night  
With songs of the bird.  
Shout him a welcome, and shout with might,  
Shout for the man of the land's delight.

*Enter—Right Rear—during the song, the following procession:*

*First come SOLDIERS who march across the*

*stage to the Left Rear—then halt, turn toward the audience, and stand on guard at the Rear. Following the soldiers, surrounded by a brilliant throng of Spanish cavaliers, comes COLUMBUS. He is on horseback, but dismounts at the entrance of the pavilion and enters it. As he does so, the KING, QUEEN and PRINCE rise to welcome him. COLUMBUS kneels, the KING instantly takes his hand and motions to him to seat himself as they do on the slightly elevated platform. He is the only one besides the KING, QUEEN and PRINCE who is seated.*

*While the KING, QUEEN, and COLUMBUS continue to talk, there come men bearing various kinds of parrots together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species and rare plants supposed to be of precious qualities. A display is also made of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold. Last of all come Indians brought from America. They are painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with their national ornaments. As those who are in the procession approach the*

*pavilion, each in turn salutes the KING and QUEEN, who remain sitting as also does COLUMBUS.*

*(See Irving's COLUMBUS: Book V., Chapter VI.)*

*Enter—Right Front—DIEGO and BEATRIX, and stand watching the ceremonies.*

KING *(just as COLUMBUS seats himself beside him)*.

Well done, thou good and faithful servant.

QUEEN.

Yes,

The land was where you said it was.

COLUMBUS.

Not more

Than eighty leagues from where I reckoned it.

QUEEN. A rich land too?

COLUMBUS *(motioning to the attendants who in marching past exhibit, as he mentions them, the different objects which they are carrying)*.

You see what we have brought:—

These birds and animals unknown to Spain,  
All promising vast wealth in plumes and furs;  
These trees and plants that grow like reeds in  
swamps,

And covered thick as leaves with ready food;  
These aromatic herbs, in which all forms  
Of sickness find a sure and natural cure;  
This gold that lies upon the soil like dust,  
Or else like pebbles tumbling from the cliffs,  
And easily moulded into ornaments;

These pearls and gems that line the river-beds;  
And these brave people, sons of God like us,  
With generous natures and compliant wills,  
Who met us kneeling, as we knelt on shore,  
With reverent souls prepared by heaven itself  
To welcome us as heavenly messengers;  
And who to be made whole in holiness  
Need but the cleansing water of the church.  
Are these not eloquent beyond the power  
Of mortal lips?

QUEEN. They are.

KING. They are.

ALL. Yes, yes.

[COLUMBUS. But what that land contains is in  
supply

As far beyond the treasure here, as is  
A whole vast continent beyond the store  
That can be packed in one small vessel. Yes,  
That realm of boundless wealth in rock and  
soil

And boundless progress for the state and soul,  
Past all that human fancy can conceive,  
Lies there, embed in crystal seas and skies,  
A wondrous gift, fresh from the hand of God,  
As if untarnished by the touch of man,  
Awaiting your most Christian Majesties.]

KING (*standing, as all do*). Give God the praise.

PEOPLE. Thank God. Amen, amen.

KING (*to COLUMBUS, who when addressed,*

*descends from the platform*). You hear  
the people and their whole-souled thanks.  
We but fulfill their wishes, crowning you  
With every proof of royal approbation.  
We now decree that, through all time hence-  
forth,  
You shall be known as Admiral, Viceroy,  
And, if once more you cross the sea for us,  
Commander-General of all armaments,  
And Governor of all realms awaiting there,  
The bearer of the royal seal, with power  
To name your own successor and to will  
Your own inheritance; and evermore  
These arms here are decreed your family.

*Enter—Left Rear—an attendant bearing  
a banner in which the royal arms, the  
castle and lion, are quartered with a  
group of islands surrounded by waves  
and under them the motto:*

*“To Castile and Leon*

*Columbus gave a new world.”*

*(See Irving's COLUMBUS: Book V., Chapter VII.)*

DIEGO *(at the extreme Right Front—to BEATRIX)*.

You think he needed all those titles?

BEATRIX.

Why?

DIEGO. I think they sound like you.

BEATRIX.

Well, what of that?

He ought to make his own terms with the  
sovereigns,—



Demand his rights, and mine—my son's and mine.

DIEGO. When hunting sometimes, I have found that birds

Of brightest plumage are the soonest shot.

This is a world where many men go hunting.

KING (*continuing to COLUMBUS*).

And more than this: of all the ships in Spain

We authorize your choice of which you will,

With power to force each captain, pilot, crew,

Or owner of a vessel, arms or stores,

To do your bidding; and besides we pledge

Two-thirds of all the royal revenues

Derived from our church tithes, and all that comes

From confiscating all the property

Of all the Jews, whom now, to yield us this,

We banish from our realm.

PEOPLE (*with fervor and exultation*).

God bless the king!

FONSECA. God bless your Christian Majesties!

OTHERS. God bless!

[COLUMBUS. You do me honor, overmuch, I fear.

And I too would give praise where all is due;

And that with deeds, not words. In view, this day,

Of all the wealth that, with the power you give,

Is destined now to come to me, I vow  
 To raise and arm, inside of twice four years,  
 Four thousand horse and twice as many foot,  
 And just as many more in five years more,  
 To drive to death the heathen Saracen  
 And wrest from him the Holy Sepulchre.

PEOPLE. Oh, God! we thank thee!

OTHERS. Glory to the Lord!!

KING. Now let us, all together, seek the  
 church,

And praise Him, as is meet for these vast  
 boons

Vouchsafed to Christian Spain, there to con-  
 vert (*motioning toward the INDIANS.*)

By holy baptism these heathen souls.

ARANA (*to FONSECA, exultingly*).

The day begins when all the earth and all  
 Its wealth shall be converted unto us.

*Exeunt—Left—*KING, QUEEN, PRINCE, COLUM-  
 BUS, *Courtiers, Indians, etc.*

*Exeunt—Right—*DIEGO, BEATRIX *and others.*  
 (*While the rest are leaving the choir chant as follows:*)

Oh soul, what earthly crown  
 Is bright as his renown  
 Whose tireless race  
 Outruns the world's too halting pace,  
 To reach beyond the things men heed  
 That which they know not of, but need!

Oh soul, what man can be  
 As near to Christ as he  
 Who looks to life  
 Not first for fame and last for strife;  
 But shuns no loss nor pain that brings  
 The world to new and better things!

*Exeunt—Left—Choir.*

*Awnings in front of the house of MENDOZA rise  
 revealing Scene Third.*

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SCENE THIRD:—*Interior of a banqueting hall in  
 the house of MENDOZA. A table crosses the  
 stage at the Rear. Behind it in the Center, on a  
 seat slightly raised above the rest, is COLUMBUS.  
 At the right end of the table is MENDOZA: at the  
 left end, FONSECA and BREVIESCA. Others  
 arranged as suits convenience.*

BREVIESCA (*to FONSECA*).

What native here has ever yet received  
 Such royal honors?—Why, the sovereigns  
 both

Stood up to greet him, hesitated, too,  
 To let him kneel, and sat him in their presence.

FONSECA. He sat, too, on the throne.

BREVIESCA. I never saw  
 A Spainard treated thus.

FONSECA. He takes it all  
 As if his due.

BREVIESCA. Wait!—let me put him down—  
In thought, at least.

(to COLUMBUS, who sits playing with an egg on  
the table.)

Say, Admiral, do you think  
If you had not made this discovery  
That no one else in Spain here could have done  
it?

COLUMBUS. That seems a new idea.

MENDOZA. So it is.

COLUMBUS. I never asked myself about that  
yet—

Oh, by the way, can any of you here  
Make this thing stand on end?

(GONZALEZ, BREVIESCA and FONSECA be-  
gin to experiment, as do others, with  
eggs lying on the table near them.)

FONSECA. An egg?

COLUMBUS. An egg.

MENDOZA. Can it be done?

COLUMBUS. Why, yes, you try it.

MENDOZA (trying). No;

I give it up.

FONSECA. And I.

COLUMBUS (to BREVIESCA).

You give it up?

BREVIESCA. I fail to see how—

COLUMBUS (setting the egg down on its small  
end with enough force to break the shell

*and make it stand*). Now you see it—  
there!

MENDOZA. Oh!

BREVIESCA. That is nothing!

COLUMBUS. Yes, like other things,  
Is easy enough, when once you see it done.

*(Laughter.)*

CURTAIN. END OF ACT IV.

## ACT FIFTH.

SCENE FIRST:—*A camp on the Island of Hispaniola, Backing, a clearing, amid woods with thick forests in the distance. At the Right and Left, trees; at the Left near the Front, the hut of COLUMBUS. Entrances at the Right—Rear, and Front—between trees; at the Left—Rear, behind the hut of COLUMBUS; farther forward, opening into this hut; and Front, between trees.*

*Enter—Right Rear—ESCOBAR and GAMEZ.*

ESCOBAR. Ojeda, when his boats were on the coast,

Said that at home the Admiral's cause was lost.

Our notes have reached there. They have learned at last,

How Spaniards, ay, and Spanish nobles too,  
Are lorded over by this foreigner.

GAMEZ. And now he has been superseded?

ESCOBAR.

Yes,

By Bobadilla.

GAMEZ. Who is he?

ESCOBAR.

Enough,

If but a Spaniard.

GAMEZ. Strange, though, all the same!  
[ESCOBAR. I hear Breviesca and his bishop there,  
Who was Fonseca, now rule everything;  
That they it was, who got the crown to give  
Ojeda all the Admiral's charts and half  
His rights too; and would grant indulgences  
Without a stint if they could have their way  
To any here who struck him down.

GAMEZ. Why so?]

ESCOBAR. You never heard about his impudence,

When brought before the bishops, years ago?

GAMEZ. At Salamanca, yes; but he was right.

ESCOBAR. Or how he knocked down Breviesca,  
when

Fonseca's messenger?—Besides, who wants  
To blacken Spain with shade from Genoa?  
Well, Bobadilla's men have come; and when  
His troopers flash in sight here, why, these eyes  
That have been straining so to see them come  
Will scratch some blinks to cure their vision's  
itching.

*Enter—Right Front—an old INDIAN, and advances  
toward ESCOBAR, who addresses him.*

Humph! Who are you, old cove?—What?—  
Clear the air.

Stand off a white man's shadow.

INDIAN. Me would see  
The Admiral.

ESCOBAR. Use your eyes then. Are you blind?

INDIAN. Me thought you know——

*Enter—Left Rear—COLUMBUS, and listens.*

ESCOBAR. What right had you to think?

And if we know, is it our business

To do your errands for you?

(INDIAN, *seeing COLUMBUS, passes toward the  
Left Rear.*)

GAMEZ (*laughingly to ESCOBAR*). Settled him.

COLUMBUS (*to INDIAN*).

What now?

INDIAN (*to COLUMBUS*).

Me wants to see you.

COLUMBUS (*motioning toward his cabin*).

Yes, but wait

In there a moment, please.

*Exit—Left—into the hut of COLUMBUS, the INDIAN.*

COLUMBUS *goes on to ESCOBAR.*

It would be wise

To keep the red-men friends; and friendship's  
light

Reflects but what is kindled in ourselves.

Extinguish it within, and soon without

We find our world in darkness.—Now, to  
work.

[The trenches must be dug, and no delay.

They threaten an attack.

GAMEZ.

Am I a man

For work like that?



COLUMBUS.                    Like what?

ESCOBAR.                    The work that lets  
These common laborers wipe their dirty paws  
Upon one's coat.

COLUMBUS.                Then take it off.

GAMEZ.                    Ay, ay;  
And grovel at their level.

COLUMBUS.                Does your rank  
Depend upon your coat?—pray heaven that  
you

Be born again, a new man and a true one.

GAMEZ.    You did not promise this work, when  
we sailed.

COLUMBUS.    The Spaniards had not shown their  
lust and greed,

Defiled the native women, killed the men,  
And, sent in squadrons to preserve the peace,  
All grasping for the whole of all they saw,  
Beset their comrades like a set of bulls  
Becrimsoned with each other's gore. Mere  
brutes!

No wonder they have disenchanted thus  
The people who at first believed them gods.  
Now get you gone—no waiting!

(COLUMBUS *turns toward his hut.*)

ESCOBAR (*to GAMEZ, shaking his fist at COLUMBUS's back*).                    Yes, until

We get you gone, which will not take us long.]  
*Exeunt—Right—GAMEZ and ESCOBAR.*

COLUMBUS (*going to his cabin and motioning the  
INDIAN to come out.*)

Well now, my friend, what is it?

INDIAN. White man kill

Our men and steal our women.

COLUMBUS. Yes—and I?

INDIAN. Kill white man.

COLUMBUS. What?

*Enter—Left Rear—BARTHOLOMEW, and stands  
by COLUMBUS.*

INDIAN. We Injun call you men  
Great-Spirit-men. Poor Injun when he die,  
When bad go here, when good go there.

(*pointing first down and then up.*)

COLUMBUS. What, you—

You Indians think this?

BARTHOLOMEW. I shall write that home.

Is more than some there seem to think.

COLUMBUS. It is.

(*to INDIAN.*)

And what of that, my friend?

INDIAN. White-spirit-chief  
Send bad men here and good men there.

(*pointing first down and then up.*)

COLUMBUS. I see—

Put down the bad, put up the good. Quite right!

And I will try to learn the lesson, friend.

INDIAN (*pointing in a half-frightened way toward  
the Right*).

Bad man come there.

(BARTHOLOMEW *steps toward the Right.*)

COLUMBUS. Humph, humph, please leave us then;

And wait in here again.

(*motioning toward his hut.*)

*Exit—Left—into the hut,* INDIAN. COLUMBUS  
*turns toward* BARTHOLOMEW.

Whom have we coming?

BARTHOLOMEW. A crowd of captives—women,  
as I think.

The men with them are Roldan's.

COLUMBUS. Only force

Can deal with them;—are all old criminals.

Suppose you bring a guard here.

BARTHOLOMEW. Yes, I will.

*Exit—Left—*BARTHOLOMEW.

*Enter—Right—*PINTOR.

COLUMBUS (*to* PINTOR). Back, Pintor?—Who  
are with you?

PINTOR. Household gods.

COLUMBUS. Whose are they?

PINTOR. Ours.

COLUMBUS. Oh, yours?—how came they yours?

PINTOR. By right of conquest.

COLUMBUS. What?

PINTOR. We killed their men.

COLUMBUS. And left them widows?

PINTOR. No; we made them brides.

We thought this kinder than to leave them widows.

COLUMBUS. Law-breakers!

PINTOR. Pugh! with all that you have seized,  
Made slaves of, sent to Spain and sold——

COLUMBUS. But they were captives from our foes.

*Enter—Left—BARTHOLOMEW, GUTIERREZ  
and a guard who cross the stage at the  
back, and march forward between  
PINTOR and the Right Side.*

PINTOR. Well I

Take any man who flushes red all over,  
As they do when I meet them, for a foe.

COLUMBUS. The slaves we sent to Spain were  
taken there

To be made Christians of.

PINTOR. And so with us—

Nice Christians, too; for we shall have them  
washed

And not made slaves, but take them to our  
homes,

And let them lead a free and easy life.

[COLUMBUS. You fail to see the danger? Why,  
their tribe

Will massacre us all; if not, your vices

Will bring you hell here, even while you live.

PINTOR. You know my story—was condemned  
to death——

For nothing, though—and then the court  
decreed,

Instead of this, that I should come out here;  
And if I make it hell, it seems to me,  
In hell is where they want me.]

COLUMBUS (*to* GUTIERREZ). Take this man,  
Remove his arms, and march him to the  
works.

(*To* PINTOR.)

Hereafter keep a hold upon your tongue.

[PINTOR. Ay, Senior; but be not so hard on  
me.

This land needs peopling.]

*Exit—Left—GUTIERREZ and SOLDIERS with*  
PINTOR.

[BARTHOLOMEW. And will need it more,  
If Spain send more of those vile wretches here.  
We all may be killed off.

COLUMBUS. And rightly so.

BARTHOLOMEW. Had I my way, a brute forever  
kicking

Against the law should go in bit and bridle;  
Ay, ay, to see a surgeon too. A touch  
Of horse-play—there were cuttings that would  
cure him

And all his kind. The best should let their  
land

Be peopled only by the best.

COLUMBUS. That might

Be wise; but where, pray, would you find the best?]

No man can tell which curse a country most;—  
Its gentlemen who feel above all work;  
Or workmen so far down they feel beneath  
All obligation to be gentlemen.

As for the first, heaven grant they soon find  
out

That this new world is not a place for  
them.

As for the second, if we plan no way  
To keep them on the other side the sea,  
Farewell to all the good we hope for here.

[*Enter—Left—GUTIERREZ.*

What now?

GUTIERREZ (*handing COLUMBUS a note*).

We found this when we searched him.

COLUMBUS.

Ay?

It seems not mine.

GUTIERREZ.

Perhaps it might be well

For you to read it.

COLUMBUS (*reading it*).

So?—I will. Why, why?

(*to BARTHOLOMEW.*)

Bartholomew, a new conspiracy!

BARTHOLOMEW. But that man could not write.

COLUMBUS.

Oh no; not he!

He merely carries it from one who can.

(*handing the note to BARTHOLOMEW.*)

This time, it seems the high and low will meet,  
And we, between them, will be crushed.

BARTHOLOMEW (*threateningly*). Perhaps.

COLUMBUS. It speaks about another fleet in  
port.

I thought the treachery that had given my  
charts

And right to govern islands west of here

To Pinzon and Ojeda was enough.

This tells of one who claims a jurisdiction

In our own island.

BARTHOLOMEW. Bobadilla, yes.

What will you do?

COLUMBUS. Divide and conquer.

(*To GUTIERREZ.*) Here!

GUTIERREZ. Ay, ay.

COLUMBUS. To chains with all those named in  
this.

(*handing GUTIERREZ the note.*)

The most should be at home now. Be alert.

*Exit—Left—GUTIERREZ.*

(*to BARTHOLOMEW.*)

Bartholomew, the rest of those condemned

For sharing in that last conspiracy,

Whom our too willing clemency had spared,

Should be brought out to-day and shot.

BARTHOLOMEW. But then——

COLUMBUS. I see no other way. When mercy  
fails

The cause is lost that does not call on justice.]  
(*Noises outside.*)

What noise is that—a riot?

BARTHOLOMEW (*who with COLUMBUS looks toward the Right*). No;—are cheers.

COLUMBUS. You make them out?

BARTHOLOMEW. Why, all the town is there!  
And look—our prisoners too!

COLUMBUS. What—those condemned  
To death?

BARTHOLOMEW. Ay, ay; and have the leadership;

And with them—can it be?—it is! there come  
The San Domingo traitors.

COLUMBUS. Is that so?  
(*looking toward the Left.*)

Here, here!

*Enter—Left—GUTIERREZ with the SOLDIERS.*

Ay, steady now. Stand there. On guard.

BARTHOLOMEW (*still looking toward the Right*).

They halt, consulting.—What? Can that  
be he?—

Velasquez, our sub-treasurer! Not so?

Juan de Travierra, too!

COLUMBUS. How strange!

Why, they were friends—and yet——

BARTHOLOMEW. Have left the rest—  
Are coming here.

COLUMBUS. Alone?



BARTHOLOMEW. I think so.

COLUMBUS. Yes.—

[But how to solve now what it means!—Can you?

BARTHOLOMEW. Who could?—The others have begun to follow.

COLUMBUS. Aha! They think that these will seem our friends;

And make an opening through which all can enter.

What keener point could treachery find to edge

Its wedge of enmity, than long-tried friendship? (*to the GUARD.*)

Make ready.—Wait.]

*Enter—Right—VELASQUEZ and another officer. They bow and COLUMBUS addresses them.*

Well, have you business here?

VELASQUEZ. We have been sent——

COLUMBUS. True men are never sent  
By their inferior. They will face him down;  
And not turn tail like driven beasts of burden.

VELASQUEZ. You do not know our message.

COLUMBUS. One may judge  
A message from its messengers. I see  
A crowd of common criminals. Were they  
Set free by you, yourselves are criminals.

VELASQUEZ. Your pardon; but——

[COLUMBUS. You should have asked for that  
Before you freed your pals there. No one  
here

Has any right to pardon men but me.

VELASQUEZ. But you mistake——]

COLUMBUS. I am the Viceroy.

Traitors to him are traitors to the king.

VELASQUEZ. You may not be this now.

COLUMBUS. What mean you?

VELASQUEZ (*handing him an official paper of  
which he holds many*). Here,

Is from the court.

COLUMBUS (*taking and reading it*).

An outrage! Yet but gives

This Bobadilla—who? and what is he?—

Authority to make investigations.

Insulting!—There is here no grant

For freeing captives that have been con-  
demned.

VELASQUEZ (*handing COLUMBUS another roll*).

They sent another paper.

COLUMBUS (*receiving and reading it*).

That I yield

All arms and ships and royal property—

Yes, yes, if the investigation warrants—

It will not though.

VELASQUEZ. Ah, but he says it does.

COLUMBUS. It does? Why, I have never seen  
this man.

VELASQUEZ. He has investigated.—

COLUMBUS. What?

VELASQUEZ. Your papers.

COLUMBUS. My papers?—Which and where?

VELASQUEZ. Those in your house.

COLUMBUS. He entered that?

VELASQUEZ. He lives there.

COLUMBUS. In my house?—

And reads my private papers?

VELASQUEZ. They were found,

While carrying out his other orders.

COLUMBUS. More?

VELASQUEZ (*handing other papers to COLUMBUS*).

Yes, these.

COLUMBUS (*receiving and reading them*).

That I should pay all wages due

With all arrears for royal services—

What then?

VELASQUEZ. He takes them from your property.

COLUMBUS. Without a word to me?—Why this means ruin!

And who decides the claims?—a man without

The means or inclination, as it seems,

To know the truth?—whose first official act

Is making friends by setting traitors free?

And violating both the laws of Spain

And common courtesy?—It is too much.

Away, and tell him I defy him. Say,

With all the rabble that are back of him,  
Enough are here yet that are loyal still  
To Spain and me, to crush one traitor more.  
VELASQUEZ. I fear the loyal must be all against  
you.

(*handing COLUMBUS another paper.*)

Read this:—a royal patent that invests  
This Bobadilla with all power and right  
Of governing these islands.

COLUMBUS (*looking at the paper*). Royal seals?  
It cannot be—but yet—

(*handing the paper to BARTHOLOMEW.*)

Can it be true?

I knew that we had enemies; but not  
That they could be so powerful.

BARTHOLOMEW. Shall we fight?

COLUMBUS. It might be useless; and it must be  
wise

To keep the right, when with us, with us yet.  
No; let us yield. My brother, there are times  
When wrongs are great that they may be  
perceived,

And emphasize the need of their redress.

[(*turning to GUTIERREZ and the GUARD.*)]

My men, this royal patent takes from me  
The government; bestows what powers were  
mine

On Bobadilla. All the loyalty  
Once shown to me, for which my gratitude

Will always thank you, now belongs to him.

GUTIERREZ. No, never.

GUARD. No.]

*Enter—Right—SANCHEZ, SOLDIERS, ESCOBAR,  
GAMEZ and a rabble.*

*Enter—Left—PINTOR.*

[COLUMBUS. It seems the sovereign's will.  
Help me by sharing with me what I bear.  
(to VELASQUEZ.)

Inform the governor we await his wishes.]

VELASQUEZ. There is another order.

COLUMBUS. Eh?

VELASQUEZ. Is with

This officer. (*gesturing toward SANCHEZ.*)

SANCHEZ (*advancing slowly toward COLUMBUS.*)

My orders—not desire.

COLUMBUS. Am I to die for serving Spain so  
well?

SANCHEZ (*to both COLUMBUS and BARTHOLOMEW.*)

Not that—Your swords.

COLUMBUS (*as he and BARTHOLOMEW give up  
their swords, as does also GUTIERREZ.*)

But worse than that!—What next?

SANCHEZ (*motioning to a SOLDIER who brings  
forward some handcuffs.*)

I act but for the court.

COLUMBUS. Are those for me?

What crime have I committed?

SANCHEZ. I know none.

COLUMBUS. I said I would submit. You doubt my word?

Or courage?—or persistency?—or what?

SANCHEZ. You must return to Spain.

COLUMBUS. In chains?—Who dares  
To place them on me?

*(looking at SANCHEZ and his GUARD.)*

SANCHEZ *(hesitating and looking around)*.

There are large rewards  
For him that does it. They are offered.—  
Speak. *(to COLUMBUS.)*

We all are friends, you see.

PINTOR. *(taking the handcuffs.)* Not all; not all!  
Here, let me have them, boys—am used to  
them.

A fair man gives what he receives, not so?  
*(puts them on COLUMBUS.)*

Here, curse you! Now fall overboard, and  
these

Will sink you, as we meant to, years ago.  
*(turning to BARTHOLOMEW and fastening another  
pair on him.)*

Now you too.

RABBLE. Ho, ho, ho!

COLUMBUS *(to BARTHOLOMEW)*. Bartholomew,  
A single bracelet is enough, men think,  
To show a common gratitude. But we,  
Why, we have two! They think their debt  
To us a doubled one! How it will thrill

Ambition in the future sons of Spain  
 To learn what badges of true servitude  
 Await the souls that serve her best. We, we  
 Who made of Spain the Empress of the West,  
 Have weightier honors waiting us,—to be  
 The slaves that, crushed to earth, will pedestal  
 The towering contrast of her sovereignty.

*Exeunt—Left—*SANCHEZ, *his* SOLDIERS, COLUMBUS and BARTHOLOMEW.

*Exeunt—Left and Right—*OMNES.

---

SCENE SECOND:—*A room belonging to a house in Seville. Near the Left entrance a chair or two and a sofa with one end raised on which to rest the head.*

*Entrances—at the Right—and Left.*

*(Enter—Right—*DIEGO *and* BEATRIX.)

DIEGO. You must not talk about his poverty.

BEATRIX. Why not?

DIEGO. Will kill him.

BEATRIX. I am nursing him.

DIEGO. Yes, all that grows toward death.

BEATRIX. If he had been  
 Content,—had left the land to others, when  
 Once found——

DIEGO. What? Can a mother leave her child,  
 When born—no more? Far less the land he  
 sought,

Than those grand hopes that he had based on  
it

As a foundation.

BEATRIX.                These he might have watched  
As well at home here.

DIEGO.                    Why, I thought it you  
Who urged him on to wealth. The wealth  
was there.

And how about those titles? All of them  
Were labels not of use unless he sailed.

BEATRIX. Why did he use them arbitrarily?

DIEGO. Less use than their possession gave  
offense.

Besides, we men are trained in government  
As well as manners. And the curse of force  
Is that its own mean methods keep alive  
Its first excuse for being. Tyranny  
May make of chaos order; but, when throned,  
Knows not a subject that is not a slave.  
Would one of those o'er whom my brother  
ruled,

Have bent the knee to an authority  
Not ermined in the old familiar guise  
Of arbitrariness?

BEATRIX.                Had he conceived  
How all would end!

DIEGO.                    It could not be conceived.

BEATRIX. But you conceived it.

DIEGO.                    I?



BEATRIX.               Why yes. You spake  
Of envy sure to follow.

DIEGO. Did I so?—

[BEATRIX. And it came true—as often so with  
you—

Not that I like you better for it, though.

DIEGO. My words come true, eh?—One might think they would;

So few regard them! It is one sure test  
Of prophets that they prophesy in vain.

BEATRIX. You might have urged your brother—

DIEGO. Oh, not I!

I never urge myself.

BEATRIX. But when you know——

DIEGO. Imagine only—not the same as knowing!

Imagination dreams: its dreams anon  
May leap Time's processes, or keen-eyed, spy  
The end from the beginning. Yet such  
dreams

Come but to him so stirred in sympathy  
With nature's courses, or inspired in aim  
For nature's goals, or swept on by its force,  
That sheer inertia of the soul outspeeds  
The pace of grosser matter.

BEATRIX.                               And to you  
At times——

DIEGO. The times come seldom. Ay, not oft

Do fancy's flowers foretoken fruit; not oft  
Is ripe fruit laden on the limbs that bloom  
Most brilliant with the flowers.—Yet have I  
seen it,—

Imagination imaging true life,  
Life true to all its images; and then  
I found a seer, earth's rarest product.

BEATRIX. That  
Is what some say that you are.

DIEGO. To be true  
To life, when all the men that have life doubt  
me

I ought to join with them, and doubt myself.

BEATRIX. In that you are not like your brother.

DIEGO. No;  
With him quick action follows on the thought.  
With me come only talk, and then more  
thought.

He mounts to find success. I prophesy—  
Perhaps; but where success is, at my best,  
Am only of the crowds that cheer it.

(*looking to the Left.*) Here  
He comes, poor man—his faithful sons too.  
How

I love them for their faithfulness! Alas,  
How fast he fails! If there were once a time  
We feared he might be wrecked, a time has  
come

When his firm spirit reels, the prey of waves

Far worse than waves that sweep the sea  
alone.

Such havoc has fierce envy wrought in him,  
What wonder if soon nature, in revolt,  
Should doff the guise this world has torn to  
rags

And give him something richer?]

*Enter—Left—COLUMBUS, attended by his  
two sons, YOUNG DIEGO, a man, and  
FERNANDO, a youth. COLUMBUS  
with help is seated on the sofa. DIEGO  
continues to COLUMBUS.*

Well, what news?

COLUMBUS. A new world has been found of  
boundless wealth;

And he who found it, finds himself a beggar.  
A king and queen were throned o'er that new  
world.

Who throned them there, they seized and  
bound in chains.

DIEGO. Oh, yes; but then the chains were taken  
off.

COLUMBUS. A nation has been made the first  
on earth.

Who made it this, for this deed has been made  
The last in all that nation—not one shred  
Of all his property, or power, or rank,  
Stripped by injustice from him, when well  
proved

To be injustice, has been given back.  
His name he leaves dishonored, and his heirs  
Inherit nakedness.

BEATRIX. Yes, that is it.

You see if he——

DIEGO (*gesturing violently to silence BEATRIX*).

Not now. The time will come——

BEATRIX (*aside to DIEGO*).

Oh, when you prophesy I always fear  
That you will prophesy some ill of me.

*Exit—Right—*BEATRIX.

DIEGO (*to COLUMBUS*).

Nay; nothing now can dim your well-earned  
fame.

COLUMBUS. A man who gave his life for what to  
all

Appeared impossible, attained it, then  
Found charts and notes that told the story,  
stolen,

And that which was his own discovery,  
Called not by his own name but by another's.

DIEGO. Yes, it is very strange.

COLUMBUS. So very strange

It seems that when I think it can be true,  
I pause to listen for the morning bells  
To wake me from a dream.

DIEGO. It is a dream.

The force that keeps eternal worth from light  
Is but of time—a thing short-lived

COLUMBUS. I know—

Were it not for my children.—

YOUNG DIEGO. They are proud

Of one who, all his life-time, has kept faith

With his own soul, however left alone.

COLUMBUS. Alone, and yet not lonely. Be one  
true

To his own mission, he is in the ranks

With all that move toward all good ends that  
wait. (*looking at his sons.*)

And but for you—think not I lived my life

To beg men for a badge to brag about!

Enough, if I have been an influence.

DIEGO. Ay, that is all that God is.

COLUMBUS. God?

DIEGO. Yes, God.

What voice, or face, or form, or robe, or crown,

Or throne attests His Presence? Who can  
trust

And serve mere outward, sensuous things like  
these,

And not be, all through life—ay, out of it

And even after death—a slave to sense,

No brother of the Christ, no son of God?

(COLUMBUS *suddenly falls back upon the sofa.*)

FERNANDO. See—he is fainting!

YOUNG DIEGO. Help him!

DIEGO. What is this?

Why, Christopher!

(*To the sons as they bend over COLUMBUS.*)

Go, call a doctor—priest!

*Exeunt—Left—the two sons.*

COLUMBUS (*reviving and pointing toward the center of stage*).

The new world—you must watch it—it will grow.

Hark—there are words I hear—and look—  
FELIPA!

O Lord, to thy hands I commit my spirit.

(COLUMBUS *sinks in death supported by*  
DIEGO, *who does not seem to notice*  
*what follows, being wholly absorbed*  
*in attending to COLUMBUS.*)

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SCENE THIRD:—*The curtain forming the back of Scene Second rises disclosing at the Left the same convent chapel and wall that occupy that place in Act First, Scene First. The convent wall, however, extends across the stage to the Right, and the whole Scene is backed by a distant view of a fertile, cultivated, and populous country, including mountains and valleys, rivers spanned by bridges, and low lands filled with towns and cities,—all representing the present condition of the western continent. Near the entrance of the chapel, stands FELIPA, gazing toward this land, while, by a choir unseen*

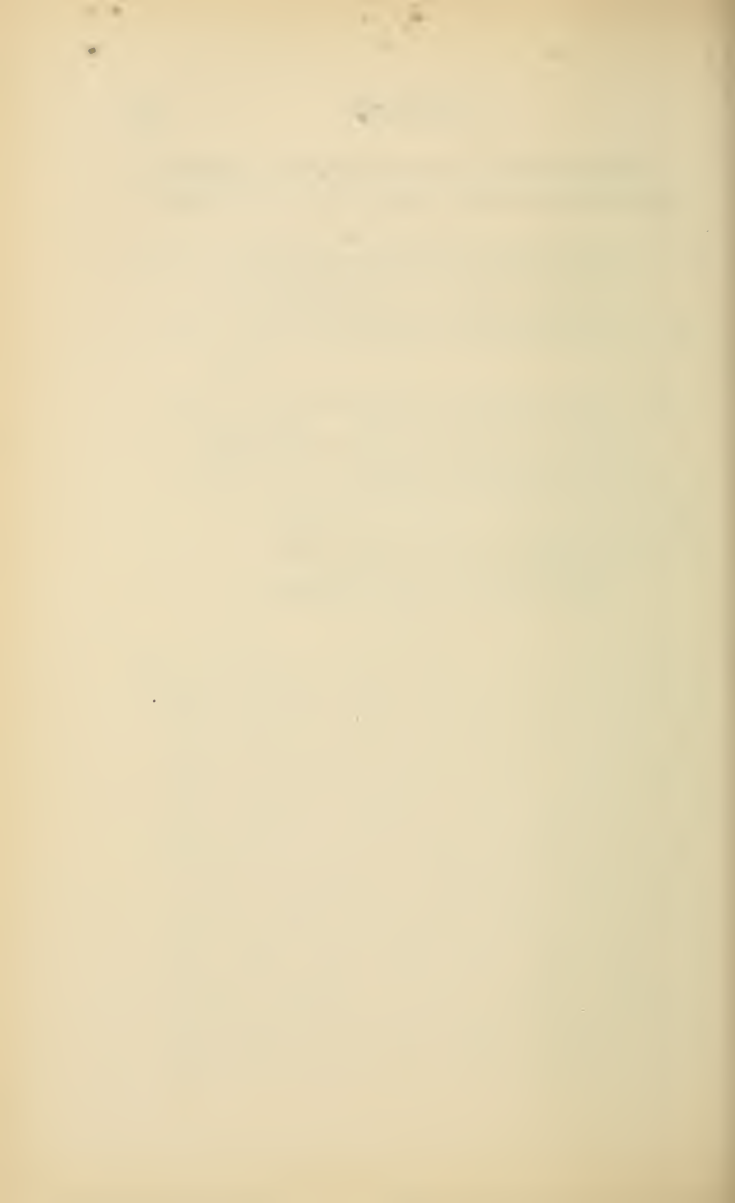
*within the chapel, the same hymn is chanted as that with which the drama opens, as follows:*

O Life divine, from thee there springs  
All good that germs and grows;  
Thy Light behind the sunlight brings  
The harvests to their close.

O, Life divine, thou art the source,  
Of truth within the soul;  
Thou art the guide through all the course  
That leads it to its goal.

O, Life divine, what soul succeeds  
In aught on earth but he  
Who moves as all desires and deeds  
Are lured and led by thee.

CURTAIN.





CECIL THE SEER.



# CECIL THE SEER.

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## INTRODUCTION.

To determine aright the relations that should exist between form and spirit is to solve the most important, perhaps, of human problems. Ideally, of course, the one should be a perfect expression of the other ; but, in this world, nothing is ideal or perfect ; and in nothing is the fact more clearly exemplified than in the frequent failure of a form to represent that which, apparently, it exists for the sole purpose of representing. To recognize, and, so far as possible, to remedy this condition, are primal obligations of intelligence ; and this fact justifies the extensive treatment of the subject which has characterized the literature of all periods. Such treatment, however, cannot go to the bottom of its possibilities without considering relations that are distinctively religious ; for it is religion that most imperatively demands that the form be a truthful expression of the spirit. But forms which, as in the Second Act of the following drama, are to be turned inside out in order to reveal their inadequacies, must, of themselves, be forms in connection with which such inadequacies are unexpected. Otherwise the whole portrayal will be too commonplace to warrant attention. It will be perceived, therefore, that the selection of religious characters for the drama was justified by the requirements of the theme ; and also that the use which is made of these characters is not intended to discredit religion as a whole. Indeed, only those can recognize the full significance of the presentation who also recognize that the incongruities indicated are not of ordinary occurrence.

Again, the suggestions derivable from a subject like that

treated in Cecil the Seer, in order to appear generally applicable, need to be drawn from a general survey of all the possibilities of form ; and it is for this reason, and not because of a desire to disparage any particular form, that such religious characters were selected as are typical of the remotest extremes of the narrow and the broad in theory and of formalism and non-conformity in practice. The inconsistencies suggested do not arise because any one form of religion invariably tends to self-deception, but because, in certain circumstances, all or any forms may tend in this direction. A sufficient motive for portraying the fact is that only in the degree in which a man has a practical recognition of it can he exercise that discernment, or be controlled by that principle, which should characterize the spiritual life.

With reference to the Second Act of the drama, it may not be out of place to say that the underlying conception of it is in strict accordance with human experience. Not a few, but many, who, through accident or disease, have, for a comparatively long period, lost consciousness, and have again been restored to it, have borne witness that, while in the subconscious state, their minds seem to have been employed in developing exclusively the last thought impressed upon them before passing into the state. In unfolding the details necessitated by this general conception, it is enough to say that it would not have been in accordance with the practice of the author had he not carefully and consistently sought to conform them to that which is most universal in the testimony given by those supposed to be in such states, or in corresponding ones produced in accordance with what are termed psychic methods. How much absolute truth one is justified in assigning to testimony thus obtained—from that of Swedenborg downward—no one, perhaps, can decide with authority ; but there must be some reason why the general tendencies of the statements made—as applied to things reported as heard or seen, not to the testifier's explanations of them—virtually

coincide. The suggestion that there may be such a reason is enough to make a man pause and think, and to do this whether he surmise that the testimony, because coming through the subconscious, reveals the results of extraneous revelation, or only because, coming from the subconscious, it reveals the results of universal intuition. It is true, too, that at the end of many years of pausing and thinking, he may not have been able to make out beyond dispute the source of that which he is considering ; but one thing he can always do, and from the very first : He can compare the import of that which is received with the results, in his own mind, of a combination of previous information, spiritual insight, and rational inference. Whatever, in its general outlines, coincides with these results will have for him, and must have—his mind cannot prevent it—the authority of truth. But exactly the same may be affirmed of statements which have the authority of truth when communicated through the forms of poetry. Could there be given any better reason—or excuse if needed—for letting the thought of this drama be borne on as a result of yoking together the poetic and the psychic ?



## PLACE AND TIME.

**ACT FIRST :** In a Southern "Border State" of the American Union, a little before the War for Secession.

An evening party at the home of the Cecils.

*Scene :* A large hall with glimpses beyond it of a parlor and a porch.

**ACT SECOND :** *Scenes First and Third :* Interior of a sick chamber. *Scene Second :* A grove representing the surroundings of a dream or trance.

**ACT THIRD :** In a Northern "Border State" just at the opening of the War for Secession. *Scene First :* The interior of the home of Freeman and Celia ; *Scene Second :* A village green in front of Freeman's house, at one side of which the porch of his house is visible.

*Is this a revelation ?*

*Ay, to those*

*Who heed the truth behind the words I use ;  
And yet for those who heed this truth themselves  
I do not need to term it revelation.*

*CECIL THE SEER, II, 2.*

*All life on earth*

*Is girt with warfare, where the light of heaven  
That brings each new day's liberty and truth  
Contentends with darkness, and there is no peace.  
Our very bodies are but phantoms formed  
Of that same darkness that we must oppose,  
And we must fight, if nothing else, ourselves.*

*IDEM, III, 2.*



## CHARACTERS.

- CECIL.** Professor in a College, a Candidate for the highest Judicial Office of the State, to be appointed by its Governor and confirmed by its Senate. Also a particular friend and the instructor of Celia.
- KRAFT.** Head Politician of the ruling party of the State, and a particular friend of Madam Cecil. Celia has been the adopted daughter of his deceased wife.
- FREEMAN.** A young Law Student, friend of Cecil and Celia, and in love with Faith Hycher.
- BLAVER.** Religious Exhorter, and Head of the Prohibition party of the State. Particular friend of Miss Primwood.
- FATHER HYCHER.** Head of the Church party of the State who wish to obtain a division of the School Fund. Uncle of Faith Hycher, and particular friend of Widow Hycher, his sister-in-law.
- LOWE.** A Quaker, representing a syndicate of railway monopolists who are pushing a plan for appropriating and improving a part of the chief city of the State.
- JEM.** A colored servant.

CELIA. Adopted daughter of deceased wife of Kraft. Pupil and particular friend of Cecil; also friend of Freeman.

MADAM CECIL. Wife of Cecil, particular friend of Kraft.

FAITH HYCHER. In love with Freeman, niece of Father Hycher and step-daughter of Widow Hycher.

MISS PRIMWOOD. Principal of a Female Seminary, particular friend of Blaver.

WIDOW HYCHER. Step-mother of Faith Hycher, particular friend of her brother-in-law, Father Hycher.

MADAM LOWE. Quakeress, wife of Lowe.

MILLY. A colored servant.

A PHYSICIAN, CHORISTERS, PROMENADERS, DANCERS,  
POPULACE, RUFFIANS, DETECTIVES, MILITIA, AND  
GENTLEMEN.

## CECIL THE SEER.

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### ACT FIRST.

SCENE: *An evening party at the home of the Cecils.*

*A parlor with windows at the back where hang long heavy curtains. Backing at the Right, extending diagonally across the stage, a wide doorway, beyond which is a glimpse of another large room. Further forward on the Right, a small table about which are chairs and, nearby, an alcove containing an apparently half hidden sofa. Backing at the Left, extending diagonally across the stage, a wide doorway, beyond which is a glimpse of another room.*

ENTRANCES: *Right and Left, through doorways, at both sides and in both the Rear and the Front.*

*The rising curtain reveals FREEMAN and FATHER HYCHER sitting in the alcove, and couples walking to and fro.*

FATHER HYCHER. My standards are the standards of the world.

FREEMAN. I know it.

FATHER H. You were questioning——

FREEMAN. Their truth.

[FATHER H. (*slowly and sarcastically*).

Your name is Freeman.

FREEMAN. It defines me, yes.

FATHER H. You think fidelity to man can grow  
From germs of infidelity to God?

You think that questioning the forms men  
most

Esteem, proves high esteem for men them-  
selves?

You think in one that weds, or vows to wed,  
To love a third one proves true love for all?

FREEMAN. That all depends on what he does.

FATHER H. And that?

FREEMAN. On what he is. Why ask these  
things of me?—

And here?

FATHER H. Why should I not? We see so  
much

In scenes like this!

FREEMAN. Oh no!—You mean so little.]

The forms we see are puppets of a play,  
A dull play too! Though seek what pulls the  
string,

No longer is it dull. A button breaks,  
A veil falls off——

FATHER H. Too bad to hope for that!

FREEMAN. Too bad, if lives be bad! If not,  
too good!

Some things that on the outside seem profane,  
Upon the inside may be sacred.

FATHER H. Ah?

FREEMAN. The converse too is true.

FATHER H. (*haughtily*). You mean to say?—  
(*Music starts.*)

FREEMAN (*rising, as does FATHER HYCHER*).

That all should watch the play, and not forget  
That they themselves are part of it.

FATHER H. Oh, yes.

*Exit—Right Front—after bowing to Freeman,*  
FATHER H. (*FREEMAN sits, then,*  
*rising, moves toward the Left. Part of*  
*the following chorus is sung to the*  
*accompaniment of a piano apparently*  
*in the rooms beyond the Left Rear.*  
*During the singing certain of those*  
*upon the stage, or entering from its*  
*various entrances, dance to the music.*)

We live but for bubbles, and those who know  
The way of the world their bubbles will blow.  
Ay, all but whose doings are fated to be  
No more than are drops in an infinite sea,  
Will blow them, and show them, till, by and by,  
They fill and float to the air on high;  
Hoho! hoho! and the world will thus  
Know how big a bubble can come from us.

We live but for bubbles that grow and glow  
 The bigger and brighter the more we blow;  
 And, borne on the breath of the breeze around  
 Wherever the tides of the time are bound,  
 There is nothing of earth or of heaven in sight  
 But they image it all in a rainbow light;  
 Hoho! hoho! and the world will thus  
 Know how bright a bubble can come from us.

We live but for bubbles a-dance in the blast,  
 But who can tell how long they will last?  
 So swell your cheeks, and puff, and fan,  
 And make the most of them while you can,  
 For if ever the breath in them fail, they will pop,  
 And only the drizzles to dry as they drop;  
 Hoho! hoho! and the world will thus  
 Be done with the bubbles that come from us.

*Enter—Left Rear—during the singing,  
 FAITH. She meets FREEMAN and,  
 after a time, they sit in the alcove at  
 the Right.*

*Exeunt—at different Entrances—the dan-  
 cers or singers.*

FAITH. This night seems like a *fête* in fairy-  
 land.

That singing proves it so. I like to see  
 Our Cecil circled by the people singing.

FREEMAN. You note its meaning then?

FAITH. What?

FREEMAN. Cecil-worship.

[FAITH. And worship is the interest men pay  
For worth when they can get it—justly due  
To men of principle.

FREEMAN. And how of women?—  
This Madam Cecil is the priestess here.  
The fee is hers; and he, the puppet-idol.]

FAITH. How so?

FREEMAN. Our state is lacking a Chief Justice.

FAITH. And what of that?

FREEMAN. His is a high position.  
[She, who is always looking upward, sees it.

FAITH. That may be; but you spoke of worship.

FREEMAN. Why,]

If any idol's niche be tenantless,

The one all worship is the one all want there.

FAITH. Oh yes!—and Madam Cecil——

FREEMAN. Drawing hither

The undirected flow of current thought,

Though little rills, may find them, all together,

Enough to float the bark of her ambition.

You see this house—and she herself—are  
gems.

For setting, gems need gold. Her husband  
earns

By teaching in the college, at the most,

No gold to spare; and, even did she hope,

From her own managing, no perquisites——

[FAITH. What perquisites?

FREEMAN. The kind that make us call

A public man "His Honor," lest the world  
Might fail to recognize it, if not labeled.]

FAITH. Will Cecil get the place?

FREEMAN. The governor  
May nominate him; but the senators  
Can scarcely be expected to confirm,  
Without some reason not upon the surface,  
A man so young and inexperienced.

FAITH. But he is worthy of it.

FREEMAN What is worth  
With those that she will try to get to push  
him?  
Their favors must be paid for. Most have  
suits  
They sue for in the law-courts. Think you  
Cecil,  
An upright, downright and straightforward  
nature,  
Will twist and smirk with twenty different  
faces  
The twenty different ways that these would  
have him?

FAITH. It were a brilliant chance!

FREEMAN. Yes, far too brilliant  
For moths to meet with, and escape a scorching.  
No wick-light dazzles him. He knows the  
sun.

FAITH (*looking toward the Left*).

Look—Madam Cecil now—



FREEMAN (*rising*). And angels too,

They say, draw near us when we talk of them.

FAITH (*also rising*). With her comes Kraft.

FREEMAN. The ruler of his party,—  
Controls the governor.

FAITH. Ah! And Cecil, then,—  
Are he and Kraft such friends?

FREEMAN. No; she and Kraft,  
A man whom she so floods with flattery  
That his half drowned, asphyxied reason raves  
Past all resisting her. Beside this too,  
He means, they say, to seat that son of his  
In Cecil's present chair. Your men that rule,  
When others hold the place that they would  
fill,

Tramp an inferior, and push off an equal;  
But if some scheme they basely brew be  
spoiled

By one above them,—they are left no option;  
But, like a cover, they must lift him higher.  
So, by their very righteousness, you see  
The righteous force their foes to do them  
justice.

*Exeunt—Right Front—FREEMAN and FAITH.*

*Enter—Left Rear—KRAFT with MADAM CECIL.*

MADAM C. Your charming son—

KRAFT. Gains charms from you who say that—

MADAM C. And with his noble brow, and eyes,  
and manners—

KRAFT. Yes; he is like his—mother.

MADAM C. Why, my friend,  
His mien, his manner are as like to yours,  
As ever were the echoes of a wood  
To singing of a woodsman.

KRAFT. Oh, you flatter!

[MADAM C. And pardon, if I add both have  
their music.

KRAFT. No, no; but Madam Cecil, you do  
flatter!

MADAM C. Not half so much, my good friend,  
as your mirror,  
When you but face—

KRAFT (*looking at her intently*).

And find it very bright?—

But now, about my son: I think—I think—

MADAM C. What I think. Do we ever disagree?]

KRAFT. I wish your husband could be led—

MADAM C. You think  
He cannot then?

KRAFT. Why that depends—

MADAM C. On whom?—

A good judge is a man whose judgments you  
Approve.

KRAFT (*bowing to her*). Thanks for your interest.

*Enter—Left—MR. BLAVER with MISS PRIM-  
WOOD.*

MADAM C. (*continuing to KRAFT*). Why that

Becomes me,—does it not?—Have you not said

I always do, as well as wear, the thing  
That seems becoming?—and the principal  
(*touching KRAFT with her fan; then pointing it toward herself.*)

Should always draw its interest. Not so?—  
(*turning to speak to MISS PRIMWOOD and BLAVER, who carries a pamphlet in his hand.*)

Miss Primwood, ah! Good-evening—You too,  
Deacon:

(*All bow. KRAFT talks aside to MISS PRIMWOOD. MADAM CECIL continues to BLAVER, tapping his pamphlet with her fan.*)

We read your little prohibition tracts.

BLAVER. Yes?—Thanks.—Yet, as you say,  
they are but little.

MADAM C. The littlest diamond in this ring I  
wear

Is better for my humble, human use,  
Than a whole world of dust whirled in a star  
Set in an orbit out beyond my reach.

BLAVER. If, in some humble way, my tracts do  
good—

MADAM C. The littlest bird-track, sometimes,  
in the sand

May make one think of wings flown out of sight.

BLAVER. If only mine would—wings of progress,  
wings—

MADAM C. Ah, but your cause is right.

BLAVER.

Yes, all our pleas

Are based upon religion. Yet you know

The lower courts are hostile.

*Exeunt—Left—MISS PRIMWOOD and KRAFT.*

MADAM C.

Right must win.

[BLAVER. You think so?—The professor too?—

MADAM C. (*assuming an air of disparagement*).

Come, come;

No man should anchor trust in such as he,

Why your opponents never——

BLAVER (*eagerly*).

Would support him?—

They never would?

MADAM C. How could they? Do you know,

That only last night, when some friends were  
here

And talking of the governorship, he said

Our next might be a prohibitionist.

BLAVER (*greatly pleased, rubbing his hands*).

Is that so? Really!—Is that so? Why,  
why!—]

*Enter—Right Rear—FATHER HYCHER with  
WIDOW HYCHER.*

MADAM C. (*noticing them*). But there comes  
Father Hycher—

(*insinuatingly to BLAVER.*)

Do you think

A man, religious truly, will not win

When battling for a cause that is religious?

(MADAM C. and BLAVER bow to FATHER H. and WIDOW HYCHER. BLAVER talks aside to WIDOW H. and, with her, presently, exits at the Left—MADAM C. continues talking to FATHER HYCHER.)

You act like saints we read of in the legends,  
With holy air about them. As you enter,  
Our thoughts turn toward religion.

FATHER H. Ah?—with mine!—

I saw you at the church, the other day.

MADAM C. I heard the Father was to preach—

FATHER H. And came?—

MADAM C. To be a worshipper.

FATHER H. You think perhaps,

That we make less of preaching than of praise.

MADAM C. Now, honestly, I do admire your  
form.

FATHER H. I like to see you give it counte-  
nance.

But, really, Madam Cecil, you are right.

We must have form;—all eyes, ears, crave it so.

The only question, as I say, is this—

Which form is *the*——

MADAM C. The form the most emphatic,  
One might call *the* form.

FATHER H. Right, just right again!—

In schools, asylums, prisons, everywhere

That faith should be impressed——



FATHER H.                                If the courts  
Had only sense to recognize the wrong  
Of taxing our schools to support a rule  
From which our own religion is ruled out—

MADAM C. And on your side are many senators?—

And they confirm the judges?

FATHER H.                               What of that?

MADAM C. Why, Father, sometimes I have  
played at whist;

And when my partner holds the cards that win——

FATHER H. (*to* MADAM C.).

What then?

MADAM C. Then I play low—play whist.

FATHER H.                                  Ha! ha!

*Enter—Left Front—LOWE carrying a map-like plan of streets, parks, etc. Other GENTLEMEN enter with him. All surround MADAM C.*

*Exit—Left—*FATHER HYCHER.

[FREEMAN (*to* FAITH).

See Madam Cecil. How her ribboned form  
Bends o'er the black coats!—like a bow of  
promise

Above thick cloud-banks. Each one thinks  
he sees

Those of his own cloth fly at Cecil's bidding

Like crows where grows but shall not grow a  
harvest.

Oh, to be popular, just let one be  
Abulge with promise, pledging everything.  
Till time present him his protested bills,  
The world will fawn and paw him like a cur  
To do his bidding. Promise is a flea:  
It makes us itch; but fools us, would we catch  
it.]

MADAM C. (*looking over* LOWE's *plans*).

This line here is the river bank,—not so?

LOWE. And here the railway; and the park is  
here,

And here the church (*pointing*).

MADAM C.

The church?

LOWE.

You know with me

Religion is the chief consideration.

MADAM C. I know; but yet a Friend—?

LOWE.

The company

Are world's folk,—will not build a meeting.

So

We would not quarrel with them: we build  
this.

MADAM C. Yes. How considerate!

[LOWE.

I wish to be so.

MADAM C. But no one lives here yet?

LOWE.

In time some will.

MADAM C. And, for their future good, you  
build the church?



LOWE. Yet some do not approve.]

MADAM C. Is there much doubt  
Of your success?

LOWE. Oh no—not if the courts  
Remove the injunction of the district's owners.

MADAM C. But that will follow. As my  
husband says,

The corner stones of monumental deeds  
Must always crush some worms; and plans  
like these (*laughing good-naturedly*)

Are monumental—even in their size!

We ought to find a table for them here.

(*gesturing toward the Left.*)

*Exeunt—Left—*MADAM C., LOWE *and*  
*other* GENTLEMEN.

FREEMAN (*to FAITH*).

This is a swindle shrewdest of them all,—  
A syndicate that steals the river-bank;  
Then taxes doubly those they steal it from  
[For what is left them. But the abuse is old.  
Where thrived ambition yet, but strove to build  
Itself a monument by heaping up  
That which, when lost, made hollow all about  
it!

How many castles I have seen in Europe,  
Where every graceful touch in breadth and  
height  
That formed the great hall's pride, seemed  
underlined

As if by shadowy finger-prints of force.  
That snatched all from the hamlet at its base!]  
But look you—there is Cecil, and with Celia.  
(*pointing toward the Left Rear.*)

How indiscreet his kindness toward that ward  
Of Kraft!—Kraft who could make him judge,  
and who

Abhors her, treats her like a slave, they say.

FAITH. Why so?

FREEMAN. He has his reasons.

FAITH (*rising*). Do you know them?  
(FREEMAN *rising and shrugging his shoulders.*)

Some say that you admired her once.

FREEMAN. I did.

Before my eyes met you——

FAITH. This never can be.

My uncle's honor and mine own are pledged.

FREEMAN. But honor helping none and harm-  
ing self,

Need never serve the body of a vow  
From which the life to which it vowed has  
flown.

*Exeunt—Right Front—*FAITH and FREEMAN.

*Enter—Left Rear—*CELIA and CECIL.

CECIL. Must leave off study, Celia?

CELIA. So it seems.

CECIL. To be their brightest, minds need  
burnishing;

And earth needs all the light that we can give it.

CELIA. I know—were I not so opposed—were  
I

Not, say, a woman. What can woman do?

CECIL. Do, Celia, do?

CELIA. Why, yes—what starts with her?

CECIL. No matter what. Men sow the seed,  
you think.

How could it grow, were it to find no soil?

You know the crystal globes clairvoyants  
look in,

And think they see as heaven sees then?—  
Some women

Have crystal souls. One faces them to find  
His thoughts divine, himself akin to God.

CELIA. If that be woman's nature——

CECIL. It is not,  
Till polished in the friction of the schools,  
Which some think needless; but where wo-  
man's mind

Has never been made bright, the thoughts of  
men

Will never flash for it.

[CELIA. The sun may find  
Its image in the dullest pool.

CECIL. To be  
Too modest, is to lag behind, and not  
Keep step with God's advancing lines.

CELIA. My trouble  
Is caused by lines prescribed by men. A soul

That swerves from these in either thought  
or deed

They treat as traitor both to them and God.

CECIL. Of course!—If they can group themselves with God

They may appear more lordlike to the souls  
That they desire to lord it over.—But

How is it you have come to learn of this?—

What lines of thought or deed have you been  
breaking?

CELIA. I may have been at fault—I had a  
dream—

CECIL. And you were blamed for dreaming?

CELIA. No; I told it.

CECIL. Another Joseph!—indiscreet, I see.

You should have known we all at heart are  
Tartars;

And value most the beauty of the spirit,

When, like the Tartar's daughter, it is veiled.—

But now, this dream,—why not let me too  
judge it?

CELIA. My dream awoke a whim. I said I  
thought

That, if a soul must live hereafter, why,

It must have lived before.—You know the  
Christ

Did not rebuke those who confessed they  
thought

Elias had returned; but, in an age

When all believed he might return, confirmed them.

And then our creed—Where can it come to  
pass.—

The body's resurrection?

CECIL. Where?

CELIA. Where but  
In that new earth of Hebrew prophecies?—  
Which would have but misled, had those that  
heard

Not had it in their power themselves to be  
Restored to life in that restored estate.

CECIL. The state of Adam, do you mean, and  
 Eve?—

From which men fell away?]

CELIA. I sometimes think  
The sources of men's thoughts—and deeds,  
as well—

Are far, far back of all they meet with now,—  
In previous lives from which the present  
grow;

And men are born to what they bring themselves.

CECIL. You seem to make life hard to understand.

CELIA. No; I explain it; for, if I myself

Had been an Eve, my suffering now were just.

CECIL. Your suffering now?—so great?—What is it?—How?—

CELIA. I must find some one—let me tell it  
you:

To him, whose wife, ere death, was more to me  
Than mother, I am naught.

CECIL. But others prize you.

CELIA. The rarest jewel might be cheaply  
bartered

By one who did not prize it.

CECIL. Bartered?—You?—

CELIA. Note my complexion—who think you  
my mother?—

CECIL. What, what?—Kraft never claimed you  
as a slave?

CELIA. Nor will, perhaps; but he has threatened  
it;

And even the suggestion of this here—

CECIL. But why suggest it?

CELIA. I alone have seen  
The writings that were left him by his wife,—  
Her wish to free her slaves——

CECIL. Oh, what a worm  
Is greed for gold! Did ever human fruitage  
Turn into rot but this greed gnawed the  
core?—

Was there a will? (CELIA *nods slightly*.)

You are in danger, yes.

CELIA. A wretch has come, as vile as he is ugly;  
And if I were the charmer of a snake,  
I could not shrink from touch more horrible.

CECIL. And what of him?

CELIA. Why, I must go with him;  
Indeed, have been forbidden to come here.

CECIL. To-night?

CELIA. To-night.

CECIL. Must marry him?

CELIA. Nay, worse.

He needs, or says he needs, a housekeeper.

CECIL. Why, Celia, this is monstrous! By  
what means

Would Kraft enforce his will?

CELIA. By force itself;

And what he deems my ignorance.

CECIL. Tell me, child,

Has Kraft good reasons?

CELIA. If he have?

CECIL. Why, then

[By your white soul, and by the work of Christ,  
Howe'er they storm, although with thunder-  
bolts

As thick as bristling blades in bayonet charges]

I stand between you and the coming danger.

CELIA. I thank you, friend; but no; your race  
is mine.

But one needs time to prove it.

CECIL. Who meanwhile

Will guard you?

CELIA. Yes—who will?

CECIL. That son of Kraft?

CELIA. He?—Such a villain, that his daintiest act  
Of kindness is a counterfeited coin  
With which he chaffers and intends to cheat!  
If I were drowning, I would spurn to grasp  
His hand, if it would draw me near himself.  
Better to die at once, when washed and clean,  
Than catch contagion and live on defiled.

CECIL. You must remain at my house.

*Enter—Left Rear—KRAFT.*

KRAFT. Celia here?

CELIA (*noticing KRAFT*).

I—I—have an engagement. I must go.

*Exit—Left Front—CELIA.*

KRAFT (*to CECIL*).

I interrupt you. She was——

CECIL (*to KRAFT*). Telling me

That you desire to have her drop her studies.

KRAFT. Well, she must win her bread.

CECIL. Quite true; but how?

KRAFT. Humph!—my affair!

CECIL. Why, no; not wholly,—is it?

Let me relieve you of the charge of her.

And take it on myself. In two years' time,

When once she gets to teaching, she can pay  
me.

KRAFT (*sarcastically*). Perhaps; but, by the  
way, now that you speak

Of teaching, there is no one named, I think,  
For your professorship, in case you leave it.



CECIL. I have not left it yet.

KRAFT. You may do so.

If not, too, there are more professorships;

And I—I have a son.

CECIL. I see. No doubt

His claims would have fair hearing.

KRAFT. But if you

Could recommend him——

CECIL. That would pass for little;

I know so little of him.

KRAFT. But your word——

CECIL. Would, like a bank-note, quickly lose  
its worth

Were nothing stored behind it, to make true

The storage it bespeaks.

[KRAFT. Humph! I have found

The men most praised for judgment are the  
men

Most echoing others' judgments. Thus, for-  
sooth,

They make their own appear approved by all.

CECIL. Not so with me! Has he experience

In teaching?

KRAFT. He has knowledge.

CECIL. For a teacher,

A knowledge of mere books does not suffice;

He needs a knowledge too of human nature;

And sympathy, to make his teaching welcome;

And fire, to make it felt; and tact and skill,

To aim and temper it for others' needs;  
And modesty to keep his own acquirements  
In strict-held servitude to their demands,  
And dignity that comes from honoring truth,  
To crown its bondman as the student's  
master.

What think you? Has he these?

KRAFT. Has had no chance  
To show——

CECIL. Then why not test him where a failure  
Would not be trumpeted? A man's best  
friend

Will bid him wait for honor till he earn it.  
Amid earth's envious crush of frenzied greed,  
It is no kindness, pushing to the front  
One who is not a leader. Zealous forms  
That crowd him there, may tramp him under  
foot.

KRAFT. I will remember  
What you have said.]

*Enter—Left Front—a GENTLEMAN beckoning  
to KRAFT.*

*Exeunt—Left Front—GENTLEMAN and KRAFT,  
after bowing to CECIL.*

*Enter—Right Front—FREEMAN.*

CECIL (to FREEMAN). I hear Kraft has a son.

FREEMAN. And I am more unfortunate—  
have met him.

[CECIL. He wants to rise in life.

FREEMAN.

In politics,—

What low souls like because enabling them  
To worm themselves to slimy eminence  
Without abandoning the dirt they gloat in.]

*Exeunt—Left Rear—FREEMAN and CECIL.*

*Dance music. Enter at the different entrances, dancers in couples or in sets. At last, those nearest the Left beckon to the others, and all, as if suddenly called away, exeunt at the Left Entrances.*

*Enter—Right Rear—JEM, carrying a tray with plates and refreshments on it. He looks at the dancers, then meeting MILLY, he places the tray on the table near the alcove.*

*Enter—Right Front—MILLY, carrying a tray with glasses containing iced tea. She too places her tray on the table.*

JEM looks at the departing dancers and at MILLY).

MILLY. De white folks leave deir shadders.

JEM (*stretching his hand to take MILLY's*).

Heah! come heah!

MILLY (*drawing back her hand*).

No, no, yer don't.

JEM (*looking sharply at her hand, which she keeps clenched*). Now tell me what yer got

In dat black hollah dah.

MILLY (*jerking her hand away*).

Jes' what yer hasn't.

JEM. Come, come, now, Milly. Lawd ob all de stahs!

Dis heah's a patch ob his own pitchy sky,  
An' hol's a stah in dah. Whose am it, hey?

MILLY. Whose? Mine.

JEM. Yer'll catch it—libin' deed o' darkness!

MILLY (*throwing breast-pin from one hand into the other*).

Dey'll hab to catch dis fust.

JEM. Come, yer knows, Milly,  
Dat I'll not gib yer way. Say, whar'd yer get it?

MILLY. Why, on de floah.

JEM. Who drapt it off 'um den?

MILLY. De folks dat owes us twenty times as much

As dat 'll fetch us.

(*shaking the breast-pin at JEM.*)

[JEM. Ah, dat's right.

MILLY (*putting the breast-pin in her pocket*).

Yes, Laud!

An' doin' right.

JEM. All 'cep' dat yer aint dancin'.

(JEM makes motions as if dancing.)

Heah, now, heah an' heah!

MILLY. Now, Jem, yer wait.

JEM. What fur?

MILLY. 'Case dey'll fine out.

JEM. Ugh, dey can't see us.

MILLY. Ole missus 's allers houndin' roun', yer  
knows,

To fine de niggah.]

(*moving and gesturing toward the alcove.*)

Dah. Set down.

(*MILLY sits in the alcove.*)

JEM (*looking at the refreshments*). An' take

De crum dat's fallen fro' de rich man's table?—

Dat'm scripter. (JEM *sits.*)

Look heah, Milly.

MILLY. What's ter see?

JEM. Dis dahky's lips would like anoder cake.

(*puckering lips, as if to kiss her.*)

MILLY. Oh, yer go home.

JEM. No; it am cold out dah.

MILLY. Den let it shake yer! yer got one wife  
now.

JEM. Not one! De las' 'un, Dinah, 'm sold, yer  
know—

Gone like de dark cloud when de night am  
come.

I'll nebah see her moah.

MILLY. Jem, dat am sad.

JEM. An' yer don't reckon dis Jem's meant ter  
be

A gem widout a settin'?

MILLY. Dah's de white folks.

*Enter — Left Rear — BLAVER and MISS PRIMWOOD—MILLY and JEM rise, taking their trays.*

[JEM. Well, dey don't reckon so nuther.

MILLY. What dey reckons,  
Dey show by sellin' Dinah.

JEM. What yer reckon——

MILLY. Is all de number ob yer wives!  
(*bowing to JEM.*)

JEM. Yer can't.]

*Exeunt—Right Front—MILLY and JEM hurriedly. MISS PRIMWOOD (catching a glimpse of them, and holding up her hands).*

None have religion, none—I tell you none.

Men are not solemnized as once they were.

BLAVER. No, they are sodomized. You say  
you saw

In Cecil's hand, a reddish-colored dram?

MISS PRIMWOOD. It might have been——

BLAVER. To those who saw it drunk  
It looked, at least, like liquor. He was not  
Avoiding the appearances of evil,  
[Is not the man I thought—no proper mate  
For Madam Cecil. She——

MISS PRIMWOOD. You think so, eh?—  
Men never will know women. This is  
hers——

Her party—making those not thirsty drink,  
And eat, too, with no appetite,—and dance,

When prudence knows, they ought to be in bed.]

*Enter—Right—MILLY, carrying a tray containing a reddish-colored liquid in glasses. She stops before BLAVER.*

BLAVER (*to MILLY*).

Ah,—what is this?

MILLY. Iced tea.

BLAVER Why, that will be Refreshing, very!—Here! (*pointing to the chairs near the table*). Iced tea!

(*To MILLY.*) Yes, yes.

(*BLAVER and MISS P. sit at the table.*

*MILLY places two glasses of the reddish-colored liquid before them.*)

BLAVER (*continuing the interrupted conversation*).

Where none wish levity, affairs like this Create it. I have known most sober men Grow indiscreet—(*tasting the tea.*)

This is good, yes—and make All that they pray for seem ridiculous.

*Enter—Left and Right—couples walking together.*

*Exit—Left—MILLY.*

*Enter—Right—JEM carrying a tray on which are plates containing refreshments to eat.*

MISS PRIMWOOD (*looking in disapprobation at the couples*).

And scenes like this, too, cater to flirtation—(*looking at two elderly people together.*)

In them so old, too, they should be above it.

(MISS PRIMWOOD's spoon that she has been using, falls to the floor.—BLAVER hands Miss P. his spoon that he has not used, at the same time picking up Miss P's. spoon and significantly placing it in his own cup.)

BLAVER. Precisely!

MISS P. Yes, at times, it makes me feel—

BLAVER (*who evidently has lost the connection of thought*).

Flirtation makes you feel?

MISS P. (*in evident disgust*). Oh no; not that!

(JEM stands before them with his tray.)

BLAVER (*noticing JEM, and taking the plates from his tray for MISS P. and himself, as if thinking MISS P. referred to these*).

Oh yes, I see!

MISS P. (*disliking his inference with reference to the meaning of her former words*).

No, no!

BLAVER (*referring to the plates*). Not take them?

MISS P. These?

Oh yes, I thank you.—You mistook my meaning.

I sometimes think that none should feel at all.

*Exit—Right—JEM.*

*Exeunt—Right and Left—the promenading Couples.*



BLAVER. No, in flirtation none should feel at all.

MISS P. No, no, no! not in that—in anything.  
If none would feel, none would have discontent;

And that would cure all evils of the time.

[BLAVER. Yes, that is true. Why, even small boys now,

Must have small beer——

MISS P. For that will pop, you know!  
Will make a noise! explode monotony!  
Our slaves now even hint of earning wages;  
And girls, once clad in bonnets and in slippers,  
Now strut in hats and boots.

BLAVER. And where, strut where?

MISS P. Well put, well put, my friend! They strut for schools

In which they study, think and talk like boys.

[BLAVER. And times that do not like a cackling hen,

And seek to fill their coops with fowl that crow,  
Will not get many eggs.

MISS P. No, no; will not!—

Think what a scandal, if our highest courts——

BLAVER. Should not court women of the highest kind.

MISS P. Precisely; and o'errule th' iniquity  
That gives free entrance into men's resorts  
Of maids——

BLAVER. That in your school are prized like  
jewels!]

(BLAVER and MISS P. *continue their conversation  
aside.*)

*Enter—Left Rear—*CECIL and FATHER HYCHER.

CECIL. Yes, Father Hycher; but you know our  
laws

Have never recognized the churches thus.

FATHER H. But we have rights—

CECIL. To change the laws you have,  
But not to break them.

FATHER H. Did one merely waive

The letter of the law, what could be harmed?

*Enter—Left Rear—*FREEMAN.

CECIL. One's conscience, if he went against  
the law,—

One's heed of right,—a fact, I take it, Father,  
You ought to see.

FATHER H. I do not see it so;

And if I did, above it I could see  
A higher law.

*Exit—Left Rear—*FATHER H.

[CECIL (*to* FREEMAN).

Humph, humph! we live to learn.

It seems that even formalists like him

Can see some spirit through a form; but  
what?—

One time upon a mountain top, I saw

My own shape magnified on clouds about me.

How many men in earth's high places find,  
Looming on clouds of false regard about them,  
False forms of self, distorted in their size!  
To waken such to their own true position,  
Thank heaven for precipices! When they fall,  
Their views of God and self, turned upside  
down,

May bring, at last, conversion.]

(CECIL and FREEMAN move toward the right near  
where BLAVER and MISS P. are sitting.  
Both rise.)

MISS P.

Oh, Professor,

Professor Cecil, how your ears must burn!

You know the rumors that are in the wind.

CECIL (*bowing and motioning them to be seated*).

Trust not in words with wind alone to back  
them.

Nothing is quite so empty as the sky

Behind a blow, when once it has blown by.

MISS P. That does for you to say; but you two  
friends, (*bowing to BLAVER.*)

Your judgment, (*bowing to CECIL.*)

and your judgments, when they rule

Our civil, social, educational ways,

Will put a close to some things.

CECIL.

To their life?

MISS P. How you enjoy a joke!—You read,  
not so? (*gesturing toward BLAVER.*)

The deacon's latest work?

CECIL. To tell the truth,

I have not yet——

MISS P. So little interest?—

CECIL. Of course the question has two sides——

BLAVER (*aside to FREEMAN*). Two sides?—

It has but one. I see—he is not with us.

MISS P. The great book of the age!

BLAVER (*to MISS P*). You flatter me.

(*to CECIL*).

[She likes my essay, since, on general grounds,  
As I detail the duties of the state,  
I argue prohibition by the whole  
Of all things detrimental to the part,  
Applying this, not only to the cause  
To which my life is pledged, but with this, too,  
To questions like the giving of instruction  
To slaves, and free tuition to poor whites,  
And throwing open to our girls and women  
The State schools, not the ones to train their  
sex.

It is my proving of this latter point

Enlists her praise, whose long—

(*MISS P. straightens up and draws back.*)

no, I mean wide—

Whose wide experience, as the principal

Of our first female college, seals her right

To criticise all efforts of the State

To train our girls in different schools from  
hers.

CECIL (*in good-natured banter*).

Ah, yes, I see. The same boat floats you both.  
You pull together. Friends are worth the  
having

Who best can serve themselves when serving  
us.]

MISS P. Oh, you must read his book!—will  
like it too;

If but for what it says of slaves and women.

CECIL. You class the two together? I should  
not.

FREEMAN. (*aside to CECIL*). How women love  
their fetters!—Best, perhaps!

They make sweet slaves, but very bitter  
masters.

*Exit—Right—FREEMAN.*

MISS P. You would not open then our college  
doors

To women?

CECIL. Why not?

MISS P. Why, our boys and girls  
Might think of love!

CECIL. That would be no new thing;  
And, being wont to walk in love, when young,  
They might be much less prone to fall in love,  
In ways not wise, when older.

MISS P. But their minds  
Are so unlike!—

CECIL. And never can be matched

Until they learn to share each other's aims.  
Souls are not mated when two forms of  
flesh  
Join hands, or merely share each other's  
arms.

MISS P. And you would have them like each  
other?

CECIL. Yes.

It seems important if they are to marry.  
Like ought to go with like. And paths that  
push  
Young men and maids together, whet their  
wits  
And make their weddings wise ones.

[MISS P. Always?

CECIL. No;

But oftener, yes much oftener so, than else-  
wise.

Where true love is the treasure to be sought,  
One glimpse of nature is a better guide  
Than all the forms of calculating art  
That ever powdered an instinctive flush,  
Or rouged pale hate, in any masquerade  
That men call good society.]

MISS P. But few  
Would think you had so much romance in  
you.

[CECIL. All have romance, if only they have  
soul.

They differ but in their expressions of it.

*Enter—Right Rear—JEM with a tray holding refreshments.*

MISS P. And most of them believe, with Deacon Blaver,

It should not be expressed in school.

CECIL. Why not?

Romance is but the day-time of the soul  
Well sunned by love, beneath which, when we dwell,

Each act of duty and each thought of truth  
Is haloed with a light that seems like heaven's.  
To spirits rightly moved, the whole of life,—  
Home, school, religion—all lead through romance.

*(JEM speaks aside to CECIL.)*

*(BLAVER and MISS P. rise while CECIL gestures toward the chairs, JEM and the refreshments.)*

CECIL. Oh, pray be seated, and take more.

MISS P. Thanks.

BLAVER. Thanks.

*(JEM removes from the table the empty glasses and plates, and substitutes full ones.)*

MISS P. And do you then approve, do you admire

Lean, short-haired women, and lank, long-haired men,

Exchanging shawls and coats, and stripping life

Of character, to make it caricature?

*Exit—Right Rear—JEM.*

CECIL. I do not much admire the straw in  
spring

That forms the spread of flower-beds; but  
beneath

Sleep summer's fairest offspring. What you  
moot

May show two sides. A man may be run down  
Amid the clash and clangor of a street,  
Because one ear is deaf. In any path,  
The rush of life may run down all who hear  
But on one side.]

*Enter—Right—FREEMAN.*

[MISS P. But when one side is right.

CECIL. The right is that to which the world  
moves on.

You cross its track to stop it; it moves on,  
You fall.]

(CECIL bows and turns toward FREEMAN. BLAVER  
and MISS P. bow, then continue conversing.)

[MISS P. And this he does not mean to do  
For my cause or for yours. Trust me for  
that.

BLAVER. His friends must see he does not get  
so high

That falling far will hurt him.]

(BLAVER and MISS P. sit down; and talk  
aside, till, after a little, BLAVER points



*vigorously toward the Right Front. Then both rise, taking plates and glasses with them, and exeunt at the Right Front.)*

*Enter—Left Rear—MADAM CECIL, MADAM LOWE and LOWE, carrying his plans.*

MADAM CECIL. We shall find him.

*(to CECIL.)*

Oh, here you are! Come look at these—

*(pointing to LOWE's plans.)* these plans.

Are just the thing the city needs. We two

Were searching all the house for you.

*(MADAM CECIL and MADAM LOWE remain near the Left Rear.)*

CECIL *motions to FREEMAN indicating that he look at the plans with him, which FREEMAN does.*

CECIL *(replying partly to MADAM C. and partly speaking to LOWE).* I see.

LOWE *(pointing to a part of the plan).* And see the church here?

CECIL. Oh! is that the church?

But I thought you a Friend?

LOWE. The company

Are world's folk—will not build a meeting.

So

We would not quarrel with them. We build this.

FREEMAN (*laughing good-naturedly*).

You beat the Masonic order. They but make  
A show of their religion when they lay  
A corner-stone. You lay out for it now.

LOWE. Ah yes! With me religion is the chief  
Consideration. Think how poor our life  
Would be without religion.

FREEMAN. Be less rich,  
You think.

LOWE. Just so; for there is nothing like  
A church to elevate the character——

FREEMAN. Of real estate, I see——

LOWE (*half realizing that he is being made a butt.*)  
And people too.

[FREEMAN. No people live here yet?

LOWE. Ah, but they will——

FREEMAN. If you do what is right to draw them  
here.

To build a church is right—not so?—and  
right

Is your religion.

LOWE. Yes; but one might think  
His motives were not rightly understood.

FREEMAN (*glancing toward CECIL significantly*).  
I think we understand them perfectly.

LOWE (*looking particularly toward CECIL*).  
And like the plans then?

FREEMAN. Oh, he must—as plans.  
They plan so far ahead.

LOWE. A man who sees  
A mountain in his path that must be climbed,  
Will make more effort. Effort is our need.  
With such a plan as this, our friends will know  
We need more money, and will find us more.]

CECIL. Quite true.

(MADAM CECIL comes to them. FREEMAN turns  
to speak to MADAM LOWE.)

LOWE (to CECIL).

Am glad to meet your approbation.

CECIL. Not that, quite that! Men take too  
many chances

In drawing facts from fancies. I shall need  
To weigh——

*Exeunt—Right Rear—*FREEMAN and MADAM  
LOWE.

LOWE (*half in earnest turning to MADAM CECIL*).

If friends thus judge us as our foes do,

What good then does it do to have a friend?

CECIL (*earnestly and good-naturedly*).

To prove to all the justice of our souls

That wish for friends both generous and  
just.—

(*taking the plans in his hands.*)

One cannot fully take these in, at first.

*Enter—Right Rear—*JEM.

MADAM C. (*to LOWE, as if with a covert meaning*).

You leave them here. We must look over  
them.

*(She motions toward JEM, to whom CECIL hands the plans, at the same time motioning to him to take them to the Left. JEM turns, and presently,)*

*Exit—Left Rear—JEM.*

*(When CECIL and MADAM C. turn toward JEM, LOWE turns toward the Right, evidently dissatisfied.)*

*Exit—Right Rear—LOWE.*

MADAM C. *(to CECIL, and evidently annoyed to see LOWE leaving them).*

Kraft, Hycher, Lowe and Blaver,—all, tonight,

All frown at things that you have said to them.

Why will you always give these men offense?

CECIL. Because I give them truth.

MADAM C. Truth is for fools.

CECIL. I give it to them.

MADAM C. Humph! It comes from fools.

CECIL. Yes, if they think men want it I do not.

They merely need it.

MADAM C. Need? What for?

CECIL. Their good—

Their own, and—say—humanity's.

MADAM C. The good

All seek from men like you, is leadership.

But he who leads men up, himself must mount

Where he appears above them.

CECIL.                                 How and where  
He mounts, depends on that in which he leads.  
A leader in the truth would better kneel  
Upon the footstool of a throne, than sit  
Upon it, crowned by falsehood.

MADAM C. Would you were,  
But what I thought you were when we were  
wed!

[CECIL (*kindly*).

Come, come, your wishes, like wild steeds,  
escape

The reining of your reason, and may wreck it.  
Why wish a station higher than we have?

MADAM C. For you—your influence.

CECIL. Nay, in that you err.  
True words alone are weapons of true thought.  
If I be free to use these, I am free  
To be truth's champion. If, to gain the place  
You wish me, or to hold it, being gained,  
I let my tongue be tied, I live a slave.]

MADAM C.

A woman wrecked at sea, would better lash  
The anchor to her throat, than try to breast  
The waves of life in such a world as this,  
Wed to a man without ambition. She  
Could not sink sooner.

CECIL (*gazing and gesturing at their surroundings*).  
Do you sink, my wife,  
With such surroundings?

MADAM C.                                Yes, for power and wealth  
Both loom before you. When I tell it you,  
And strive to urge you toward them, you,  
    blind loot,  
Squat, blinking like an owl; or, if you stir,  
But flutter, blunder, miss your aim, and fall  
From off the very branch, the topmost branch,  
You ought to perch upon.

CECIL.                                        Alas, my wife,  
I thought you loved me for the man I was.  
I never wrought or wished for wealth.

MADAM C.                                        Oh, drone,  
That I could sting you, as do bees their  
    drones  
That make no honey!

CECIL.                                        You do sting at times.  
That pleases you?—But you have better  
    moods.

I never could have thought I loved you else.  
Why blame my soul, because it must be true  
To higher aims and higher influence?  
If, seeking these, this world's promotion come,  
Let come! I take it then by right divine.

MADAM C. Fanatic! Do you think in men's  
    mad rush,  
Each toward his own life's goal, they wrest  
    the power  
That makes another serve them, without  
    work?—

Skill? shrewdness? tact? and forcing to the wall,

Or down the precipice, each weaker rival?

CECIL. I do, if power that crowns them come from God.

MADAM C. The power that crowns one with success on earth

Is earthly. Keen men know this. Not, not God:

The devil rules the world.

CECIL. God overrules it.

MADAM C. In far results, but in the near ones never!

CECIL. Then look to far results. Transferring there

These transient whims,—ah you will find them melt,

Like summer mist, while, rock-bound under them,

Each goal remains that your true nature craves.

Why seek for riches, when we have enough?

MADAM C. Enough! Oh, sluggard! Have we that?

CECIL. We have—

Enough for comfort, not enough for care;

Enough to make us grateful for the wage

Rewarding earnest work; but not enough

To bind long habit to their fate whose course

While serving earth has made them slaves to  
it.

The peace of life crowns competence, not  
wealth.

The wise man wants no more.

MADAM C.

But woman does.

*Exit—Right Rear—MADAM CECIL.*

CECIL. Then let no wise man marry. Cursèd  
fate!—

[This trudging on and on in paths of right,  
And knowing every pace takes one more  
stride

Away from all one loves!—From all one  
loves?—

No, no;—from all that, once, one thought he  
loved.

Oh, cruel customs of a cruel world,  
Which damn us for those dreams that seem to  
be

Our holiest inspirations! Cruel dreams,  
That never prove delusions, till the world  
Welds bonds for us that death alone can  
break!

And cruel bonds that make all happiness,  
In one so bound, impossibility,  
Unless he live a sneak's life—who is this?]

*Enter—Left Rear—CELIA.*

Why Celia!

CELIA. I have come to tell you, friend,



The man I fear is here. I saw his face,  
And like a thunder-cloud foretelling storm——

CECIL. Come first where we shall not be over-  
heard.

*Exeunt—Right Front—*CECIL and CELIA.

*Enter—Right Rear—*FREEMAN and FAITH.

FREEMAN. You love me, Faith. Your manner  
tells me so.

FAITH. Your rival, Freeman, is no man, mere  
man.

FREEMAN. You are deceived. You vow through  
—to—a man.

And he will treat you—how?—His door is  
locked:

He holds the key. Your uncle, though a  
priest,

Has eyes upon your wealth. The thing is  
proved.

Your dying father feared this. Faith, I knew  
His wish for you. Trust him, trust me, your  
friend,

Disrobed of mystery, save th' eternal one  
Which thrills us now, whom heaven has made  
for mates.

[FAITH. I would not give you up so, save to wed  
A holier spouse.

FREEMAN. Yet one that is, at times,  
A Moloch, clasping in his arms of fire  
Desires he kindles, but can never quench.

FAITH. Oh, Freeman, when you speak, I tremble so!

You fill my soul with fears for you; but, ah,  
With fears that are so sweet, again I fear  
That my own soul is what I most should  
fear.

FREEMAN. The wise fright off their fears by facing them.

Will you not be my bride? Be this and use  
Your freedom as your father would have  
wished.]

*Enter—Left Rear—*FATHER HYCHER.

FATHER H. (*to FAITH*).

What?—Have I warned you, Faith, so many times?

And you still parley with this infidel?—

Obeys me now!—Away! No more of this!

(*Faith moves toward the Left Front—*

FREEMAN *starts to follow her*. FATHER  
HYCHER *calls to him*.)

You will not follow her?—

*Exit—Left Front—*FAITH.

FREEMAN.

No?—wherefore not?

FATHER H. I am her uncle.

FREEMAN.

Not her father, though!

FATHER H. Her spirit's—I direct her steps.

FREEMAN.

Step-father?—

In that rôle men like you are just ideal!

But I am, that which you are not—her friend.

FATHER H. You are a young man with a young man's dreams.

FREEMAN. You are an old man; and an old man schemes.

And she has wealth, and you have use for it.

[FATHER H. And you think you have none!

Oho, young man,

When you have read yourself, you may be heard

When trying to read others. But we waste  
Our time. I am her guardian; and you  
Should act the gentleman.

FREEMAN. Which when I act,  
I shall not take my lessons all from you.

FATHER H. Take this at least.—A gentleman  
is one

Who never does the unexpected.

FREEMAN. Well,  
By that test you can pass. I grant it you.  
All you have done has been in character.  
You call me infidel; but, Father Hycher,  
The infidel is one who does not trust  
The God that made and moves the soul  
within.

If Faith did not desire another life  
Than you have planned, you might be wise  
and kind.

FATHER H. Poor youth, when you know more  
about the world——

FREEMAN. I shall know more about such men  
as you;

Know how the dust of earth can make one  
blind,

And din can make one deaf, till skies can  
blaze

And heaven's voice thunder, yet no sight nor  
sound

Reach——

FATHER H. (*sarcastically*). What?—

FREEMAN. What was a soul! But there are  
souls

Are stolen too when stoled. The devil's hand  
Out-does the deacon's. There is nothing left  
But vestment. All the barterer's priceless  
birthright

Goes for the mess of pottage that he feeds on.  
Not strange such like to limit others' joys,  
Turn nature inside out and upside down,  
Claim spirit rules where all are slaves of sense,  
And heaven their realm, though all is rimmed  
by hell.]

FATHER H. Humph, humph, my friend, you yet  
shall writhe for this.

*Exit—Left Front—*FATHER HYCHER.

*Enter—Right Front—*CECIL and CELIA.

CECIL (*to* FREEMAN.)

Why, friend, you seem excited. What has  
roiled you?

FREEMAN. Oh nothing, nothing, nothing but  
a toad

That squat upon a flower here in your garden!

CECIL. Here is another flower may take its  
place.

I must attend the guests, and this, our  
friend,

Needs your protection. She will tell you why.

I leave her with you.

*Enter—Right Rear—MADAM CECIL.*

(CECIL continues to CELIA, taking her hand.)

And remember, Celia,

You must not fail to stay with us to-night.

(FREEMAN and CELIA move toward the alcove at  
the Right.)

MADAM CECIL (to CECIL).

I thought so! I have spied this play before.

Men seldom waive the wishes of their wives

Except to welcome other women's wishes.—

You have forgotten you have other guests.

A storm is coming on. They wish to leave;

And we should speed their parting. Shall we

go?

FREEMAN (to CELIA, motioning toward the alcove).

By staying here, we may keep out the way.

*Exeunt—Left Rear—CECIL and MADAM*

*C. FREEMAN and CELIA seat them-  
selves in the alcove.*

*Enter—Left Rear—FATHER and WIDOW HYCHER.*

FATHER H. (*to* WIDOW H.).

Let him have all her money that you live on?—  
Not I!

WIDOW H. (*to* FATHER H.). He shall not call on  
Faith again.

FATHER H. She may be out?

WIDOW H. She may.—And you, you liked  
The altar cloth?

FATHER H. Embroidered wonderously!

Your candlesticks too go so well now with——  
FREEMAN (*to* CELIA).

Ideals from dark ages?

WIDOW H. (*to* FATHER H.). When you pray—

FATHER H. (*to* WIDOW H.).

Their lights appear like starlight sprinkling me  
With spray-drops of the heaven-light whence  
it came—

I think of you.

WIDOW H. (*to* FATHER H.).

Of me, and not of God?

FATHER H. (*to* WIDOW H.).

Of you because of God.—Who could forget  
Your share in rendering His house attractive?

FREEMAN (*to* CELIA).

Especially in the front pew with her bonnet,—  
Heaved at him like some second flower-  
crowned censer.

FATHER H. (*to* WIDOW H.).

I think that all men must have noticed this.

FREEMAN (*to CELIA*).

The usual result:—heads crown'd with flowers  
Nod most for bees that buzz and sting about  
them.

WIDOW H. (*to FATHER H.*]

And Cecil—will you aid him?

FATHER H. (*to WIDOW H.*). Humph! a cause  
Once lost is not the one I follow.

*Exeunt—Left—*FATHER HYCHER *and* WIDOW  
HYCHER.

CELIA (*to FREEMAN*).

Cause?—

Does he mean Cecil's?

FREEMAN. Hope so! Happy Cecil!—

High noon will come for him when he can  
see

A form like that one shadowing him no more.

CELIA. I think it always may seem noon to  
those

Who trample all their shadows underfoot

As he does.

*Enter—Right Rear—*LOWE *and* MADAM LOWE.

(*The air becomes gradually darker.*)

FREEMAN (*pointing toward the Right Rear*).

Very true! But what of those

Who deem it wise to keep themselves in shade,

Held as a shield to ward away the light

With every ray of color that might reach  
them,

As if they thought it their worst enemy?

LOWE (*to* MADAM LOWE).

The air seems weighted with a coming storm.

FREEMAN (*to* CELIA).

Their airs appear so. Yes.

MADAM L. (*to* LOWE). Must hurry home.

*(Thunder in the distance.)*

How near! We should have been at meeting!

LOWE (*to* MADAM L.) Yes,

But if we had been there, how could one then  
Have shown those plans?

MADAM L. (*to* LOWE). Of course, we had to  
come,

But this man Cecil seems not pious.

LOWE (*to* MADAM L.). No;

You heard how they made light of that new  
building,—

One, too, for their own sect!

MADAM L. (*to* LOWE).

Yes, I have heard

Enough for once. That irreligious music!

LOWE (*to* MADAM L.).

And noise and dancing! It was fortunate  
The supper-room was opened early.

MADAM L. (*to* LOWE). Yes.

*(Distant thunder.)*

LOWE (*to* MADAM L.).

And one good thing!—this thunder storm will  
end it.

*Exeunt—Left Rear—LOWE and MADAM LOWE.*



FREEMAN (*to CELIA*).

I wonder if they really grudge each draft  
Of those enjoying what is past their taste?  
I hate to think it, yet at times, one must,  
That some men deem mere conscious envy  
conscience;  
And seem most zealous when they are but  
jealous.

(*Thunder louder than before. CELIA and FREEMAN both rise.*)

But hear the storm. I think it best you stay  
Inside the study.

(FREEMAN *points toward the Left Rear.*)

CELIA (*pointing toward the Left Front*).

We can pass through here.

FREEMAN. And I must go, and call these men  
I know,

Detectives—good ones—they will shadow him.

*Exeunt—Left Front—FREEMAN and CELIA.*

*Enter—Left Rear—BLAVER, LOWE, MISS  
PRIMWOOD and MADAM LOWE, and  
others, all with hats and cloaks, evi-  
dently prepared to leave the house.*

BLAVER (*to LOWE*).

I used to have some confidence in Cecil.

LOWE (*to BLAVER*).

But now he shows this lack of enterprise!

BLAVER. A man like him will never aid my plans,  
Nor yours.

*Enter—Left Rear; and Exeunt Right Rear*  
 —FATHER HYCHER, WIDOW HYCHER  
*and FAITH, prepared to leave the house;*  
*also FREEMAN.*

*Enter—Left Rear—MADAM CECIL, followed by*  
 JEM.

LOWE. And wise men, when they fear a fight,  
 Will never lend one weapon to a foe.

MADAM C. (*to MISS PRIMWOOD*).

You leave us in a storm.

BLAVER (*to MADAM CECIL*). No storm as yet.

I thank you for a very pleasant evening  
 (*shaking hands with MADAM C.*).

MADAM C. (*shaking hands with BLAVER*).

Good evening. (*to JEM.*)

Here, Jem, show them to the gate.

MADAM C. *motions to JEM who Exits at*  
*the Right Rear—MISS PRIMWOOD,*  
*then LOWE, then MADAM LOWE, also*  
*others, shake hands with MADAM C.*

MISS P. Good-night.

MADAM C. Good-night.

LOWE. Good-night.

MADAM L. Good-night.

MADAM C. Good-night.

*Exeunt—Right Rear—BLAVER with MISS*  
*PRIMWOOD, LOWE with MADAM*  
*LOWE and others.*

*Enter—Right Front—KRAFT.*

KRAFT. Where went your husband?

MADAM C. He?—With guests, perhaps.

KRAFT. Or, say, with Celia.

MADAM C. What?—Your scheme  
has failed?

KRAFT. Not yet; my men are here.

*Enter—Right Rear—JEM.*

(*Thunder and lightning—KRAFT points toward*  
*JEM.*) You send for him,

And I will send for her.

MADAM C. (*to JEM*). Jem, find your master.

I wish to see him. Say it is important.

*Exit—Left Rear—JEM.*

(*to KRAFT.*)

[Now let him leave her but one little mo-  
ment,

As leave he must, and we shall have her  
seized.

And may a pall, as black as tops this night,

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

Come down, and hide her face from us for-  
ever.]

KRAFT *beckons toward the Right Front.*

*Enter—Right Front—TWO MEN.*

*Exeunt—Left Front—KRAFT and the TWO MEN.*

*Enter—Left Rear—CECIL.*

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

CECIL (*to MADAM CECIL*). What is your  
wish?

MADAM C. What care you, for my wish?

Oh, I was but a fool, to wed a fool!

Like goes with like. I now acknowledge it.

*(Thunder and lightning.)*

You might have been—ah me!—what might you not?

Position, wealth,—all waited on your nod.

You have dismissed them by your course to-night;

But one hope now remains, and that through Kraft.

*Enter—Left Rear—in trepidation, CELIA.*

*(Thunder and lightning.)*

CELIA. Help! help!

CECIL *(to CELIA)*.

Come here. What is it?

CELIA.

He—with men!

They come to take me.

CECIL.

That they shall not do.

MADAM C. Wait, wait! Her guardian claims her. Who are you?

CECIL. A man who shields a woman.

MADAM C.

If she lie?—

CECIL. Then he can prove it.

MADAM C.

Dare you tell him that?—

Him, Kraft,—the man on whom alone depends

Your chance now for promotion?

*(Thunder and lightning.)*

CELIA (*to CECIL*).  
Yourself.

Do not harm

CECIL (*to CELIA*). One harms himself the most  
when letting  
One weaker than himself be harmed.—Hide  
here!

(*He points toward a window curtain at the  
Rear.*)

*Exit—behind the curtain—CELIA.*

MADAM C. (*to CECIL*).

You do not know.—They claim her as a slave.

CECIL (*to MADAM C.*). I save her as a woman.

MADAM C. But the law—

The sentiment—the spirit of the State.—

You dare not shield her.

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

CECIL. Wherefore dare I not?

MADAM C. No man has ever yet with us been  
left

Not ruined—left alive—who ventured this.

Your influence, your position, property,

Your life, my home, my hope for you,—all, all,

Would all be forfeited.

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

CECIL. Well, let them go.

When they have stripped me of all things  
besides,

I shall have left a clean, clear conscience, death  
And heaven.

MADAM C. You madman!

CECIL. Not as mad as you:

I wait for proof.

MADAM C. And if they prove their case?—

CECIL. I wait then till they take her. But they come.

*(Thunder and lightning.)*

*Enter—Left Front—KRAFT with two men.*

KRAFT *(to CECIL)*.

Is Celia here?

*(advancing toward the Left Rear Entrance.)*

I say, is Celia here?

CECIL *(standing in front of the Left Rear Entrance—and looking around)*.

I do not see her here.

KRAFT. I too have eyes.

I did not ask that. She was in this house.

CECIL. She was my guest; if she be still within  
She still then is my guest.

KRAFT. I am her guardian.

CECIL. And so am I, while I remain her host.

*(Thunder and lightning.)*

*(CECIL looks at the men behind KRAFT.)*

You seem to wish to guard her well,—too well.

KRAFT. I do and shall—for she belongs to me.

CECIL. Well, prove your case.

KRAFT. You ask for proof from me,—

A gentleman?—

CECIL. I ask for proof from you.

KRAFT. You hint I am no gentleman?

CECIL. I say

You are not gentle in your present mood;

And that child is—too gentle far for you.

KRAFT. What?—You defy me?—I shall search for her.

*(Thunder and lightning).*

CECIL. Not till you get by me!

*(CECIL pulls out a pistol. MADAM C. seizes it.)*

KRAFT. And that we shall!

*(KRAFT dashes at CECIL, followed by his men. A pistol-shot is heard. CECIL falls. Violent thunder and lightning.)*

*Enter—Right Rear—FREEMAN with two detectives.*

FREEMAN. Here! seize them! Stop the villains, every one!

*Exeunt—Left Front—KRAFT and men, followed by detectives.*

*Enter—from behind the curtain—CELIA, and bends over CECIL, excitedly examining into his condition.*

FREEMAN *(snatching the pistol from MADAM C.)*.

Aha, you are the murderer? you? eh?—you?

MADAM C. I did not fire it.

FREEMAN *(examining the pistol)*.

One ball gone! Who did?—

Confess it, or convict your lover, Kraft.

CELIA (*wringing her hands over CECIL's prostrate body*).

Oh, he is dead for me!—The only man  
I ever loved is dead for me, for me!

(*Thunder and lightning.*)

CURTAIN.



## ACT SECOND.

SCENE FIRST:—*A sick chamber. At the Left, just behind the Front Entrance, is an alcove. In this, visible to the audience, is a bed. In front of the bed is a chair and a small table, and on the latter are bottles and glasses. On the bed is an effigy of CECIL who is apparently lying there insensible. Forming the back curtain of the stage is a representation of the wall of an ordinary bedroom.*

ENTRANCES: *by doors at the Right and Left; also, farther back at the Left, connecting with the space behind the bed in the alcove.*

*The rising curtain reveals a PHYSICIAN sitting in the chair beside the bed, and CELIA just entering the room, or standing near him.*

CELIA (*to PHYSICIAN*).

How fortunate for Freeman and myself  
That Kraft and Madam Cecil should have fled  
And left with us the man they thought was  
murdered!

Now we can nurse him, as he should be  
nursed.—

How does he seem this morning?

PHYSICIAN.

Very low.

CELIA. Too low, you think, to rally and recover?

PHYSICIAN (*rising from the chair and offering it to CELIA*).

No man could tell—no other case just like it.  
One would not think a bullet lodged as this  
one

Enough to insulate the brain entirely,  
Yet not a nerve will act. He scarcely seems  
To see, or hear, or even feel one touch him.

CELIA (*looking at CECIL*).

It seems like death.

PHYSICIAN.

Yes, very much like death.

CELIA. He seems to think, though.

PHYSICIAN.

Yes; for he is living.

CELIA. In states like this, what can a person  
think of?

PHYSICIAN. Why, he may dream of what he  
did, and was,

And wished he was, before he reached them.

CELIA.

So?

PHYSICIAN. There could be nothing else for  
him to think of.

CELIA. I sometimes hope he knows that I am by.

PHYSICIAN (*rising and preparing to leave*).

Perhaps he does. At any sign of it,

A word might make him conscious of your  
presence,

And keep him so. They say that things more  
slight

Than flickering flames, attracting conscious-  
ness

At times, if they but set the nerves to thrilling,  
Wake slumbering senses into life again.

CELIA. Why, that would be like calling back  
to earth

A spirit after it had flown.

PHYSICIAN. It would.

CELIA. You think it could be done?—that  
human tones,

Though he might not conceive what thought  
was uttered;

That human touches, though he might not  
know

Just who it was that held him, hand in  
hand,—

That these might find him where the spirit  
dreams,

And comfort him, and draw him here once  
more?

PHYSICIAN. Who knows?—Why not?

CELIA. I thank you for the thought.

You come to-morrow?

PHYSICIAN. Yes, good day.

CELIA. Good day.

*Exit—Right—*PHYSICIAN. CELIA *moves*  
*toward the door with the* PHYSICIAN.

*Then she returns to the bed, sits in the chair beside it, and apparently takes CECIL's hand in her own.*

SCENE SECOND:—*The stage is darkened, and the curtain forming the back of the room in Scene First rises, leaving everything on the stage in front of this curtain the same as in Scene First. CELIA, however, no longer sits by the bed in the alcove. At the rear of the stage, is an extensive sylvan landscape, trees, rocks, mosses, etc., backed by higher rocks and distant mountain scenery. The leaves are colored as in autumn, and the sky as at sunrise. Backing, near the center of the stage, slightly elevated and containing seats overlooking the stage, is an arbor. Some of the stone or moss-covered steps leading up to this can be used as seats. Around and behind the arbor are other steps leading upward. Entrances, used in this scene: Right and Left Rear; and at the Back, behind the arbor, and reached by passing upward either through it or around it.*

*From the moment that the stage is darkened, and while it is gradually being illumined again, part of the following is chanted by a choir, either invisible to the audience, or, clothed in white, and half seen at the rear of the stage:*

Oh, who has known the whole of light,  
 That knows it day by day,  
 Where suns that make the morning bright,  
 At evening, pass away?  
 Before the day, beyond the day,  
 Above the suns that roll,  
 There was a light, there waits a light  
 That never leaves the soul.

Oh, who has weighed the worth of light,  
 That gauged it by the gleam  
 That came within the range of sight  
 And thought the rest a dream?  
 Before that sight, beyond that sight  
 Unending and supreme  
 There was a light, there waits a light,  
 Where things are all they seem.

*Once or twice toward the close of the singing, CECIL who is now in the bed sits up, in a bewildered way, passing his hand over his forehead. As the singing ceases, he stands on the floor, leaving the effigy of himself lying on the bed behind him. He now appears clothed in white. As he begins to gaze wonderingly about him,*

*Enter—Left—an idealized form of CELIA, clothed also in white. CECIL does not see her till after she has spoken.*

CECIL. Ah, where am I?

CELIA. With me.

CECIL (*looking at her in astonishment, yet shrinking from her as if in awe*).

And who are you?

CELIA. Your friend.

CECIL (*drawing nearer her*).

My friend?

CELIA. Do I seem else?

CECIL (*with pleased bewilderment*). Nay, nay,

You seem it all: you seem far more than this;

Yet where—when—was it, that I knew you so?

CELIA. You knew me so?—You think you knew me, then?

CECIL. Yes, knew you; and I know you; yet seem not

To know where, when or how I learned of you.

(*CECIL gazes around, then, looking back at the bed that he has left, he suddenly starts upon seeing there the effigy of himself.*)

What? what?—Is that my body?—Am I dead?

CELIA. You seem to be alive.

CECIL. If feeling be

The test of life, I do live.—And yet that—  
(*returning toward the bed and looking at the effigy.*)

That is my body.

CELIA (*meeting him as he turns about, and pointing to his own form*).  
 Nay, but look you here.—

What then is this?

CECIL (*placing his hand on his chest*).  
 This?—Oh, so light, so free,

It seems an essence framed of flutterings,  
 Ethereal as the trillings that a lark  
 Leaves up in heaven when it has left for  
 earth.—

And you call this a body?

CELIA. That one there,  
 (*pointing toward the bed.*)

Holds not your thought?

CECIL. Nay, it has flown to you.

CELIA. And wherefore, think you, has it flown  
 to me?

CECIL. I do not know. I half believe my soul  
 Has all my life been flying thus to you.

[Why, when you speak, your voice the echo  
 seems

Of some familiar strain, with which all sounds  
 That ever I thought sweet were in accord.

And when my dimmed eyes dare to face your  
 own,

Each seems a sky within which is inframed  
 A world that holds my lifetime; and the light  
 Beams like a sun there, scattering doubt and  
 gloom.] (*looking around.*)

But what a world you live in!—Golden skies?—  
Is it the sunset?

CELIA. Nay; you see no sun.

CECIL. Is it the Indian Summer?

CELIA. Nay; you see  
The air is far too clear.

CECIL. Is there a breeze?—  
I feel it fan me.

CELIA. Yet the leaves move not.

CECIL. Why, every leaf glows fairer than a  
flower!—

It must be autumn.

CELIA (*plucking a leaf, and handing it to him*).

Nay; these leaves are fresh.

CECIL. I think I dream:—all things appear so  
strange;

Yet doubt I dream:—they all appear so clear.

CELIA (*sitting on one of the lower steps, leading up  
to the arbor*).

Does nothing seem familiar?

CECIL (*sitting, in a half kneeling position, on a  
step beside CELIA, but lower than the one that  
she occupies, and gazing up reverentially  
toward her*).

No—yet, yes.

[I dimly can recall what now appears  
A troubled, stormy sea, yet not a sea;  
And in the depth that which I call myself  
Seemed held and heaved as in some diving bell.



But evermore in reveries and dreams,  
But most in dreams when outward sense  
would sleep

My soul would be released, and rise and reach  
Fresh air, in which was breathed what gave  
fresh life;

Then, sinking downward, wake and work  
again,

Till time for rest and fresh refreshment came.

But never could my powers at work below  
Remember aught that blest them when above.

CELIA. And now you dream that somehow they  
came here?

CECIL. Oh, do not tell me that I now but  
dream!—

Nay, call it heaven?—Or is the rest of sleep  
But absence from the body while we draw  
New drafts of life from that which gave us  
life?

CELIA. What do you think?

CECIL. I do not think at all.

I only know I would that I were Adam,  
And you were Eve, created while I slept.  
Or is it true that all our souls create  
The things that they aspire for?—And are  
you,—

You whom my very spirit seems to clasp  
And thrill forever at each tingling touch,  
Are you, indeed, the form of my ideal?

Oh love, you seem as if at one with God;  
And yet I never thought a God could be  
So dear. (*kneeling.*)

There have been monks in ecstasy  
Who saw—or thought they saw—the Virgin.  
I—

I could not credit them. But now, it  
seems——

CELIA. You think that I——

CECIL. I know not what you are.  
I only know my soul had sought for you;  
And now has found the search was not in vain.  
Why, and how is it that I know so well—  
How have you told me—what you are to  
me?

CELIA. I have not told you this; and He alone  
Who formed the spirit knows the how and  
why.

CECIL. Who formed?—Why, that is God. I  
thought me dead.  
Yet here, I see not——

(*gazing around and upward.*)

CELIA. You had hoped, at death,  
To pass to Paradise, and be at rest.  
Move on: I have detained you.

(*rising, and waving him off with a gesture.*)

CECIL (*rising anxiously*). I move on?—  
And you stay here?—I cannot. There is not  
The littlest finger of the littlest nerve

In all my frame here, that could summon  
power

To move where you moved not.

CELIA. Ah, then your will  
Is mightier than you deemed it? You can rise  
But when you wish to rise? The haunts of  
heaven

Need not have walls to keep you out of them?  
*(seating herself on a step higher than she occupied  
before.)*

CECIL *(sitting beside, but below her)*.

Keep out of them?—Why, your sweet form  
alone

Has brought me now a million, million times  
More than I ever dreamed that death could  
bring me.

CELIA. But where is your religion?

CECIL. All was love.—

CELIA. And not the Christ—?

CECIL. Why, yes—that which he was—  
For which he died,—the spirit in the man,—  
In me, in you.—Ah, now it seems as if  
Each face I loved on earth but imaged yours!—  
Why is it, dear one, that you seem to be  
So fully all things that they all could be?  
And what love is it?—what, the halo here  
That seems to orb you in the sphere of God?

CELIA. Had you seen more of that, you might  
find out.

CECIL. I would I could!

CELIA (*rising, as does also CECIL*).

And shall I help you to it?

CECIL. I knew there was no wish within my soul  
That would not find an echo in your own.

Where shall we go that we may find—?]

CELIA (*pointing toward the Right*). You see  
Those coming?—Let us watch, and listen to  
them.

*(They enter the arbor, where, in view of the  
audience, they overlook the stage.)*

*Enter—Right—LOWE and MADAM LOWE  
in gray Quaker costumes, resembling  
in most regards those of CECIL and  
CELIA.*

*(Blue-gray light illumines the stage.)*

CECIL (*to CELIA*).

They look like Lowe, the Quaker, and his wife.

LOWE (*to MADAM L.*).

I feel so weary, yet we wanted rest.

MADAM L. (*to LOWE*).

Did I not walk with thee, I half might doubt  
The leading of this path.

LOWE. I doubt it not,

When leading thee.—Who ever saw thee  
decked

In vain attire?

MADAM L. Or thee not grave and gray?

LOWE. Or heard thee romp?

MADAM L. Or thee hilarious?

LOWE. Or found thee once the toy of giddy fancy?

MADAM L. Or thee, of disconcerted calculation?

LOWE. None ever!—Yet I fear this path.—I thought

I heard—and oh, I dared then listen twice!—

I thought I heard strange singing—

MADAM L. Birds?—I thought

I saw—and oh, I dared then look there twice!—

I thought I saw a wicked, grinning ape.

LOWE. Hush, hush! Think not of these things.  
Nay, but think

Of things that God hath made.—I wonder if  
(*becoming shrewd.*)

The holy city be completely built.

MADAM L. They might give thee a contract.

LOWE. Well, they might!

[And if the saints be not all Friends——

MADAM L. Sh—sh—

Not that!—so loud!—I fear me, lest we doubt.

LOWE. To doubt is charity, where to believe

Is to condemn. Who knows but we could thrive

Deprived of Friends—build churches.

MADAM L. Say not that.

We may be taken down yet, where they use them.

LOWE. I fear me some may use them here.  
For look!—

*(Part of the stage is illuminated with red light.)*  
The colors on the leaves, the very sky,  
Seem sadly gay.

MADAM L. Oh, do not look at them!

They glow to tempt the lusting of the eye.]

LOWE. Sh!—what is that? Loud noise and  
music too!

*(BLAVER and MISS PRIMWOOD are heard singing.)*

Oh, up and spout, and down and shout,  
And show the spirit off and out.

MADAM L. Oh, there may be a fiend here! Let  
us hide.

*Exeunt—Right—LOWE and MADAM L. hurriedly.*

*Enter—Left—BLAVER and MISS PRIMWOOD in blue clothes resembling those of CECIL and CELIA. The stage is illumined with dark blue light.*

CECIL *(to CELIA)*.

See!—Blaver and Miss Primwood, I should  
say.

BLAVER. We should have found the place ere  
this; or heard

The blowing of the trumpets, or the shouts——  
[MISS P. Of all the elders, yes.

BLAVER.

We soon shall reach

The place "where congregations ne'er break  
up."—

Oh, I could talk forever!

MISS P. So could I!—

Yet,—do you know?—if I were not with you,  
I half should tremble, lest my feet were near  
The silence of the——

BLAVER (*in a frightened way*).

Do not speak of that!

Keep talking.—Oh too true!—There are no  
shouts.]

No one has got the power here.

MISS P. It may be,

They all have got it.

BLAVER. What if that were so?—

Suppose they had.—Suppose that no one here  
Could ever find a spirit to reform—

Not one to preach to,—how could saints here  
know

About one's gifts?

[MISS P. (*agitated*).

Yes, yes; but keep on talking.

To be with one who talks on, makes one  
sure

The silence is not near.

BLAVER. Yes, let us talk.

Perhaps, at times, to change a tune or text,  
The congregation pauses; and may hear,  
And send the sexton for us.]

*Enter—Right—stealthily, and dodging behind trees, LOWE and MADAM L.*

MISS P. (*pointing toward the Right*).

Who are they,

So still, so backward, skulking through the shade?

BLAVER. So backward and so still!—Are both bad signs.

[MISS P. Though this were Paradise, there might be here

Another serpent.

BLAVER. Or those like him!—Would Be backward too, and not stand up for aught.

MISS P. Would slip away.

BLAVER. Be still in doing it.]

MISS P. (*clinging to BLAVER's arm*).

How wise that I did learn to be a woman,  
And cling to man! Ah, were I here alone——

BLAVER. Those two seem slipping just like drunken sneaks

Evading prohibition laws.—I have it:  
Heaven calls me to my mission. See them  
quail

When I exhort them! What is more religious  
[Than ministering discomfort? Rile folks  
up,

Their dregs appear; they see their own foul  
depths.]

You watch them now.—Hoho! hoho! hoho!



(BLAVER is gesturing toward the Right Entrance.)

*Enter—Right—FATHER HYCHER, in a long red cassock, and WIDOW HYCHER, in a red gown resembling a cassock. The stage is suddenly illumined with red light.*

FATHER H. (to BLAVER).

Hold, preaching fiend! How dare you block  
my path

And raise that impious and schismatic shout?

Down on your knees.

[(then to LOWE and MADAM LOWE, who appear at the Left).]

Down on your knees.

MADAM LOWE.

Vain souls,

Trained on the earth to influence men through  
force,

In realms where spirits have not forms that  
force

Can harm, must find their occupation gone.]

*Exeunt—Left—LOWE and MADAM LOWE.*

CECIL (to CELIA, as he looks at the HYCHERS).

Father and Widow Hycher, or their doubles!—

[The Quaker dame has not forgot her training.

BLAVER (to MISS P., looking toward MADAM L.).

Expected to surprise her! — failed! — She  
knows

The devil is deformed, and so wears robes.

MISS P. They both wear like robes!—Are for woman's rights?

And think the woman's best is in her gown?

WIDOW H. (*to BLAVER, pointing to FATHER H.*). He bade you kneel.

He bade you kneel.

BLAVER (*to WIDOW H.*). Am I your suitor?—

No;

Nor his. You neither suit me.

WIDOW H. (*pointing to FATHER H.*). It is time  
You go to——

BLAVER. You go there yourself. Ay, ay;  
Be missionaries for me. I will not  
Be tempted that way then.

(*to MISS P.*) How strange that forms  
We meet in Paradise all seem to garb  
Our worst aversions!

MISS P. (*anxiously*). Yes, but—oh—exhort  
them!]

BLAVER (*to FATHER and WIDOW H.*). Hoho,  
hoho!

Who rails at preaching proves his need of it.  
[WIDOW H. I feel as if a storm were near, and  
yet

Were blowing music for me.

FATHER H. (*to WIDOW H.*). Heard in heaven,  
Storms blowing from the mouth of hell make  
music.

BLAVER (*to MISS P.*). Their colors! they—they  
flag the foe for me.

Are red as fire—are fire, perhaps; if so,  
Need stirring up, and showing—blowing up  
And out. Hoho, hoho!]

*(The HYCHERS disappear behind a rock.)*

Why, they seem gone?—  
Skulked off?—We might have known they  
would. Come follow.

You sing, and I will shout.

*(moves toward the Right).*

MISS P. Not that way, no!

*(Both turn to the Left).*

BLAVER and MISS P. *(together).*

Hoho! hoho! hoho! hoho!

We've all things here you need to know.

*Exeunt—Left—BLAVER and MISS PRIMWOOD.*

*(Reappear at the Right, FATHER HYCHER and  
WIDOW HYCHER.)*

WIDOW H. If I were not with you, I half  
might fear

That we had wholly missed the narrow path,  
But with my shepherd near me, all is well.

[FATHER H. How strange that I have found not  
yet a flock,

Nor sheepfold, not a single hedge, forsooth,  
In which to drive a single soul!

WIDOW H. Like that—

Where all were kept so safe—no schism  
there!—

The walls were always echoing back the words

You spoke; and no one else was let to speak.

FATHER H. All heard what they believed.

WIDOW H. Could they do else  
Than to believe what they were always  
hearing?—

Dear words, how we must thank them for our  
faith!

FATHER H. Without our words men might be  
left with nature.

WIDOW H. Just think of that!—And where  
would nature bear them?

FATHER H. Off from the church, I fear.

WIDOW H. Yes, yes, and off—  
Off from the priest.

FATHER H. From God, as well?

WIDOW H. I fear—  
For He is so unnatural.

FATHER H. You mean  
Is supernatural.

WIDOW H. Mysterious!—  
Creates our reason, yet condemns its use.

I never used my reason—did not dare.

FATHER H. You were a modest, model woman,  
yes.

WIDOW H. And you a model man—no monk  
with me;

Yet ever showed the world a pious face.

FATHER H. I did. They lied who said I did  
not care

For truth. How oft, for it, I held my tongue!

WIDOW H. And so held on to truth—

FATHER H. And kept it sacred.

WIDOW H. And easy too for us, who need not  
find it.

For my part, I would rather have no truth  
Than risk damnation, planning how to use it.  
How kind the priest to do our thinking for  
us,

And make us, through not thinking, think  
just right!

FATHER H. But you did thinking—when I  
thought—

WIDOW H. Of course,  
When you thought for me.—Is that what you  
mean?

And now, and here, too, you will think for  
me?

FATHER H. Could I do else?]

WIDOW H. And when we reach the gates,  
You promise not to leave me; for, you know,  
I never learned the language of the spirit;  
And might not know it, were not you beside  
me.

FATHER H. I—yes—but if——

WIDOW H. There was no *if* in what  
You used to say.

*Exeunt—Left—*FATHER HYCHER *and* WIDOW  
HYCHER.

*(The red light changes to golden, and CECIL  
and CELIA come out from the arbor,  
and, while speaking, gradually descend  
to the stage.)*

CECIL. They did not see us.

CELIA. No,  
For they did not look up.

CECIL. I know, but why?—  
Where all things round them were so new and  
strange?

CELIA. The spirit is the slave of its desire.  
They did not care to look above themselves.

[CECIL. Pray tell me who they were. They  
seemed so near,

And yet so many million miles away.

They looked like people, too, whom once I  
knew;

Yet moved like cuckoos jointed on a clock,  
Accenting nothing they have thought them-  
selves,

Or have the force to make another think.

CELIA. They seemed as if lost souls.

CECIL (*startled*). Lost souls, you say?

CELIA. Did you not note them—how they wan-  
dered on;

Nor knew their destination?

CECIL. Heaven forbid!

CELIA. Why pray for this?—You think that  
force rules here,—

That spirits are not free to wander where  
Their own ideals bear them?

CECIL. Those they formed  
On earth, you mean?

CELIA. Where else could they be formed?

CECIL. And whither, think you, will ideals bear  
Those whom we just have seen?

CELIA. Where would you deem  
These could be realized—save on the earth?

CECIL. But some of them seemed looking for  
their Christ.

CELIA. I fear those looking but for their own  
Christ

May sometimes fail to find the Christ of God.

CECIL. But will they never find Him?

CELIA. Do you think  
That those in search for but a false ideal,  
Could recognize Him, even should they find  
Him?

CECIL. Is not the Christ of God in all the  
churches?

CELIA. Is He not preached through men?

CECIL. And are not men  
Controlled?—inspired?

CELIA. And, if so, from what source?  
Are there no spirits in the line between  
Divinity and man?—And what of man,—

This urn of earth in which the true seed  
falls?—

There was an Arab in Mohammed's time;  
In Joan of Arc's there was a maid of France.

CECIL. But would you grant their claim?

CELIA. Some keen as you  
Believed it true. And is it charity  
To deem them dupes?

CECIL. But one must rate them thus,  
Or call upon their prophets.

CELIA. Think you so?  
One hears of gypsies telling what comes  
true.

Does this truth prove them seers of all the  
truth?

Believe not every spirit; prove——

CECIL. But how?

CELIA. How but by what is told, and character  
Of him who tells it? To the true soul, truth  
Appeals to taste, as beauty to the sense;  
Its test is quality. The like comes from like.  
Their inspiration is the nearest God's  
Whose life and love seem nearest Him.

CECIL. May those  
Not near Him be inspired too?

CELIA. Why may not  
Some lower phase of spirit-power, earth-borne  
To live for matter only, still intent  
To live for matter, take abode in them,



And work its will upon their willing souls?  
Why differs it, though they may rise on  
earth

Impelled through emulation to enforce  
Their wills on others; or, through appetite  
May fall, and yield control of reason's reins  
To that which drives them on to lust and  
crime?—

A spirit that inspires through selfishness  
To mean success or failure, equally  
May vex as by a devil made incarnate  
Oneself and all about him.

CECIL. Poor weak man!

CELIA. Weak ever—save when conscious of his  
need.]

*Enter—Left—FREEMAN and FAITH dressed like  
CECIL and CELIA.*

FREEMAN (*advancing, speaking to the two, and  
pointing toward the Back*).

Does this path lead us upward?

CELIA. Yes, it does.

FREEMAN (*looking at CECIL, and speaking to  
him*).

Why, why, friend, is this you?

(*to CELIA.*) And Celia too?—

CELIA. Your friends, at least, whoever we may  
be.

(*CECIL and CELIA shake hands with FREEMAN  
and FAITH.*)

CECIL (*to* FREEMAN).

And Freeman—you with Faith?—I join your joy.

Why, it fulfills my dream for you.

FREEMAN.

And mine!

(*to* FAITH, *and gesturing toward their surroundings.*)

How much, with each new step, th' horizon widens.

[FAITH. How could one bide below!

FREEMAN (*thoughtfully, and pointing toward the Left*). Ask Father Hycher.

FAITH. And he—he was a good and learnèd man!

FREEMAN. Less good than learnèd, darling.

Your pure soul

Breathed such an atmosphere about itself,

Your very presence could impart an air

Of sacredness to all brought near to you.]

FAITH (*to* CELIA, *while* FREEMAN *turns to* CECIL).

So strange it is how much more wise and wide

His views are here than seem the views of those

Who, on the earth, appear'd so much more learnèd.

CELIA. Not strange!—Though spirit-life be lived in thought,

Where thought pervades the atmosphere like air,

What can its measure be, for any mind,

Save that mind's receptivity? If so,  
When freed from bounds conditioning human  
thought,

It is a mind not filled so much as open,  
Where waits not bigotry but charity,  
Although with little learning, that first thrills  
To tides that flow from infinite resources.

FREEMAN (*who has turned to listen to the latter  
part of what she has been saying*).

Is this a revelation?

CELIA. Ay, to those  
Who heed the truth behind the words I use;  
And yet for those who heed this truth them-  
selves

I do not need to term it revelation.

FREEMAN. We soon, I hope, can test it for  
ourselves.

Farewell, kind friends, until we meet above.  
(FREEMAN and FAITH shake hands with CECIL  
and CELIA.)

CELIA. Farewell.

CECIL. Farewell.

(FREEMAN and FAITH pass upward through, or  
around the arbor, till, finally they disappear.)

*Exeunt—at the Back*—FREEMAN and FAITH.

CECIL (*looking at them as they ascend*).

Oh happy, blessèd pair!

(*Part of the following is then chanted by the  
choir, either invisible, or visible at the*

*rear of the stage. During the singing,  
CELIA and CECIL gradually ascend  
to the arbor where both sit.*

Two springs of life,—in air and earth;  
Two tides,—in soul and sod;  
Two natures,—wrought of breath and birth;  
Two aims,—in cloud and clod;—  
Oh, where were worlds, or where were worth  
Without the two, and God?

Two movements in the heaving breast,  
Two, in the beating heart;  
Two, in the swaying soldier's crest;  
Two, in the strokes of art;—  
Oh where in aught of mortal quest,  
Are e'er the two apart?

Two times of day,—in gloom and glow;  
Two realms—of dream and deed;  
Two seasons—bringing sod and snow;  
Two states—of fleshed and freed;—  
Oh where is it that life would go,  
But through the two they lead?

Two frames that meet,—the strong, the fair,  
True love in both begun;  
Two souls that form a single pair;  
Two courses both have run;—  
Oh where is life in earth or air,  
And not with these at one?

CECIL (*pointing in the direction taken by FREE-  
MAN and FAITH*).

And now they rest?

CELIA.                   Why not?   What now remains  
Of an ideal to bear them back to earth?—  
Or what to learn from mortals?

CECIL.                   Learn from mortals?  
[Can mortals aid immortals?

CELIA.                   Life is one.  
Our daily deeds bring sweeter dreams at  
    night;  
And sweeter dreams more strength for daily  
    deeds.  
If thought may pass from sphere to sphere,  
    why not  
The benefit of thought?

CECIL.                   Why, this were strange!

CELIA. If strangeness were a test of what is  
    false,  
Most things that are believed would not be  
    true.

CECIL. But high and heavenly spirits helped by  
    human?]

CELIA. Why should not all in heaven or earth  
    be helped  
By all with whom in spirit they are one?  
[Were you on earth, the while your soul aspired,  
Could mine not move up with you? What you  
    learned,  
Could it not ever be a part of me?

CECIL. Why, this is that for which I so have  
    longed!

And once with one I thought that I had found it.

Ah, can it be the halo crowning her,  
Was your sweet face behind the face I saw?—  
Yet—were it right to turn from her to you?

CELIA. All ties are right that make true life more bright.

Think you that she had not her own ideal?

*(gesturing toward the Right.)*

And were her soul but free to pass to it,  
Do you imagine she would pass to you?]

CECIL *(looking toward the Right)*.

My wife with Kraft?—How can it be?—and yet——

*(The stage is suddenly illumined with brown light.)*

*Enter—Right—KRAFT and MADAM CECIL,  
dressed in dark brown clothes, shaped  
like those of CECIL and CELIA.*

MADAM CECIL *(to KRAFT)*. It matters not what we have done. Have faith.

KRAFT *(to MADAM CECIL with suppressed fear)*.

But should I meet my wife whose will I broke,  
Whose slaves were not set free——

MADAM C. Have faith, have faith!

KRAFT. Or should we two meet Cecil——

[MADAM C. *(in abject fear)*. Oh, oh, oh,

Speak not of that! It all is paid. Have faith.

KRAFT *(doubtingly)*.

Yet some would talk of proving faith by works.

MADAM C. I joined the church when scarcely  
sweet sixteen,

And never danced, except away from home.

KRAFT. And I, when I was twenty; and I never  
Let people see me backslide.

MADAM C. And I always  
Professed to take an interest in the meetings.

KRAFT. And how men praised me for my church-  
subscriptions,

And for my faith that God would, someway,  
pay them!

MADAM C. Yes, we were both so careful to seem  
right!

KRAFT. But yet, should we meet Cecil——]

MADAM C. (*shuddering*). Oh, oh, oh,  
Not him! not him!

(*recovering herself suddenly.*)

He never can come here.

KRAFT (*eagerly*).

You think so—eh?—Why not?

MADAM C. (*sententiously*). He lost his faith.

KRAFT (*with cringing hope*).

Is that so?—Yes?—but how?

MADAM C. Why, just because

Our pastor said, one time, of slavery,

The institution was divine, God's own,

He never after set foot in that church.

[KRAFT (*with self-congratulatory delight*).

Oh, is that so!

MADAM C. Besides, he sometimes owned  
To other——

KRAFT. Other what?

MADAM C. Misgivings.

KRAFT (*with assumed horror*). Not

Believe in things men preached?

MADAM C. (*sanctimoniously*). He doubted  
them.

KRAFT (*decisively*).

Then he did not have faith.

MADAM C. No; he did not.

KRAFT. I learned the catechism in my youth;  
And always said, when asked, that it was  
true.

MADAM C. Thank God for that! He was not  
trained as you were.

KRAFT. You know I would not let an ignorant  
man,

A slave or poor white, meet me in my parlor.

MADAM C. No; never!

KRAFT. When a man is ignorant  
About the doctrines—doubts them,—how can  
he

Expect that God will welcome him?

MADAM C. Just so!

We never have a God we understand

Until we learn to judge Him by ourselves.]

(CELIA, *beckoning to CECIL who follows  
her, comes from the arbor, and moves*



*toward KRAFT and MADAM C., who, being at the front of the stage facing the audience, do not see them.)*

KRAFT (*in self-congratulatory way*).

Your husband then had really lost his faith?

I wonder if my wife had not lost hers.

MADAM C. Did she not free her slaves?—Our pastor said

The institution was divine.

KRAFT (*deliberatingly*). Yes, yes.

MADAM C. She did not think it so.

KRAFT. But I did, I,—

I broke her will.

MADAM C. And saved her.—

KRAFT. What?—Oh, yes!—

Saved her from the results——

CELIA (*to KRAFT and MADAM C., as she points to CECIL*). What sophistry

Is this?

MADAM C. (*falling on her knees before CECIL, in abject fear*).

Oh, Master, did I not have faith?

KRAFT (*also falling on his knees before CECIL*).

Did I not often say “Good Lord” in prayer?

[MADAM C. Did I not bear my cross?—

KRAFT. A diamond cross

I gave her?—

MADAM C. I embroidered one. I showed  
My faith by works.

- KRAFT. I, in my business,—  
Oh, how my slaves would work at those church  
fairs!]
- CECIL (*to CELIA*).  
Are they insane?
- CELIA. In part.
- CECIL. Heard you the name  
They called us?
- CELIA. His who said that "Inasmuch  
As ye have done it to the least of these,  
My brethren, ye, have done it unto Me."  
MADAM C. Oh, Master, wherefore are we here?
- CECIL (*to CELIA*). Where do  
They think themselves?
- CELIA. Where false and hellish moods  
Create a false and hellish world to live in.
- CECIL (*to KRAFT and MADAM C.*).  
What seems the trouble? What is it you fear?
- KRAFT. Oh, Master!
- MADAM C. Master!
- [CECIL Why do you say that?
- MADAM C. You are so holy, and we are so base.
- KRAFT. Oh, wherefore did I kill you?
- MADAM C. Wherefore, oh,  
Oh, wherefore did I load you with abuse?—  
I did not know you then.
- CECIL. Nor know me now.  
Am I your master?
- KRAFT. It was you we harmed.

CECIL. What would you that I do for you?

MADAM C. Oh let

Us pay it back.

KRAFT. Yes, let us pay it back.

CELIA. Pay what back? What?—You said,  
“It all is paid.

Have faith.” Your faith means faith that  
God forgives.

If he forgive you, why not feel forgiven?

MADAM C. You mock us.

KRAFT. Mock us.]

CECIL (*to CELIA*). Tell me what to say.

And is there nothing one can do for them  
To free them from their misery?

CELIA. They say

There is, and truly. Though the Lord for-  
give,

In spirit how can spirits feel forgiven

Ere they undo the wrong their lives have  
wrought?

Ere this had been undone, not even laws

Of Moses let the trespasser receive

The benefit of sacrifice; and how

Could heavenly joys crown even perfect love

Save as it served the soul it once had harmed?

CECIL (*to MADAM C. and KRAFT*).

What is it, then, that you would do for me?

KRAFT. What you had done, had we not stayed  
your work.

CECIL (*to CELIA*).

What?—Is it possible?—my plans, my hopes  
Can be fulfilled yet? and fulfilled through  
these?—

(*to KRAFT and MADAM C.*)

Well, it may be so. You may serve your time.  
[MADAM C. Ah, now I know, indeed, that  
Heaven is true!

KRAFT. And now I know, indeed, the Lord  
forgives!]

CELIA. But prove your faith by your fidelity.

(*CELIA points toward the Right Rear Entrance. As she does so, Enter—Right Rear—JEM and MILLY. Their dresses are of a grayer shade, but otherwise they resemble those of CECIL and CELIA. As KRAFT and MADAM C. turn toward the Right, they see JEM and MILLY, and draw back affrighted.*)

MADAM C. See those grim messengers of torture coming!

CECIL (*to CELIA*).

Why, those are Jem and Milly, our old slaves!  
She tried to thwart me, when I set them free.

CELIA. She thinks them fiends.

CECIL. How blind! Their dusky hues  
To me seem fair-formed shadows cast before  
The light of coming angels.

(*CELIA and CECIL, at her apparent bidding,*

*seat themselves again on some of the steps leading up to the arbor, and from there listen to the following.)*

MADAM C. (to JEM and MILLY, kneeling before them). Spare my soul!

JEM. A little thing ter spare!—I 'spects I will.

MADAM C. You will not drive me off to torment then?

JEM. Come, come, ole missus, yer mixed up on dis. De debil not so black as he am painted.

He's white,—a missus too! When yer gets dah (*pointing down*),

Jes' take one look in dat ah lake. You'll see 'im.

MADAM C. Oh, oh, then you have seen him?

JEM. Wall, I's been Dun gone down da below,—a slave, yer see. But now, I's heah.

MADAM C. And I must be your slave?

JEM. No; we's not mean enough ter own no slaves. (*gesturing toward MILLY.*)

MADAM C. You would not drive us to the darkness?

JEM. No

We's come away from dah, or 'spected so Till we met—(*he looks at her sharply.*)

MADAM C. Who? Oh, take me not—

JEM. Fur 'im?—

Law sakes alive! Yer kneelin'!

MADAM C.

I will serve

For all my life——

JEM.

De debil?—better not!

(JEM and MILLY turn to leave at the Right Rear Entrance.)

MADAM C. I must pay back the service forced from you.

You will not, cannot, must not cast me off.

JEM (*turning around toward her*).

Dem folks dat's free perfers ter choose deir help.

*Exeunt—Right Rear—JEM and MILLY, hurriedly.*

MADAM C. (*to KRAFT who seems to desire to linger*).

Oh, we must overtake them!

(*She pulls KRAFT after her.*)

*Exeunt—Right Rear—MADAM C. and KRAFT.*  
(*As they leave, the stage is illumined with golden light.*)

CELIA (*looking after them*). Who can tell

What ages it may take to overtake

The wrong one's own wrong lashes into flight!

CECIL. Where are they going?

CELIA.

Earthward, so it seems.

CECIL. And will she serve her slaves?

CELIA.

Why should she not?

Why should not those who were the most oppressed

Have most that serve them where but souls  
are served?

All things inverted and turned inside out,  
The last in station may become the first,  
The lowly lordlike and the high the low,  
The crown'd the chain'd, the crucified the  
crown'd.

[CECIL. But how and where can spirits right  
their wrong?

CELIA. Wherever spirits influence the spirit.

CECIL. Ah, then, through others' lives they  
work their work?

CELIA. Perchance they may; perchance they  
may do more.

CECIL. Do more?—What mean you?—live  
again on earth?—

Nay, if they shall, they have lived; yet who  
ever

Met mortal yet whose memory could recall  
A former state?

CELIA. He might recall the state  
Without the circumstance. To know, be-  
speaks

Experience. To be born with intuitions  
And insight, is to know. To sun new growth  
Why should not all be given an equal chance  
Unshadow'd by dark memories of the past?

CECIL. But if the past were bright?

CELIA. If wholly so,

Would one need progress? or could he be  
cursed

With deeper woe than thought that could  
recall,

Enslaved in flesh, a former liberty?

Why lure to suicide, that, breaking through

The lines determining development,

May plunge the essence down to deeper depths

There planted till new growth take root anew?

CECIL. Must all new growth be planted in the  
earth?

CELIA. Is any germ that grows not planted  
there?

CECIL. What trains it then?

CELIA. Some say that where it falls

In age, clime, country, family, fleshly form,

The mighty wheels of matter—earth and  
moon,

And sun and planets, all the unseen stars

Of all the universe that round it roll—

With one unending whirl grind out its fate;

Yet only earthly fate. Flung to and fro,

And torn by care and toil and pain and loss,

The spirit knows in spirit it is free;

And true to its high nature, may pass through

The terror of the ordeal with all

The finer flour of nature's grain preserved.

CECIL. So though careers be fated, souls are  
free?



CELIA. The consciousness of freedom comes  
 from force  
 Which is of heaven; the consciousness of fate  
 From that which is of earth; and both are  
 true;  
 Or that which makes all feel them both is  
 false.

CECIL. But if some spirits thus return to earth,  
 Why not all spirits?

CELIA. Who has traced for you  
 The history of spirits? If they came  
 From God, as matter came, why came they  
 not  
 With matter?

CECIL. What?—Through beasts and birds, you  
 mean?

CELIA. Why not?—Why should not these have  
 endless life?  
 Why, if they have it, should their course be  
 checked  
 Ere they attain the highest?—and, if not,  
 Why should their essence not move up through  
 man?

CECIL. Is man the son of beasts?

CELIA. In flesh why not?—  
 But may be born of flesh and of the Spirit.  
 Devoid of spirit, all the body's nerves  
 Are lifeless as the wires, when rent apart,  
 Which once were thrilling with electric force.

But ah! that force, though flown to air, comes  
back

To give new life wherever new forms fit it.  
So, while the whole creation of the flesh,  
In groans and travails of successive births,  
Prepares each new formation for its need,  
Why should not psychic force, the breath of  
Him

In whom all live and move and have their  
being,

With rhythm mightier than the pulse of lungs,  
Or day and night, or autumn and the spring,  
Pass up through all the lower ranks of life,  
Through birth and on through death, from air  
to breath,

From breath to air, till, last, it reaches man;  
And, taught the lesson there of human hands  
Which master matter, and of each man make  
A fellow-worker in creation's work,  
And, taught the lesson of the human voice,  
Which for each new conception frames a word  
To phase and phrase it, and of each man  
makes

A fellow-thinker in creation's thought,—  
Why should not this force, moulded by the  
hand

And head, attain in man its final end,  
And dowered with will and reason, freed at  
death

From its material framework, hold its mould,  
And reach the last result of all that is,  
Where that which served the serpent is the  
son,—

A spirit in the image of the Father?

CECIL. These words recall an ancient eastern  
dream;

And, in one's waking hours, can it be true?

CELIA. Think you a true soul ever served a  
thought

Not souled in truth, whatever were its form?

CECIL. But what then of the Christ?

CELIA. Did he not say  
He lived in spirit ere he lived on earth?—

CECIL. He said he came for others.

CELIA. Do you think  
A spirit such as his would need to come  
For his own good?

CECIL. And yet that sacrifice?—

CELIA. He sacrificed the spirit-life for life  
On earth, and life on earth for spirit-life.

CECIL. And but fulfilled a common rôle?

CELIA. Not common,  
Did he fulfill our spirit's best ideal;  
For spirits live in thought. How can they  
know

Of any God beyond their thought of him?

CECIL. But if they know the Son?

CELIA. They know, at best,

A "Son of Man," as well, too, as "of God,"—  
In spirit one with Him, but not in frame.

CECIL. And yet a "Saviour"—

CELIA. What inspires, but spirit?—

Or saves, but inspiration? He—enough—  
All must move upward would they find the  
Christ. (*rising and pointing upward.*)

CECIL (*rising*).

But ought they not to work for others too?

CELIA. In spirit those work most for truth, who  
most

Are true; for all are led, yet all are leaders.  
Thus does the line of being bridge the gulf  
Between the world of worm and fire,—the  
hell

As well as home of all not saved from matter—  
And that eternal rest where souls, made free  
From longer craving a material frame  
Through which to signal their vain selfhood,  
lose

Their lower life to find a higher life,  
Where now their spirits are at one with His  
Whose life of love is theirs who love his  
life;

And, even as the Christ is in the Father,  
So, too, become joint heirs with Him of all  
things.

(CELIA and CECIL *move upward, and finally  
disappear.*)]

*Exeunt—at the Back—CELIA and CECIL.*

*In the meantime, part of the following  
is chanted by a choir, either invisible  
or visible at the rear of the stage.*

In the world of care and sorrow  
Cloud and darkness veil the way,  
But in heaven there waits a morrow  
Where the night will turn to day,  
Where the spirit-light in rising,  
Yet will gild the clouds of fear,  
And the shadows, long disguising,  
Lift and leave the landscape clear.

When the soul, amid that glory,  
Finds its earthly garments fall,  
Harm and anguish end their story,  
Health and beauty come to all;  
No more fleshly chains can fetter  
Faith that longs to soar above;  
None to duty seems a debtor,  
And the only law is love.

There is ended earthly scheming,  
Earthly struggle sinks to sleep;  
Souls have passed from deed to dreaming,  
And they have no watch to keep;  
For the world has wrought its mission,  
And the wheels of labor rest;  
And the faithful find fruition,  
And the true become the blest.

*(The stage is darkened; and the curtain that  
formed the back of Scene First in this  
Act falls upon it.)*

SCENE THIRD:—*Same as Scene First of this Act.*  
*While the stage is still dark, unseen by the audience,*

*Enter—Left—CECIL, in dressing-gown covering completely the dress worn by him in the last scene. He reclines on the bed, where his effigy was in the First Scene of this Act.*

*(The stage is made light.)*

*Enter—Left—CELIA, dressed as in Scene First of this Act. In addition, she brings a hat and shawl, which, as she becomes visible to audience, she is seen putting on.*

*Enter—Right—JEM.*

CELIA (to JEM).

The time has come to take my morning walk.  
I almost fear to leave him. You will stay  
While I am gone, and keep good watch?

JEM.

Yes, Missus.

Fo' Gawd, dey done dare hahm de ole Marse  
now.

What dey would hahm would be de udder  
pusson.

*Exit—Left—CELIA.*

*(After waiting a moment, JEM opens the door at the Left, looks about, closes the door, then crosses to the door at the Right, opens it, looks out, and speaks.)*

Now yer's all safe, suh. She 'ab gone away.

*Enter—Right—KRAFT, MADAM CECIL and two MEN, all dressed in out-door costume. All of them except KRAFT cross the stage toward the couch. KRAFT remains behind, and, taking a bank-note from his pocket-book, holds it in front of JEM's mouth.*

KRAFT (to JEM). Will this patch keep that mouth shut?

JEM (*taking the money and pocketing it.*)

Law now, Marse,

And pocket, too, suh.

KRAFT. You are wise, my man.

(*KRAFT crosses to the alcove where MADAM C. and the two MEN have been looking at CECIL. He looks at CECIL, and speaks to them.*)

No doubt!—You see the man is living still.

You both can swear to that?

FIRST MAN. Oh, yes.

SECOND MAN. Yes, yes.

KRAFT (to JEM).

What says the doctor, Jem? Will he recover?

JEM. I 'spec' he 'spec's it.

KRAFT (to MADAM CECIL). We are safe, at least.

Has lived now long enough—for that.

MADAM C.

Yet I

Could almost pray to know that he was dead!

CECIL (*in bewilderment, starting suddenly, and sitting up in the bed*).

And did you think I wanted to be living?

CURTAIN.



### ACT THIRD.

*An interval of two year is supposed to elapse between the occurrences in Acts Second and Third.*

SCENE FIRST:—*A room in the house of FREEMAN, who has married CELIA, and is living with her in a Northern "Border" State. Near the center of the room, set with dishes for a meal, is a table. Bread and a pitcher of milk have already been placed on it. Three or four chairs are near the table. At the Left is a closet, and about the room other articles of furniture. Backing, a wall containing a window or door; also a mirror near the Left Rear. Entrances by doors at the Right and Left near the Front.*

*The rising curtain reveals JEM with overcoat and hat on, standing in front of the table, also MILLY.*

JEM (to MILLY).

De station am a mile off. Whar's de dahky  
Dat wouldn't get hungry 'foah he got dat fah?  
(*taking bread from the table and putting it into his pocket.*)

Dey all don't want to see 'im stahve; not dey!  
An' dry up, no!

*(taking up the milk-pitcher, and looking at it.)*

Why, 'sakes alive! dah's marse—

And what's he call me calf faw?

*(pouring out, evidently against MILLY's protests,  
a tumbler-ful of milk, drinking it, then  
hiding the tumbler in the closet.)*

Dat am good.

Dis dahky's glad dat ole Marse Cecil's comin'.

But ole Marse Cecil,—wondeh how he'll take

To seein' his Miss Celia Missus Freeman.

It 'peahed as how he liked dat ah young gal,

An' when ole Missus Cecil she got out

An' married dat Marse Kraft, why, you an'  
me,

We 'spected how Marse Cecil 'd like to get

As fuh de oder way wid his Miss Celia.—

But now Marse Freeman's got her, got her  
tight.

*Exit—Left—MILLY who has evidently heard  
someone coming.*

*Enter—Left—FREEMAN and CELIA.*

FREEMAN *(to JEM)*.

It's time to go, Jem.

JEM.

Go?—I's goin',—gone!

*Exit—Right—JEM.*

CELIA *(arranging the dishes on the table, and  
suspiciously examining the bread-plate and*

*milk-pitcher, while shaking her head at the departing JEM).*

[Did Faith look well?]

FREEMAN (*seating himself in one of the chairs, and taking a newspaper from his pocket and unfolding it*). [Much as she did of old.

But paler—that is, till she chanced on me.

CELIA. And then?

FREEMAN. She flushed.

CELIA. It needed but a spark  
To kindle the old fire.

FREEMAN. In her?—or me?—

I saw no light. I only thought of ashes.

CELIA. I know her nun's veil seemed a shroud  
to you.

FREEMAN. Your white one, Celia, when I married you,  
Seemed like an angel's. Now that you have  
dropped it,  
I know it was.

CELIA. I thank you. Yet, at times,  
I fear mere pity led you to propose.

FREEMAN. Was it your pity led you to accept?

CELIA. You know you thought that I had closed  
the door

To every other suitor by my act  
In closing it on all except us two  
When we were nursing Cecil.

FREEMAN. And you know

You thought that I had closed the door on  
Faith,

Because of that which Father Hycher said.

But—nonsense!—what if pity were a motive?

CELIA. Pity is but a sadder kind of love—

FREEMAN. No love at all. But as a motive to  
it—

A door to open,—why complain of it,

If only opening where we wish to go?

(CELIA, *having ended arranging the things on the  
table, stands back looking at it*).]

And all is ready—is it?—for our guest?

CELIA. To think that Cecil should be here, and  
well!

FREEMAN. And such a note as his too! Why, a  
boy,

A boy in love, could not more gracefully

Let tumble forth from his embarrassed lips

The whole sweet burden of his blushing  
cheeks,

Than he did, pelting, helter-skelter, out

Those metaphors at us, to vent his joy

In welcoming our own!

CELIA. How strange he felt so!

FREEMAN. Strange?—I am worthy of you; you  
of me;

And both of us of Cecil's interest.

He knows how we two nursed him. Now, at  
last,

His voyage at an end, his health restored,  
It ought to give him joy, and pride as well,  
To learn how we, through love for him, at  
first,

Have come to love each other. Every soul  
Is proudest of the good itself has fathered.

CELIA. I know; and Cecil has a heart so kind!

But I must go, and get the breakfast ready.

FREEMAN (*rising and taking CELIA'S hand*).

But, first, my Celia, let me break my fast.

(*kisses her.*)

One kiss of yours could make the thrilling  
lips

Go fluttering all day long like Cupid's wings  
To bear sweet words of love to all they meet.

*Exit—Left—CELIA.*

[(FREEMAN *apparently addressing the reflection of himself in the mirror.*)

I told no lie. She lights my life with joy.

But, oh, had she been Faith, joy had been  
bliss!—

Poor Celia, she shall never learn the truth.

She thinks my nature water. I did once:

As each new face looked love upon its  
depths,

I thought they might be filled with that; but  
ah,

My heart is like a photographer's glass

Whereon the image once impressed remains;

And Celia's face is always framed in Faith's.  
I fear I love the picture for the frame.—]

Why, Cecil here already?—must be he—

*Enter—Left—MILLY, crossing the room and opening the door at the Right.*

*Enter—Right—CECIL followed by JEM.*

*Both wear out-door costumes, CECIL an overcoat. He also carries a cane and limps. As he enters, he shakes hands with MILLY and with FREEMAN.*

A hearty welcome, friend! I saw you coming.  
How well you look! You are well too, not so?

CECIL (*removing his hat, which JEM takes*).

Oh, yes.

FREEMAN (*noticing that CECIL limps*).

Lame yet?—

CECIL.                      Shall always be. One foot  
Was caught inside the grave. I pulled away;  
But drag the foot-stone.

FREEMAN (*helping CECIL take off his overcoat*).

Not the head-stone though!

CECIL. I hope not.

FREEMAN (*handing CECIL's overcoat to JEM, who takes it in addition to the hat*).

Here, Jem, take these out with you.

(FREEMAN *turns to get a chair for CECIL*.)

JEM (*aside to MILLY*).

I'd like to see what ole Marse Cecil'll do

When he fine out Miss Celia's Missus Freeman.

I know, from what he say, dat he don't 'spec so.

*Exit—Right—JEM.*

*Exit—Left—MILLY.*

FREEMAN (*placing a chair behind CECIL*).

Sit here. (*also handing CECIL the newspaper*).

CECIL (*sitting in the chair and looking around the room*).

I thank you.—What a pleasant home!

And have you heard, of late, about my wife?

FREEMAN. You knew she married Kraft?

How mean in her!

CECIL. Oh, no; not that!

FREEMAN (*sitting*). But getting her divorce—

Accusing you!

CECIL. Kraft managed it, of course.

I had deserted her.

FREEMAN. You could not help it.

CECIL. No; thanks to her—and heaven! But let that rest.

When one has well nigh slept the sleep of death—

You know I thought me dead—it seems not sad,

On waking, to begin one's life anew.

FREEMAN. And we too thought you dead.

CECIL. I acted so?

FREEMAN. You acted not at all. You did not stir.

CECIL. No wonder! Had you seen what I saw then,

Your senses would have been as hushed as mine.

FREEMAN. What was it?

CECIL. One might say a vision—dream—  
Perhaps a trance.—Wait, till I tell you it.

FREEMAN. If dreams came true, a man might prize them more.

CECIL. At times, they do come true. Mine will.  
The power

That handles Kraft can make that devil spin  
Like potter's clay to work out his designs.

It all was prophesied.

FREEMAN. Was prophesied?

CECIL. Yes,—in my vision,—all about—your marriage.

FREEMAN. My marriage?

CECIL. Yes, and then such joy for me!—  
And sure to come too!

FREEMAN. Sure?—I envy you.

CECIL. I thought me dead. I woke and all was life.

Above, I saw the stars; far east, the dawn.

If earth rolls on, it yet will bring full day.

FREEMAN. And bright may heaven, too, make it!



CECIL. That it will.  
 Earth is a field where hidden treasure lies.  
 All search for it. Their searching wakes their  
     thoughts,  
 And draws out their desires, and aims their  
     acts.  
 At last, they look and live for that alone  
 Which lures beneath appearances. Few find  
     it.  
 The few that do, find that which makes the  
     world  
 Worth living in, and worth yon circling dome,  
 The crown God made it, jeweled with the  
     stars.

FREEMAN. And you have found it?

CECIL. Freeman, yes, I have;  
 And know why sometimes earth seems holy  
     ground,  
 And those that tread it Godlike. Then  
     Heaven's face  
 Back there behind the veil shines dimly  
     through it.  
 But wait. I yet will tell you. In our souls,  
 Far down within, are depths like sunken seas  
 All dark!—yet only when concealed from light  
 And from the face of love they else might  
     image.  
 And my soul—you should know its depths to  
     know

My coming joy; yet need not. You will guess it.

FREEMAN. Your mood alone can make one guess enough

To offer his congratulations now.

(FREEMAN rises. So does CECIL, and they shake hands.)

And some one else here will be glad to do it.

*Exit—Left—FREEMAN.*

*Enter—Left—MILLY carrying a dish which she places on the table.*

CECIL (*reseating himself and talking at first to MILLY and, later, to himself*).

How kind his welcome! It is worth some loss  
To know we own some friends.—And Faith,  
too, Faith,—

She too, he says, will be so glad to see me.

I always liked her; and I always knew  
The two were lovers, and they knew I knew it.  
This must have been the reason why his note  
Made such a mere brief mention of his marriage;

As if, forsooth, I knew the news already.

I thought I must have missed one letter from him.

But no; what need of sending me her name!—  
Who could she be but Faith!—This very room  
Seems like her too. No setting so becomes  
A jewel of a woman as a home,—

A loving home like this. Thank God, some  
souls

Need not to die before they find their mates.

*Exit—Left—MILLY.*

*Enter—Right—CELIA.*

What?—Celia here? And I was never told  
it?—(*He rises to greet her.*)

Why, Freeman said that I should find a friend.

I have—the friend to whom I owe my life.

CELIA (*shaking hands with CECIL*).

Had it been lost, it would have been for me.

CECIL. And now when saved, let it be saved for  
you.

CELIA. For me and all who love you.

CECIL (*to CELIA*.) Ah, who love!

I would that I could stay forever with you.

CELIA. You would not go away?

CECIL. What, would you wish me  
To make my home with you?

CELIA. Why, yes.—Why not?

CECIL. But I must work.

CELIA. Yet people sue—not so?—  
In any place?

CECIL (*taking her hand*). Shall I begin it here?

CELIA. Begin and keep on too.

CECIL. I think I will.

CELIA. It would so please us all!

CECIL. And could you think  
That I could feel at home away from you?

CELIA. How kind in you to say that!—You will live

Right here with me and Freeman?

CECIL. You and Freeman?

CELIA. Why, certainly!—He wants it, too.

CECIL. I see.—

You two together saved my life, of course.

CELIA. Of course we saved it, if it could be saved.

CECIL. And so you live with him?

CELIA. Because of that—

It was our mutual interest in you.

*Enter—Left—FREEMAN.*

*(Just as he enters, CELIA, bowing to CECIL and gesturing toward the table, indicates that she must prepare for the meal, and moves toward the Left.)*

*Exit—Left—CELIA.*

*(CECIL seats himself again. FREEMAN returns to the closet near the Left, and, while carrying on the following conversation, finds there a small bottle, which, when presently he leaves the room, he takes with him.)*

CECIL. She tells me I must live with you and her.

FREEMAN. Yes, we had hoped so.

CECIL *(looking at CELIA's retreating form.)*

Freeman, this is bliss!

FREEMAN. Yes, we are very happy.

CECIL. That we are!—

Men do not often wed their own ideals.

FREEMAN. I know it. I have thought it  
through; and yet,

Without that, life can have some brightness  
left.

CECIL. Without that?—You mistake my mean-  
ing, Freeman.

I need not live without that. No, indeed!

She loves me, Freeman; not a doubt of it.

FREEMAN. Who?

CECIL. Celia.

FREEMAN. Celia?

CECIL. Celia, yes.—Why not?

FREEMAN. You mean?—

CECIL. Oh yes, you think she is too young!

But, Freeman, love is of eternity, and knows  
No youth, nor age;—is like the air of heaven  
That tosses in its play the dangling fringe  
Athrill with grace about our outward guise,  
And runs its unseen fingers through our  
hair,

And brushes to a glow our flushing cheeks,  
But has more serious lasting moods than  
these.

It is the substance of the breath we breathe  
That keeps the blood fresh, and the heart in  
motion;

And, e'en when these give out, it still is there  
To buoy us up and bear on high the spirit.

FREEMAN. Oh, yes!—but Celia?—

CECIL. Wait, and let me tell you.

That evening when that pistol shot was fired

That almost freed my spirit, Celia thought

I sank unconscious. So I did but not

Before heaven let me hear her cry—of me!—

“The only man I ever loved is dead!”

Then came my more than dream. I saw her  
spirit,—

A spirit one with mine; and that is why

I run no risk. I know that she loves me,

And I love her; and we can both thank God

For cloud and storm and flash that struck me  
down,

And heaven in life that followed death in  
life.—

I see you doubt me. Is it past belief?

FREEMAN. Why—but—excuse me—I—

CECIL. You know not what  
Is in a woman's heart!

(CECIL looks down at his paper as if reading.)

*Enter—Left—CELIA.*

CELIA (to CECIL, as she places upon the table a  
dish that she brings, and arranges other  
dishes on it). Now I am coming

To stay with you awhile.

CECIL (to CELIA). To be with those

Who really love one, is a new delight.

You said you loved me, Celia.

CELIA. Why, of course—

Just as I always have, and always must.

*Exit—Left—FREEMAN, lifting his hands in a bewildered way.*

CECIL (*noticing that FREEMAN had left*). Of course!

Look—Freeman's vanished, Celia.—Have a care.

To love too much may make him envious;  
And chewing on the cud of jealousy  
Is not a pleasant practice for one's friends.  
For though you give them naught to work upon,

So much the more the grinders work away  
And grind themselves the sharper,—ay, and grind

The words that pass them too—made sharp  
as arrows

To pierce the soul they hit.

CELIA. No fear of him!—

We both love you.

CECIL. Ah, I shall punish him!

When he comes in,—shall send him after Faith.

CELIA. No; you must not do that.

CECIL. Oh, yes, I shall.

CELIA (*taking a seat*).

You would not dare.—

CECIL. Not dare?—Ha, ha, ha, ha!

CELIA. No, no; I beg you not to——

CECIL. Not to, Celia?

CELIA. You must not.

CECIL. Must not?—And you really mean it?—

Well, if you be in earnest, I will not.

But, bless me, if I see the reason why.

CELIA. He loves Faith.

CECIL. Yes; and where would be my joke,  
Unless he loved her?

CELIA. There was deep, deep love,  
I sometimes think it saddens him to-day.

CECIL. What? what?—not happy in his married  
life?

CELIA. Oh, one could not say that—so kind,  
you know.

CECIL. Yes, yes?—and she?—is she not kind  
to him?

CELIA. Who?—Faith?

CECIL. Yes, Faith.

CELIA. He never hears from her.

CECIL. What?—Are they separated?

CELIA. Separated!  
She went—you had not heard it?—to a  
convent.

CECIL. She did?—Poor Freeman!—When was  
that?

CELIA. Last year.



CECIL (*in a perplexed way*).

But when was Freeman married?

CELIA. Why, last March.—

He wrote you all about it.

CECIL (*startled*). No; not all,—

Not half a page.

CELIA (*surprised*). Why, twenty pages, friend!—

We both wrote twenty; and you never got them?

CECIL. Why, no; you see I had not heard of Faith—(*hesitatingly*).

And you now—you are living with him here?

CELIA. Yes, living!—Did you think that we were boarding?

CECIL (*slowly, and struggling to conceal emotion*)

You know—it seems—why, strange—when—he loved Faith.

CELIA. What?—That he married me?—He told me all;

But Faith seems dead.

CECIL (*controlling himself*).

And he is kind, eh, Celia?

CELIA. Yes, very kind.

CECIL. Forgive me, will you, Celia?

You see that I have always loved you, Celia,—

Just as a father loves a child, you know;

And if my love be anxious for you, Celia,

*Enter—Left—FREEMAN.*

*(He is not observed by CECIL or CELIA. He replaces in the closet the little bottle taken from it, when in the room the previous time. While doing so, he evidently hears the following conversation.)*

You will not think it strange?

CELIA. Nay, not a throb

In all my heart, but you could rightly know it.

CECIL. Your heart's wish is fulfilled?

CELIA. Yes, yes, my love

Is deep and true. No wife could love one more.

*Exit—Left—FREEMAN.*

*Enter—Right—JEM.*

CECIL. Then you have two friends,—him and me. You stand

Between us.

CELIA *(rising)*. I must go now.

CECIL *(rising)*. Yes, my daughter!

*Exit—Left—CELIA.*

*(CECIL looks toward JEM whose sympathetic attitude shows that he understands CECIL'S sacrifice.)*

So close the clouds of heaven upon my dream!—

Do not repeat my talk to you this morning.—

I sometimes think the devil rules this world,

And wise men rule it with him.—But no, no!—

Oh, what a universe of agencies  
Are centered in one life that may be both  
The God and devil of the soul it loves!  
[Yet wits were given one to outwit the world.  
If Celia be what I have dreamed she is,  
The world must work its work upon her will  
Without one touch of mine, or hint, or sigh,  
To make her life more tempted or less true.—  
Oh, cursèd world, in which forswearing love  
Is our best proof that we would foster it!  
But wait!—What moves me?—Am I but a fool  
Controlled by dreams?—No, no; I had a  
dream;  
But this, at least, is none,—that each who  
aids  
An angel upward for himself prepares  
Angelic friendship; and if there be spheres  
Where spirit can reveal itself to spirit,  
And sympathy be sovereign, there must be  
One soul supremely loved. I dreamed no  
dream.  
High, knightly chivalry whose love protects,  
Thy knightly honor *is* the sacred thing  
Of which thy pride is conscious. But—oh  
God!—  
To be just on the threshold of all bliss:  
And fail.—Fail?—No. Let Freeman have  
her now  
A few brief years.—I dream with her forever—]

But, Jem, you seem to have some message for me.

JEM. Some white folks heah as wants ter speak wid yer.

CECIL (*in surprise*). With me?—I have no friends here.—Bid them enter.

*Enter—Right—as JEM holds open the door, THREE GENTLEMEN. They wear overcoats and hold their hats in their hands. CECIL exchanges bows with them, and motions toward the chairs.*

And will you sit?

FIRST GENTLEMAN. No, thanks. We have no time.

Our party's first convention meets to-morrow.

The news is ominous. We may have war.

We came as a committee to request

To hear from you.

CECIL. To hear from me?—and why?

FIRST GENT. You suffer from the wrongs of slavery

That we oppose.

CECIL. But here I am a stranger.

FIRST GENT. Good reputation is to good men what

Fine perfume is to flowers. A charm it has  
Which lures the sense that heeds it to a search  
That will not cease till finding its fair source.

CECIL. You do me too much honor.

FIRST GENT. Honor us;

And let our people hear you.

CECIL. If my words——

FIRST GENT. The words of men whose deeds  
have proved them true

Are also true.

CECIL. Thanks. If you think them so,  
They may at least command your interest.  
And he whose words can wake the earth to  
thought

Has heaven's own warrant that he should be  
heard.

Yes; I will come.

FIRST GENT. Thanks.

SECOND GENT AND THIRD. Thanks.

*(All move toward the Right Entrance.*

*JEM who is nearest it opens the door  
there. CECIL and the GENTLEMEN  
exchange bows.)*

CECIL. We meet to-morrow.

*Exeunt—Right—the THREE GENTLEMEN and  
JEM.*

SCENE SECOND:—*An open field or village green.  
Backing in the distance, village houses, and  
beyond them hill scenery. Extending diagonally  
across the Right Rear corner is a cottage fronted*

*by a porch, the latter being a platform elevated about a foot above the rest of the stage. At the Left of the stage are trees and a tent, apparently one of a soldiers' encampment beyond it.*

ENTRANCES: *Right, between trees; Right Rear from a door opening from the cottage on to the porch; Back Center from behind the cottage; Left, Front and Rear, from behind trees, or the tent.*

*As the curtain rises, MILITIA and POPULACE are seen grouped at the Left.  
(They sing as follows:)*

The trumpets call to action  
Through all the threatened land  
No more is heard of faction.  
The time has come to band.  
What soul can see  
The state in fear and fail to be  
Beneath the flag, enrolled with all  
That heed the trumpet's call?  
No patriot is he who can see  
The state in fear and fail to be  
Beneath the flag, enrolled with all  
That heed the trumpet's call.

The best of men are brothers.  
The worst can be a foe;  
And not for self but others,  
True men to battle go.  
No longer meek,  
Where wrong is cruel, right is weak,

Or aught has brought the base to band,—  
They throng to lend a hand.

No true man is he who can see  
The state in fear, and fail to be  
Beneath the flag, enrolled with all  
That heed the trumpet's call.

Who, think you, live in story  
That live for self alone?  
Who care to swell his glory  
That cares not for their own?  
In every strife

That stirs the pulse to nobler life,  
The man that has the thrilling heart,  
He plays the thrilling part.  
No hero is he who can see  
The state in fear, and fail to be  
Beneath the flag, enrolled with all  
That heed the trumpet's call.

*Exeunt—Left—MILITIA and POPULACE.*

*Enter—Back Center—CECIL, and a GENTLEMEN.*

*Enter—Right—FAITH, dressed as a nun.*

CECIL (*to GENTLEMAN*).

These clouds of war break like a thunder-clap  
Amid clear skies of summer; but will bring  
Our plant of freedom to a finer fruitage.

*Exit—Left—GENTLEMAN.*

(*suddenly noticing FAITH.*)

Faith Hycher?

FAITH (*to CECIL*). Yes—on business.

CECIL.

With me?

FAITH. Old friends of ours are here—have interest

In land near by us. Being of the South  
They came to deed it so as not to lose it;  
And stand arrested. People deem them spies.

CECIL. Who are they?

FAITH. Why, my mother, Father Hycher,  
Lowe, Blaver, Kraft——

CECIL. His wife too?

FAITH. Yes.

CECIL. Humph, humph!

FAITH. Their holdings were not small. The  
time was brief.

All came here who might need to sign their  
papers.

CECIL. And what can I do?

FAITH. Say you know them—you  
And Freeman.

CECIL. You have seen him—Freeman?

FAITH (*hesitating*). No—

CECIL (*kindly*). I understand you.

FAITH. It was not his fault:  
I was deceived.

CECIL. By whom?

FAITH. By Father Hycher.

CECIL. Yet now you wish to help the Father?

FAITH. Yes.

CECIL. As I should help the Krafts?—You  
think I should?—



[Faith, you and I have loved supremely,—yet  
Our love has loved another.—Could this be  
Of that form which we walk with in our  
dreams?

FAITH. Why——

CECIL. Did you ever think that all our dreams  
Are in ourselves; and this form too may be  
there?

They say that human brains, ay, all our  
frames

Are doubled.—If so, why?—For use?—then  
whose?—

Who is it twins existence with us here?—

What if it be our living, better self

Which under consciousness we vaguely feel  
Dreams while we wake and wakes the while  
we dream,

Recalls what we forget, incites, and is

Less form than spirit, but, because a spirit,

Heaven's representative, our guardian, guide,

And all that tells of God? You know all praise

The men dependent only on themselves.

Yet why?—Is it so noble to be free

From love, or wish for love? Or own these  
men

A subtle consciousness of nobler love

Which, in the spirit-life, is all in all?

Know they that earthly forms which seem  
divine

But image that within which is divine?—  
Though you have wed the church, Faith, I  
have not;  
And yet the bonds that bind us may not  
differ.—]  
If so, Faith—yes—your friends shall have my  
help.

FAITH. How kind!

CECIL. For you, for me, for all whose paths  
Of honor and of sympathy divide,  
One choice alone remains—to dwell content  
With loneliness, and one's ideal, and God.  
(*Both bow.*)

*Exit—Left—*FAITH.

*Enter—Right Rear—coming suddenly from the  
cottage on to the porch,* CELIA.

CELIA (*to* CECIL). Save, save my husband!

CECIL. Save from what?

CELIA. From death,  
From certain death.

CECIL. To march to war is not  
To march to certain death.

CELIA. My throbbing heart  
Would spend its blood in blushes for my shame  
Till it forgot to give my being life,  
If, by a single sigh, I durst keep back  
One soldier from the ranks of this just war.

CECIL. What mean you then?

CELIA. That he has volunteered

To be a spy, and in the very town  
Where he has lived, is known, and hated too.  
He can but be detected.

CECIL. You are right.

I see him coming.

(*pointing to the Left.*—CELIA looks at him,  
*inquiringly.*)

You would better leave us.

*Exit—Right Rear—CELIA.*

*Enter—Left—FREEMAN, dressed as an officer.*  
(*to FREEMAN.*)

Your wife says you have volunteered to be  
A spy, where you are sure to meet with  
death.

FREEMAN. I may succeed.

CECIL. You scarce can hope to do so.

FREEMAN (*with assumed indifference*).

And what if not?

CECIL. Then you are not the man  
To trust on such a mission.

FREEMAN. Not?—How so?

CECIL. No man, if wise, will waive from what he  
plans

The prospect of success. If you attempt it,  
Trust me to thwart you.

FREEMAN. Humph! You seem officious.

CECIL. One needs to be at times; and now  
your life

And Celia's happiness are both at stake.

FREEMAN. Not Celia's happiness.

CECIL. What do you mean?

FREEMAN. I mean, since men have talked so much against

Our owning blacks, the time is coming fast  
For some to talk against our owning whites.

CECIL. And what suggested this?

[FREEMAN. You know—We both  
Have seen both men and women treat their  
peers—

In wedlock, yes, but also out of it—  
As if they owned them; and society  
Approved, enforced their course. Mere selfish-  
ness

Has been enthroned so long in men's affairs,  
That naught seems worthy of respect to  
some

Of which it only is not king and guide.

CECIL. And pray, too, what of that?]

FREEMAN. If Celia find  
More joy in your society than mine,  
Then let her find it. Did I marry her  
To limit her delights?

CECIL. Why, Freeman, friend,  
Look here at me—You are an upright  
man,

(*placing his hand on FREEMAN's shoulder.*)

And so am I. But, ere I knew you married,  
Was it—with all that she and I had been—

So strange that I should have—those—whims  
of mine?

FREEMAN. She told you that she loved you.

CECIL. Yes, she did:

But as a daughter.

(FREEMAN *looks incredulous.*)

I am not the man

You should distrust.

[FREEMAN. Who knows what men can be,  
Till pierced where tenderest! It was the fleet  
Achilles could be wounded in the heel;  
And some have heads, and some have hearts  
to hurt.

CECIL. I say she said she loved me as a daughter.  
I quote her right.]

FREEMAN. She said no more than that?

CECIL. When speaking of her love, she said no  
more.

She gave no slightest hint that meant not  
that.

FREEMAN. Yet you love her?

CECIL. In the degree I do,  
Her honor I would guard, as, too, mine  
own;

And guard her love too. She has told me all.  
She loves you as a true and faithful wife.  
So let me save you for her. Be no spy,  
But captain, colonel, general,—who knows  
What fortune may await the tide of war!

FREEMAN. And you?

CECIL. Am I, think you, a man to play  
A second fiddle to your tune of love—  
With instrument all broke beyond repair,  
Make discord of the music of your life?  
I promise you to leave here.

FREEMAN. Leave your home?—  
You have no other.

CECIL. Some will open for me.  
(*pointing toward the tent.*)

There were one here, did my infirmities  
Not keep me from the army.

(*Shouts are heard at the Left.*)

*Enter—Left—A guard of MILITIA headed  
by an OFFICER, and conducting BLA-  
VER and MISS PRIMWOOD—now  
the wife of BLAVER—LOWE and  
MADAM LOWE, KRAFT and MAD-  
AM CECIL—now MADAM KRAFT  
—FATHER HYCHER and WIDOW  
HYCHER, attended by FAITH. POPU-  
LACE follow.*

FREEMAN (*in evident astonishment*).

Who are they?

CECIL. I think you know them.

FREEMAN (*noticing FATHER HYCHER*).

Father—?—Now will I

Get even with him.

CECIL. There is no such thing

As getting even with a low-lived soul,  
Without one's lowering his own self.

(*to the OFFICER.*) And who

Are these?

OFFICER. All spies.

OTHER PEOPLE. To shoot.

ANOTHER. And all have land  
To confiscate.

OFFICER (*to CECIL*). They tell us that you  
know them.

CECIL. Why, yes; and Freeman too.—Ah,  
Madam Blaver!

(*CECIL and FREEMAN shake hands with  
MISS PRIMWOOD—now MADAM  
BLAVER—with MADAM LOWE, WID-  
OW HYCHER, LOWE and BLAVER,  
but not with the others. CECIL con-  
tinues to the OFFICER, gesturing  
toward the ladies, including MADAM  
CECIL—now MADAM KRAFT.*)

Our war is not with ladies, I believe?

(*The OFFICER apparently agrees with him.*)

FATHER HYCHER. I am a clergyman.

CECIL Quite true; and we?—  
(*looking for assent to FREEMAN.*)

FREEMAN. Of course, we have no strife here  
with religion.

LOWE. I am a Friend.

CECIL. He is.

LOWE. With me the chief  
Consideration is religion.

BLAVER. And I  
A prohibitionist. Our pleas were all  
Based on religious grounds.

OFFICER. And what of that?

FREEMAN (*laughing*). You fail to catch its  
bearing?—When they take

Their oath of loyalty, why, they will keep it.  
(*The prisoners make startled signs of dissent.*)

CECIL. And this, too, may be said,—that as a rule  
The Friends are on our side; and are not  
fighters.

So too with prohibitionists.

FREEMAN (*to CECIL, in a laughing way*).

For once,

Religion seems to help them in their practice.

OFFICER (*taking KRAFT roughly by the shoulder*).

But here the case is clearly different.

We know him, and his party.

MADAM CECIL-KRAFT (*to CECIL*). Could I talk  
A moment with you?

CECIL. Oh, yes, if it please you.

(*CECIL and MADAM CECIL-KRAFT, walk to one  
side.*)

MADAM C. You know my father died.

CECIL (*nodding toward KRAFT*). Before you  
married? (*MADAM C. nods in assent.*)

A happy man!



MADAM C. He left some property.

It now is in this land.

CECIL. In Kraft's name?

MADAM C. Yes.

(hesitatingly, after pausing a moment.)

There was an informality——

CECIL. In what?

MADAM C. My marriage——

CECIL. I should think so!——

MADAM C. Not in that,

But in the mode of transfer. I would deed

You half——

CECIL. No, thank you — neither half nor all,

MADAM C. And you would have me lose my property?

KRAFT (*coming forward, followed by FREEMAN*).

No; surely you will help us?

CECIL. Surely?—why?

KRAFT. You know I am no spy.

CECIL. How do I know it?

KRAFT. My character——

CECIL. What character?

KRAFT. And you

Would have me shot?

CECIL (*to FREEMAN*).

Shot at, perhaps?—Not so?—

By proxy, eh?—And in a better cause

Than his past deeds deserve?

FREEMAN.

I see.

(*to the SOLDIERS.*) Say, friends,  
We all would save the lands of loyal men.  
All loyal men about us are enlisting.  
If Kraft be loyal, he will do the same.  
(*The SOLDIERS make signs of approval.*)  
(*to KRAFT.*)

What say you?

KRAFT (*hesitatingly*).

Had I—a—commission——

FREEMAN.

That

Would prove unwise the one who gave it you.  
CECIL (*to KRAFT, putting his hand on FREEMAN'S  
shoulder*).

Places of trust are only for the trusted;  
And high commissions but for men with  
missions.

FREEMAN (*to KRAFT*). What say you—prison or  
private?—Make your choice.

KRAFT (*abjectly*).

Why, if I must——

FREEMAN.

It looks as if you must.

*Enter—Left—hurriedly, TWO GENTLEMEN.*  
(*Commotion among the POPULACE near them and  
following them.*)

POPULACE. Hurrah!

*Enter—Right Rear—evidently attracted by  
the commotion, CELIA, followed by JEM  
and MILLY, and stand on the porch.*

FIRST GENTLEMAN (*to CECIL*). They nominated you.

CECIL. For what?

FIRST GENT. For representative at Washington.

SECOND GENT. (*shaking hands with CECIL*).

And I congratulate the district too

CECIL. But I?—a stranger?

FIRST GENT. No, no; one well known.

SECOND GENT. The only home you have now must be here;

For here they brought and nursed you, when so ill.

FIRST GENT. And when the factions could not else agree,

They all could join on you.

PEOPLE. Hurrah! hurrah!

SECOND GENT. And nomination here is sure election.

PEOPLE. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! A speech! a speech!

CECIL (*ascending the porch, where he stands with CELIA at his Right*).

This is no time for words. The world needs work;

But one whose forced infirmities prevent

His bearing arms and marching to the front,

May choose the course that you commend to him.

(*Cheers from the crowd. CECIL gestures toward the SOLDIERS.*)

But do not think you only move to war;  
Or deem that I stay here to dwell in peace.  
To men whose purposes, like ours, push on  
To work out high designs, all life on earth  
Is girt with warfare, where the light of heaven  
That brings us each new day's enlightenment,  
Contentends with darkness, and there is no  
peace.

Our very bodies are but phantoms formed  
Of that same darkness that we must oppose,  
And we must fight, if nothing else, ourselves.  
Ay, whether we may march our frames to  
greet

The cannon's mouth, or duty's commoner call,  
Go where death threatens, or long seems to  
tarry,

One destiny, at last, awaits us all:  
Upon life's little stage the play will close,  
The curtain drop, and leave the actor dead.  
Yet, soldiers, what care you, or what care I?—  
The souls that fight for truth, beyond scenes  
here,

Find life that does not end in tragedy;  
For all our world is but a theater  
Outside whose walls, where shine the stars of  
heaven,  
The actors with their rôles and robes laid by

May all meet smiling in the open air.  
And now—to play our several parts—farewell.

*(bowing to those before him, then turning to CELIA  
and taking her hand.)*

*(Blast of bugles, as the SOLDIERS fall into line,  
with KRAFT well guarded.)*

CURTAIN.

END.



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